ADELAIDE AND THEODORE;

OR

LETTERS ON EDUCATION:

CONTAINING

All the Principles relative to three different Plans of Education; to that of Princes, and to thoſe of young Perſons of both Sexes.

Tranſlated from the French of Madame la Comteſſe de Genlis.

The Second Edition, carefully corrected and amended.

VOL. I.

R. Brulart de Sillery (S. F.) Comteſſe de Genlis, Etc.

LONDON:
Printed for C. BATHURST, in Fleet-ſtreet; and T. CADELL, in the Strand.
M.DCC.LXXXIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THIS Tranſlation was undertaken by ſome Ladies, who through misfortunes, too common at this time, are reduced from eaſe and opulence, to the neceſſity of applying, to the ſupport of life, thoſe accompliſhments which were given them in their youth, for the amuſement and embelliſhment of it.

They are ſenſible that the favourable reception of the Work, and the quick ſale of the former Edition, are owing more to the great merit of the Original, than to the accuracy of the Tranſlation: In gratitude therefore to the Public, and in juſtice to the celebrated Author, Madame de Genlis, *they have endeavoured at a thorough reviſal of it, and they hope that, by the obliging criticiſms of ſome of their friends, and by the experience they have gained in practice, they have made it more worthy of her, and of the Reader.*

Advertiſement to the Reader.

THESE Letters contain a period of twelve years: and it is neceſſary to ſay, that theſe are not the whole of what paſſed between the different parties during that time, but that thoſe leaſt intereſting have been ſuppreſſed, which frequently occaſions chaſms of ſeveral months, but is no interruption to the hiſtory contained in them.

8 MA64

NAMES of the principal PERSONS.

BARON and Baroneſs d'ALMANE, *Father and Mother to* Adelaide *and* Theodore.

ADELAIDE *and* THEODORE, *Daughter and Son to the Baron and Baroneſs* d'Almane.

Miſs BRIDGET, *Engliſh Governeſs to* Adelaide.

Monſieur DAINVILLE, *Tutor to* Theodore.

Viſcount and Viſcounteſs de LIMOURS.

Madame de VALCY, *their eldeſt Daughter.*

CONSTANTIA, *their youngeſt Daughter.*

Madame d'OSTALIS, *Niece to Madame* d'Almane.

The Baron d'OSTALIS, *her Huſband.*

Madame de VALMONT.

Monſieur de VALMONT, *her Huſband.*

CHARLES *Chevalier de* VALMONT, *her Son.*

Monſieur d'AIMERI, *her Father.*

CECILIA, *his Daughter, a Nun.*

Chevalier de MURVILLE, *her Lover.*

FLORA, *afterwards Madame* d'OLCY, *another Daughter of* M. d'Aimeri.

Count de ROSEVILLE, *Brother to Madame de* Limours.

Monſieur and Madame de LAGARAYE.

St. ANDRE', *an unfortunate Perſon relieved and protected by them.*

PORPHYRY, *Pupil of Monſieur de* Lagaraye.

Chevalier de HERBAIN.

3 MA64

ADELAIDE AND THEODORE.

LETTER I.

From the Baron d'Almane to the Viſcount de Limours.

Feb. 2, Three o'Clock in the Morning.

BY the time you receive this letter, my dear Viſcount, I ſhall be twenty * leagues from Paris. I am ſetting off immediately with my wife and two children for an abſence of four years. I have neither been able to give you an account of my plan, nor to bid you adieu; and fearing the remonſtrances and ſolicitations of your friendſhip, I have carefully concealed from you my intentions. The ſtep I now take, after long and deliberate reflection, is only the reſult of that lively

* It is ſcarce neceſſary to obſerve that a French league is near three Engliſh miles.

tenderneſs, which you well know I feel for my children. It is from them I expect the future happineſs of my life, and I mean to dedicate myſelf entirely to their education. I ſhall perhaps appear to the world to make a great and painful ſacrifice: I ſhall alſo be accuſed of ſingularity and caprice, whilſt I am only conſiſtent. I cannot in this letter lay open to you all my ideas; they are too numerous and extenſive. When I arrive at B——, I ſhall write you all the particulars, which you have a right to expect from my confidence and friendſhip. Be aſſured, my dear Viſcount, that I ſhall not loſe ſight of the delightful project we have formed, and which ought to draw ſtill cloſer the bonds which unite us. In removing my ſon, in his infancy, from the examples of vice; in becoming his governor and his friend, am I not working for you as well as for myſelf? Since it is virtue alone can render him worthy the happineſs you deſign for him. Farewell, my dear Viſcount: let me hear from you; be not too haſty in judging me, and above all, do not condemn me, before you know all the motives which may have influenced my conduct. My wife is writing to yours a long letter: but knowing ſo well the Viſcounteſs, ſhe fears her vivacity, and entreats you to moderate its effects as much as poſſible. We are only in fear of her firſt letter, as we are ſure time and reflection will not fail to juſtify us.

LETTER II.

The Baroneſs d'Almane to the Viſcounteſs de Limours.

Feb. 2.

WE arrived at B——, my dear friend, all in good health. My boy and girl, although but ſix and ſeven years old, bore their journey perfectly well; at that age children ſleep as eaſy in the carriage, as in their beds, and are infinitely leſs fatigued than I was myſelf. This place is charming, though I am not yet acquainted with its particular beauties; yet the delightful views which may be ſeen from the caſtle, are ſufficient to give me an idea of them. Every thing here is plain; I have left pomp and magnificence behind me at Paris, in that large and diſagreeable houſe in which we lived, and which was always ſo diſpleaſing to me; and I at length find myſelf lodged according to my taſte and my wiſhes. My little *Adelaide* too is charmed with this country, and our habitation; ſhe ſays ſhe likes inſtructive pictures much better than damaſk hangings, and that "*the Sun of Languedoc is brighter than that of* "*Paris.*" As I conclude my dear friend is at this time a little diſpleaſed with me, I ſhall reſerve my more particular accounts and deſcriptions for the happy moment of reconciliation. When you have read my heart, I dare believe, far from condemning me, you will approve every ſtep I have taken. Conſider, though you may be permitted to be out of humour with your friend, when in

the ſpace of five minutes ſhe can aſk your pardon, you have no longer that privilege when ſhe is at the diſtance of two hundred leagues. Beſides, what crime have I been guilty of more than the concealing a ſecret from you, which was not my own to divulge? Monſ. *d'Almane* poſitively forbade my truſting you with it. But do you not remember the laſt time we ſupped together? In truth, you might have gueſſed from my melancholy, from my tenderneſs, what it was impoſſible to acquaint you with! Adieu, my dear friend! I ſhall expect your anſwer with the utmoſt impatience, for I cannot be happy, whilſt I think you are diſpleaſed with me.

I embrace Flora, and the ſweet little Conſtantia with all my heart; and I entreat the former ſometimes to talk to you about the beſt friend you have in the world.

LETTER III.

The Counteſs d'Oſtalis to the Baroneſs d'Almane.

ON the very day of your departure, my dear aunt, I went as you deſired to Madame *de Limours*. In the morning ſhe was denied to me; but in the evening ſhe gave me admittance. I found her a little out of humour, but more grieved. She wept on ſeeing me, and then gave a looſe to complaints againſt you; and treated me with a coolneſs, the cauſe of which I eaſily penetrated, and which was nothing

nothing more than an impulſe of jealouſy, occaſioned by the idea of my having been entruſted with the ſecret, which you had ſo carefully concealed from her. I could have ſaid to her, "How, my dear Madam, was it poſſible that my "aunt, my benefactreſs, my mother, that ſhe, to "whom I owe my education, my eſtabliſhment, "almoſt my exiſtence, could have any reſerve "with her child, or could fear from me, either "the objections or the oppoſitions ſhe dreaded "from you?" But I happily recalled to my mind one of your maxims, which forbids our making uſe of reaſon to oppoſe ill humour, and I remained ſilent. I dined yeſterday at her houſe, and found her nearly in the ſame temper. She had many people with her; and I perceived that ſeveral of her viſitors endeavoured to irritate her againſt you, my dear aunt, by repeating with ill nature, how "*incredible* and *inconceivable* it was, "that you ſhould not have imparted your ſecret "to her:" this has given ſuch a wound to her pride, that at this moment you muſt not expect your letters will have that effect on her which you hoped for. But her heart is ſo good, ſhe loves you ſo tenderly, and has ſo much frankneſs and vivacity in her diſpoſition, that it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould long retain theſe diſagreeable impreſſions.

Monſ. *d'Oſtalis* does not go to the regiment till the firſt of June; and I ſhall ſet out the ſame day for Languedoc. How happy, my dear aunt, ſhall I be to find myſelf in your arms, after an abſence of upwards of four months! To ſee my uncle again, the amiable *Theodore*, and the charming little *Adelaide!* And, ah, how cruel

will it be to be ſeparated again from theſe objects ſo dear to my heart! Adieu, my dear aunt; do not forget your eldeſt, your adopted child, who every moment of her life thinks of you, and loves you as much as ſhe admires and reſpects you.

My little twins are perfectly well; they begin to pronounce ſome words both of French and Engliſh; and they already afford me the greateſt pleaſure which I am able to enjoy in your abſence.

LETTER IV.

The Viſcounteſs de Limours, to the Baroneſs d'Almane.

YOU ſay one muſt not be out of humour with a friend, when ſhe is two hundred leagues off: But is it alſo neceſſary to pardon her, if ſhe fails in all the duties of friendſhip? If you know any maxim which enforces this doctrine, you will do well to quote it, for that alone can ſupport your argument. You ſay I pout; no! I do not *pout*, but I am wounded and vexed to the very bottom of my ſoul! You have no nearer relation, not even Madame *d'Oſtalis*, for I am your firſt couſin, and ſhe is only your niece in the thouſandth degree. You had not a more tender friend, nor one who had known you longer; and yet in the only occaſion of your life, when you could have given me the ſtrongeſt proof of your

your confidence, you treat me as a ſtranger! ſurely this is enough *to make me angry! It was not entirely your own ſecret, it was another's!* You leave me for four years! My God, what a ſlave you are become! "Monſ. *d'Almane* prevented you from "telling it;" in other words, "he forbade you." You are to be ſure a moſt ſubmiſſive wife, and he is a moſt imperious tyrant. Now indeed I can hear Monſ. *de Limours'* ſecrets without even being tempted to diſcloſe them to you: But whilſt I was perſuaded you loved me, I ſhould have betrayed all the huſbands in the world for you: you have convinced me I was wrong, and I will correct myſelf. You pretend to ſay I might have divined what you dared not tell me, becauſe you were *melancholy* at ſupper; now as I never ſaw you remarkably gay, and as your avocations often made you ſerious, I confeſs I was not ſtruck with this pretended ſadneſs; beſides, as it was only on the eve of your departure, ſuppoſing I had diſcovered this project, which had been for two years in agitation, I ſhould not have been more ſatisfied with you. I know you ſet but little value on the opinion of the world, when your honour is not concerned; and it is happy for you that it is ſo in this particular inſtance, for at preſent you are univerſally blamed. It is thought ſtrange you ſhould go and educate your children in the fartheſt part of Languedoc, when you had a delightful eſtate only ſix leagues from Paris, where you might have lived retired without abandoning your friends, and without being deprived of the aſſiſtance of thoſe maſters which you will not find where you now are: ſome people ſay you have fixed on this plan from motives of vanity,

vanity, that you may appear to make a greater ſacrifice: others, and the greater part, ſay that you are ruined; and that the derangement of your affairs is the ſole cauſe of your quitting Paris. There are many other conjectures circulated, but they are ſo abſurd they are not worth relating. What reply can I make to all theſe opinions? Only that *the Sun is brighter in Languedoc than it is in Paris, and its environs.* This is the only reaſon you have yet given me; doubtleſs, you have many others, therefore I intreat you will acquaint me with them: It will be cruel for me to be always ſilent, when I hear you accuſed of caprice and inconſiſtency. Adieu! —— It is not an adieu for a few hours, it is for four years, perhaps for ever! What a pleaſant thought this is. How does one melancholy idea ſoften the heart! My eyes are filled with tears! I am now ſcarcely angry with you, but I am afflicted, I am melancholy to the greateſt degree! Write to me, write to me immediately, and be very particular in your accounts. You ſee the extent of my reſentment; you ſee my weakneſs! After this confeſſion, I may go farther, and own I ſhall ever love you, and that it is impoſſible for me to live without telling you ſo, and without knowing that you are perfectly convinced of it.

LETTER V.

The Baroneſs d'Almane to the Viſcounteſs de Limours.

HOW much do I owe to that *melancholy idea*, which has procured me four ſuch tender and ſweet lines! Although you have at preſent forgiven me, with ſo much kindneſs and generoſity, I am ſtill apprehenſive we may have more diſputes; but, however, attend to all that may ſerve to juſtify me. I never was fond of the buſtle and amuſements of the gay world; you know with what ardour and anxiety I wiſhed for children, and how much of my time has been employed during my whole life, in an attention to whatever concerns education. Married at ſeventeen years of age, and not having been a mother till I was twenty-one, I was apprehenſive I ſhould never enjoy that happineſs for which I had ſo ardently wiſhed; and to make myſelf as much amends as I poſſibly could for this diſappointment, I adopted Madame *d'Oſtalis*; ſhe was at that time ten years old, and was of an excellent diſpoſition: I educated her with all the care of which I was then capable; and every body was pleaſed with the method I purſued. My ſcholar at fifteen, was the moſt diſtinguiſhed young perſon of her age, for her talents, her knowledge, and diſpoſition; I alone was ſenſible by the experience I had acquired, that I could do much better in future. *J. J. Rouſſeau* ſays, "Moſt people chuſe Governors for their children

"who

" who have been accuſtomed to that employment.
" But this is too much to expect; the ſame man
" can never compleat more than the education
" of one." Experience has proved to me that *Rouſſeau* oppoſes an opinion well founded: the deepeſt ſtudy of the human heart, with every other talent united, cannot atone for the want of one accompliſhment, which may appear a frivolous one; but which is abſolutely neceſſary in a Preceptor; I mean that of having long ſtudied Children, and known them perfectly; and this knowledge cannot be acquired but by long practice. It was with great concern I made this diſcovery, yet it increaſed the extreme deſire I always had for children; certain, that I was capable of being greatly uſeful to them, I cannot expreſs what I felt at being diſappointed of ſuch happineſs. Heaven at length heard my prayer; the birth of *Theodore*, and that of *Adelaide* a twelvemonth after, made me the happieſt creature in the world. I had already begun ſome Works on Education; I laboured at it again with ſuch earneſtneſs, that it affected my health; I then found I could not follow my plan in the extent I wiſhed, without breaking thoſe bonds of ſociety to which cuſtom ſubjects us: in ſhort, I ſaw it was neceſſary either to retire from the world, or to renounce for ever the projects I had formed, and which were ſo dear to my heart. Monſ. *d'Almane* was entirely of my opinion, we communicated our ſentiments to each other, and he declared himſelf determined to leave Paris, as ſoon as *Theodore* had reached his ſeventh year. The difficulty was, what retreat to fix upon? We were deſirous of inſpiring our children with a taſte

a taſte for humble pleaſures, and of removing them far from the pomp and magnificence of the metropolis. Could we therefore have been contented to go to a villa we had at only ſix leagues from Paris, would it have been poſſible to prevent our acquaintaince from following us thither? Would not *Adelaide* and *Theodore* have heard every day of Operas, Comedies, *&c.*; and how could we have prevented their regretting amuſements, which they would have heard mentioned with ſo much pleaſure? The reſult of theſe reflections, and many others, determined us to prefer an eſtate of Monſ. *d'Almane*'s, in the province of Languedoc; where we ſhould meet with freedom and retirement. From that moment Monſieur *d'Almane* began to arrange every thing at the caſtle there according to this plan. If you wiſh to know in what manner we have furniſhed our apartments, I will give you an exact deſcription of it in my next letter. And now, my dear friend, I muſt intreat you for one moment to put yourſelf in my place; do not judge me by yourſelf, formed as you are for ſociety, and to give and receive pleaſure in the high ſtyle of life which you have been uſed to; but repreſent me in the way you have always found me, fond of ſtudy and attention to my domeſtic duties, unable to bear reſtraint, where no rational aim was in view; and indifferent to the laſt degree to thoſe trifling matters, which employ ſo many people in the world; I find myſelf intereſted in things only which are uſeful; not conceiving it poſſible to have any deſire to pleaſe thoſe we do not love, and deteſting great entertainments, dreſs, and cards; in ſhort, expecting and looking for happineſs only

in

in my children, have I not followed the courſe moſt ſuitable to my diſpoſition? And can you after this accuſe me of "*caprice*?" It is very true, as you obſerve, my children can have no maſters in Languedoc; but Monſ. *d'Almane* and I ſhall be able to ſupply their places, at leaſt during their infancy; beſides, I have with me two perſons well qualified to inſtruct children, who will remain here till their education is compleated. When four years are elapſed, I mean to ſpend all my winters at Paris, and then I ſhall procure all the maſters we ſhall think neceſſary to finiſh their improvements. Now confeſs, my dear friend; had I communicated this ſcheme to you two years ago, would you have thought yourſelf much obliged to me for informing you of a matter already determined on? No perſons love to have ſecrets entruſted to them, but when you communicate them by way of aſking advice. Our reſolution was not to be ſhaken; ſo that in truſting the ſecret to you, we ſhould have only expoſed ourſelves to oppoſitions and to arguments which could only have vexed both parties, and perhaps have produced a mutual coolneſs. Here, my dear friend, is a part of my juſtification: when you know the plan of education we have formed, you will be more convinced how indiſpenſably neceſſary it was for us to be at a diſtance from Paris. Let the world cenſure me as it pleaſes, the teſtimony of my own conſcience will eaſily conſole me for its injuſtice, provided I can but obtain the approbation of my friend. They who make a ſacrifice of their pleaſures to their duty, may be ſure the public will turn to ridicule actions which are influenced by ſuch laudable motives; and

and will find out imaginary cauſes to take away all their merit. This unjuſt way of judging is not always the effect of envy, but frequently takes plaee without any ill intention; in truth, the vulgar, that is, the greater part of mankind, cannot give credit to what ſeems to *them* impoſſible, in which caſe their incredulity is more flattering than their approbation. In ſhort, my dear friend, if you approve my conduct, and will always love me, I ſhall be ſatisfied, and perfectly happy.

LETTER VI.

The Viſcounteſs de Limours to the Baroneſs.

OUR diſputes always end in the ſame manner; you are always in the right, and I am obliged to confeſs myſelf in the wrong; and I perceive this will ever be the caſe between us. Yes, my dear friend, you are ſtill right, when the motives of your conduct are explained, and however I may find fault with you on the firſt appearance, in which I conſtantly ſee irregularity, your plans are always juſtified in the end: this is at preſent as much as I can allow you. But I cannot anſwer for its being my laſt word upon this ſubject: you have acted in every reſpect according to your diſpoſition and ſentiments; and though your ſcheme ſhould not be ſo good as I ſuppoſe it is, yet, at leaſt you are conſiſtent, a merit very rare at preſent, and therefore it is impoſſible for me

me to diſapprove your conduct any longer. Nothing can be more like than the picture you draw of yourſelf; at each word I read, I cried out, "*how true that is!*" And I then ſaid to myſelf, but how can I love a perſon ſo tenderly, who bears ſo little reſemblance to myſelf! You, who have ſo much knowledge, muſt explain this to me. Friendſhip, perhaps, has its caprices as well as love. All you have told me concerning the education of Madame *d'Oſtalis*, has ſtruck me in the moſt lively manner: I ſincerely think, there can be no mother who would not be proud of ſuch a daughter; yet from your ſentiments I apprehend, if *Adelaide* has as good a diſpoſition, ſhe will infinitely ſurpaſs her. This, however, is a melancholy conſideration for eldeſt daughters, ſince it is the youngeſt only who can be completely educated: how then is this inconvenience to be remedied? There muſt be ſome method, and you ought to employ yourſelf in finding it out; think about it, I intreat you. I am this day thirty-one years old; I have a daughter in her fifteenth year; it is time I ſhould renounce ſome of the follies of the world, which I have hitherto been engaged in; and, perhaps, it may be even now too late for me to repair the faults I have committed in *Flora*'s education. Her ſiſter, you know, is only five years old; inform me of the plan you have laid out for *Adelaide*, and I will purſue it with as much ſteadineſs as I poſſibly can in my ſituation. I have the greateſt deſire to render her worthy of being one day your daughter-in-law. Inſtruct me, guide me, my dear friend! How delightful will it be for me to be indebted to you for new virtues, and conſequently

for

for new ſources of happineſs! You have known me very gay and diſſipated; but indeed my faults are more to be attributed to the neglected education I received, than to my natural diſpoſition. When I firſt entered into the world, having juſt left the convent, one ſingle idea had poſſeſſion of my mind, which was that of making myſelf amends for a long and painful ſlavery, by entering into all the pleaſures and amuſements of life. All the inſtructions I received at that time were how to dreſs myſelf to advantage, and to dance well: I never miſſed an aſſembly; and the conſequence was, that towards the end of the winter, I had an inflammation in my lungs, which I thought would have been fatal to me, and I was in debt to my *milliner* and *mantua-maker*, fifteen thouſand livres! * You ſee how tractable I was, and how ſtrictly I followed the advice given me. Nevertheleſs, I can aſſure you with the greateſt truth, that diſſipation never charmed me but in idea, and I always returned from thoſe noiſy and tumultuous ſcenes, with a wearineſs and diſguſt, which ought to have convinced me, that they were not deſigned for me, at leaſt, not in the degree I had imagined. Yet I ſuffered myſelf to be led to them again by cuſtom and complaiſance; and thus it is I have paſſed my life; giving myſelf up to the pleaſures of the world without loving them, and committing follies which my reflection condemned. And what is the conſequence of all this? I enjoy not one agreeable recollection; my health is im-

* About 625 Guineas—a Guinea and a Louis d'or are nearly equal; and a Louis is worth 24 Livres: ſo that dividing the number of Livres by 24, you have the ſum in Louis d'ors or Guineas.

paired;

paired; and now, when it is too late, I regret the time paſt. My vivacity is much talked of; I myſelf do not think it is natural to me; though I am praiſed for the appearance of it, you, who ſeem ſo ſerious in your manner, are in reality much more chearful than I am. I never ſaw you entertain *gloomy ideas*, you know not what they mean; but as to myſelf, I am perſecuted with them—I am ſometimes ſeized on a ſudden with the moſt melancholy thoughts, and they preſent themſelves to my imagination at the moſt unſeaſonable times, and even when I have been in the gayeſt humour: for inſtance, I find myſelf at this moment ſo ſad and ſo peeviſh, that I will not lengthen my letter. Adieu, my dear friend! ſend me the deſcription of your caſtle, and all the other accounts you have promiſed me. I received a letter yeſterday from my brother; he appears charmed with his young Prince, and every day congratulates himſelf on having undertaken his education. There is certainly much honour to be acquired, in well educating a Prince born to ſovereignty. But it will coſt my brother dear; for is it not a cruel ſacrifice to baniſh himſelf from his own country for twelve years? He deſires me to tell you, that the plan you have formed adds ſtill more to the high eſteem and attachment with which you have always inſpired him, and that he will himſelf write to the Baron, to expreſs to him the admiration he has conceived for you both. You moſt certainly ſet an excellent example, but ſuch are not always the moſt uſeful; for if it be difficult to avoid praiſing you, it is ſtill more difficult to imitate you.

LETTER VII.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

YOU aſk me ſo many queſtions, it is impoſſible one letter ſhould contain all you deſire to know: but ſince you are fond of particulars, be aſſured I ſhall not be ſparing of them, as nothing can give me more pleaſure than to inform you of all my employments, and to receive from you an account of whatever intereſts you. Is it then ſo neceſſary for us to ſee each other, in order to give and receive proofs of our mutual regard? Friendſhip, that pure and diſintereſted ſentiment, is nouriſhed and ſtrengthened by abſence. Abſence alſo ſerves to prove to us the conſtancy and ſincerity of the attachment. The pleaſure of writing to each other, the delightful intercourſe between two hearts united by eſteem and confidence is perhaps one of its greateſt delights; and in this caſe there does not exiſt that cold conformity of ſentiment which you meet with amongſt perſons who are drawn together by mere chance, without any other ties; and you are not attached but by choice and inclination: this intimate correſpondence of thoughts is an enjoyment as new as it is intereſting. Beſides, one finds in abſence many other advantages: all defects in the temper and diſpoſition diſappear; you only ſee in your friend's letter, her tenderneſs, her underſtanding, and her amiable qualities; no diſputes can ariſe, no oppoſition can occaſion a coolneſs! but it is not an account of my ſentiments you aſk for, it is my

plan of education. It will not be in one letter, nor in a correſpondence of three months, that I can explain it to you in its utmoſt extent; for it is only by giving you examples, that it will be poſſible for me to communicate to you my ideas, and nothing but the hiſtory of *Adelaide*, can ſufficiently inform you of my ſyſtem and opinions. You muſt therefore conſider, my dear friend, whether you will have courage to ſupport the fatigue of thoſe minute recitals, which will only deſcribe to you the actions of a child of ſix years of age; her employments, faults, and improvements, the queſtions ſhe puts to us, and our anſwers. I ſhould firſt acquaint you with the perſons we brought here to aſſiſt us, and I begin with Miſs *Bridget*, with whom you are already acquainted, and on whoſe account you, and many others, ridiculed my idea of ſending to England for a perſon to teach *Adelaide* the language of that country, when ſhe was only ſix months old. I have not forgot your raillery upon that ſubject, and the ſtupidity you attributed to my plan of giving a governeſs to a baby in ſwaddling clothes. And though I told you that manner of teaching children the living languages, was univerſally eſtabliſhed all over Europe, except in France, nothing could ſtop the unmerciful career of your wit. It is very true I ought not to reproach you with it, as you have certainly made me ample amends by the ſurprize and admiration you expreſſed at the firſt Engliſh words ſpoken by *Theodore* and *Adelaide*, who at this time, to your great aſtoniſhment, ſpeak Engliſh as well as they ſpeak French. Miſs *Bridget* will remain with us till their education is perfected; and though you could not bear to ſee her

with her long waiſt, and her ſtiff ſtays, to which ſhe has uſed herſelf theſe five and forty years, yet ſhe will be very uſeful to me, for ſhe has great good ſenſe, an eſtabliſhed character, and a perfect knowledge of Engliſh literature. A young man named *Dainville*, ſome of whoſe little pictures I believe you have ſeen, is alſo with us; he is by birth an Italian, paints delightfully, and you would find him more agreeable than Miſs *Bridget*, for he has cheerfulneſs, wit, and genius. With regard to our ſervants, (as the number we had at Paris would be very troubleſome here) we have only retained thoſe on whom we could depend. You are quite right in ſuppoſing Mademoiſelle *Blondin* would follow me, but *Lucile* was too fine a Lady to think of it; therefore I have taken in her place a young woman who underſtands embroidery, and all other works of ingenuity; for I would have *Adelaide* inſtructed in all theſe feminine amuſements, and not deſpiſe them becauſe ſhe has been taught other branches of knowledge. At Paris you know Miſs *Bridget* uſed to dine in her own chamber; but as we live here quite in a family way, ſhe and *Dainville* both eat with us: and as you know her pride, you may eaſily gueſs how much on this account ſhe prefers Languedoc to Paris. She is alſo continually praiſing the pleaſures of a country life, and the happineſs which is to be found in ſolitude. And now, my dear friend, that I have given you an account of our houſehold, I will proceed to inform you of my daily employment: I riſe at ſeven o'clock; from that hour till nine, my time is taken up with my toilet, breakfaſt, and other family affairs: I go then to chapel, and if there is time afterwards, walk till eleven: I then take *Adelaide*

into my apartment, where I make her read to me, and repeat ſome little ſtories made on purpoſe for her to get by heart: and we talk together till twelve, when we all aſſemble at dinner. As ſoon as dinner is over, we either walk in the garden for an hour, or amuſe ourſelves in the ſaloon, with maps, drawings, muſic, or converſation. At two, we return to our reſpective apartments, *Adelaide* always with me, whom ſhe never quits but to take a walk for exerciſe. I write till four, without interruption, whilſt *Adelaide* amuſes herſelf with running and playing about the room. At five, *Dainville* brings *Theodore* to take a leſſon of drawing with his ſiſter, for an hour, during which I continue my writing. When they have finiſhed, they bring me what they have done, which I blame or approve according to its merit. *Theodore* then returns to his father, and I again employ myſelf with *Adelaide*, either teaching her arithmetic with counters, or talking on different ſubjects till ſeven o'clock; I afterwards play on the harp or harpſichord till half paſt eight, when we go to ſupper. At nine the children go to bed, and we ſtay and converſe about them for an hour longer. I then go to my chamber, and read for another hour, when I retire to my bed, perfectly ſatisfied with the manner in which I have been employed, and can ſay to myſelf, here is a day gone, but it is not loſt. I go to ſleep thinking of my children; I ſee them in my dreams, and I awake again with the deſire of continuing theſe pleaſing cares. In my next I will give you the reſt of the particulars you have deſired, but it is time to end this letter. I will now talk to you about your daughters; are you better ſatisfied with

Flora? Is my ſweet little *Conſtantia* as gentle, and as ſenſible as ever? Ah! improve that amiable diſpoſition of hers; you have underſtanding enough, and you love her with ſufficient tenderneſs, to make it very eaſy to you to educate her as perfectly as I wiſh, if it be true, as I make no doubt it is, that you have reſolved to ſtay more at home. Go ſeldomer to public places, give up balls and operas, keep early hours, and you will be one of the beſt, as well as the tendereſt of mothers!

LETTER VIII.

The Anſwer from the Viſcounteſs.

IT is very eaſy for you to ſay, *go no more to public places, renounce balls, operas,* &c: but what am I to put in their places? I no longer delight in them, yet how otherwiſe can I fill up my time? *Flora* is fourteen; ſhe knows nothing, ſhe has no taſte for any accompliſhment but dancing, and this misfortune is now without remedy; her ſiſter is only four years old, conſequently ſhe cannot take up the whole day. One is too old for my cares to be of any uſe to her, the other too young to want them at preſent: what then muſt I do with all the time you would give me? I ſee your indignation at this diſtance: I hear you ſay, "Why not read and reflect, and wait till you "can act?" All this is mighty well, but reading hurts my eyes, and reflection is death to me: beſides, you have read and reflected enough for us

both; and I ſhall implicitly rely on you; you ſhall dictate what I muſt ſay and do, and I will punctually execute it. Only do not require ſtudy or meditation of me: I am incapable of it: but I promiſe you confidence and docility. To be ſerious; I cannot take a better method; I diſtruſt my own underſtanding, and depend on yours. It is better to take a perſon for our guide of approved merit, than to employ one who has ſcarce ever been tried.

I wait with impatience for the reſt of the particulars you have promiſed me, being certain that they will be intereſting, and that you will be able to draw from them the moſt uſeful and inſtructive leſſons. I have been too little accuſtomed to ſtudy to make it poſſible for you to fix my attention to precepts and maxims, I muſt have pictures and examples of real life. However, I deſire you will give me a general idea of your principles of Education for girls; teach me the uſeful qualities that ſhould be cultivated, and the errors which appear to you to be the moſt dangerous; and laſtly, the manner of inſtruction which you think moſt proper? It is ſtrange that I ſhould not be perfectly acquainted with all your ſentiments on this ſubject; you are wholly employed with your children, yet you never talk of them; beſides, I ſhould be very glad to retrace in your letters, the accounts which I may have heard from your converſation, as their being put into order, and the ideas being connected, will fix them more indelibly in my mind.

Yes, my dear friend, I am but little ſatisfied with *Flora*, ſhe will be more giddy, and more coquetiſh, than ever her mother was. I know not

if

if your ſcholar will ever equal you; but as for me, I am certain of being ſurpaſſed by mine. I jeſt upon this ſubject, but it is only to divert my melancholy, and I aſſure you I am greatly affected to perceive my daughter has not thoſe amiable qualities which are neceſſary to my happineſs. It is true, when I was young, I was as lively, gay, and inconſiderate as ſhe is. But at the ſame time I did not want dignity, ſenſibility, or generoſity: Therefore I was only guilty of little indiſcretions; and if I ſometimes gave room for malice to wound my reputation, I ſtill preſerved the eſteem of my friends. Was I ſure that *Flora* had a good heart, I ſhould flatter myſelf with being able to correct her faults; ſometimes I have hopes of it, and at others am abſolutely diſcouraged. As for my little *Conſtantia*, ſhe is my ſole delight; ſhe is poſſeſſed of the ſweeteſt temper imaginable, and there never was a child who promiſed more.

And ſo the prudiſh, the formal, the learned Miſs *Bridget*, dines at the ſame table with you; I really think ſhe has reaſon to be proud! I have often heard her ſay *I am ſurprized*, with ſuch a vacant, compoſed countenance, that plainly proved it impoſſible that wonder ſhould ever be expreſſed by it. But now I deſire you to preſent my compliments to her, which I make no doubt will *ſurprize her*; but I want to be reconciled to her, as I wiſh to be regarded by every one who is near to you.

I cannot end this letter without telling you a ſtory, which will furniſh you with more than one reflection. The Chevalier *D.* and the Count *de C.* had about a fortnight ago a little diſpute at cards, which however was no more thought of.

The next night I ſupped with the mother-in-law of Madame *d'Oſtalis*, where there was a great deal of company: they talked of this affair: the men were unanimous in thinking it of no conſequence; but the Ladies were aſtoniſhed they had not fought. Among others, Madame *de Sonanges*, with that maſculine voice which you know ſhe has, cried out, *What a ſtrange unheard of thing it is*, and that if the Chevalier was her brother or her friend, ſhe ſhould certainly tell him her mind upon it. This diſcourſe was addreſſed to the Viſcount *Blezac*, who not daring openly to approve, contented himſelf with ſmiling, and putting on a myſterious countenance. The company began then to repeat the particulars of the ſtory with all the additions they had been able to pick up, in whiſpers and exclamations of, *amazing! aſtoniſhing!* &c. At length it was decided that the Chevalier *D.* muſt challenge the Count *de C.* or be for the future deemed a coward. The next day he was informed of this ſentence, and he conſidered it, as it was, a very abſurd affair: but he had no alternative, and was obliged to challenge the Count. They went together to the frontiers of the kingdom; the poor Chevalier received three wounds, which brought him to the point of death; though he is now out of danger, and will ſoon return. This is the effect of the inconſiderate prattle of three or four fooliſh women: they conſult their own intereſt very little when they preſume to cenſure the conduct of the men, who can ſo eaſily revenge themſelves on them; for it is eaſier to accuſe, with an appearance of probability, a virtuous woman of an intrigue, than to make a brave man paſs for a coward. And indeed we

ought

ought not to be ſurprized at our being ſo frequently ſlandered by the men, when we treat them with ſo little reſpect. Adieu! my dear friend! We have been already ſeparated two long months. You ſay very pretty things upon abſence; but for my part I find it inſupportable when it deprives me of you! Send me the deſcription of your caſtle.

LETTER IX.

The Anſwer from the Baroneſs d'Almane.

YOUR reflections on the adventure of the Chevalier are very juſt; it is not the firſt of the kind I have heard; and as you ſay, women, who allow themſelves to criticiſe the conduct of men, and accuſe them of playing ungenteely at cards, or of want of courage, well deſerve the little reſpect the men in general ſhew them.

You deſire me, my dear friend, to give you a general idea of my plan of education: my firſt principle is to employ all my attention to preſerve my girl from a fault common to almoſt all women, and which leads to ſo many others, coquetry. You ſay, my dear friend, that you have been a coquette; it is a character you have no pretenſions to. The people with whom you have lived, cuſtom, and bad examples, might have given you the appearance of it: but you were only ſo by fits or caprice, not from real character, as you have always preſerved your integrity and innocence of heart. This odious vice contracts the mind, ren-

ders it ſuſceptible of the moſt ridiculous vexations; it extinguiſhes ſenſibility, and leads us into the moſt frightful errors. A coquette has neither principles nor virtue; ſhe takes a cruel delight in inſpiring ſentiments ſhe is determined to take no part in; to give pain to, and prevent the fortunate union of two tender and gentle lovers, is the leaſt bad effect of her guilty frolicks; ſhe is by turns delivered up to malice, and to the meaneſt jealouſy; ſhe would ſubject every one to her humour, and would ſacrifice to that deſire, without remorſe, both decency and virtue. This factitious paſſion, produced by a contraction of the heart, and a licentiouſneſs of the imagination, when carried to exceſs, has no curb that will check it. By an artful dexterity, you may always lead a coquette beyond the bounds ſhe had preſcribed herſelf; you have only to pique and mortify her pride, and be faſhionable, and you will conquer. But it is a contemptible victory, and is not worth the trouble it coſts. There are ſome vices for which we muſt be inſpired with a deteſtation; there are others which we muſt only turn into ridicule: this is the ſureſt method of preſerving people from thoſe errors which the corruptions and cuſtoms of the age have made ſo common: coquetry is of this number. Convince your ſcholar that the world only amuſes itſelf with coquettes, that it deſpiſes them all the time it is flattering them, and your point is gained. Do not ſuffer her to be dazzled with the apparent ſucceſs of the character, and ſhe will eaſily be made ſenſible how odious it is: above all, prevent her from thinking that beauty is the greateſt charm; but take care not to inculcate this truth, by maxims which will weary her out without convincing: never praiſe any qualities

with

with warmth or earneſtneſs before her, but thoſe of the mind and underſtanding, and ſhe will be good through ſyſtem and inclination. The education of men and women agree in this particular; that it is eſſential to both to direct their vanity towards things of conſequence, but it differs in almoſt every other reſpect. We muſt be very careful not to inflame the minds of women, or raiſe them above themſelves: they are born for an uniform and dependent ſituation, and ought to poſſeſs mildneſs, ſenſibility, and a juſt way of reaſoning, and ſhould have reſources againſt idleneſs, with great moderation in their inclinations, and no paſſions. Genius is for them an uſeleſs and a dangerous gift; it lifts them out of their proper ſphere, or ſerves to diſguſt them with it; love leads them aſtray; ambition teaches them to intrigue; a taſte for learning makes them appear ſingular, and takes them from the ſimplicity of domeſtic employments, and from that ſociety of which they are ſo great an ornament. Formed for the management of houſehold matters, and for the education of their children, dependent on a huſband, who by turns requires their ſubmiſſion and their counſel, it is neceſſary they ſhould have method, prudence, patience, a juſt way of thinking, and a general knowledge of things, ſo that they may be able to converſe with propriety on all ſubjects, and poſſeſs all thoſe talents which render them pleaſing; that they may have a taſte for reading and reflection, without diſplaying their knowledge, and that they may feel the paſſion of love without giving themſelves up to the enthuſiaſm of it.

Rouſſeau ſays, one ſhould not correct that diſpoſition to artifice, ſo natural to women, becauſe

they ſtand in need of it in order to captivate the man upon whom they depend. We might ſay the ſame of many other faults; for inſtance, of diſſimulation, ſo odious in itſelf, and yet ſometimes ſo neceſſary! Even falſhood has ſometimes its uſe; but in one inſtance where theſe vices are of any advantage, how much more frequently are they prejudicial! There is nothing to be depended on but a conſtant practice of virtue: beſides the vices, which are produced by the violence of our paſſions, are more pardonable than thoſe which are derived from conſiderations of ſelf-intereſt; and theſe laſt too plainly ſhew a corruption of heart, and meanneſs of ſoul, to make them at all excuſable. An artful woman may be able to govern a weak and narrow-minded huſband, when without that defect ſhe might have gained his confidence; but ſhe will never procure the eſteem and attachment of a ſenſible man.

You aſk me for the deſcription of the caſtle. I ſhall be ſure in giving it you to expoſe myſelf to your raillery; but you *will* have it, and I muſt comply. *Montaigne* ſays, "Walking in a con-"fined room does not tire one ſo much, although "we take three times the number of ſteps, as "walking in the fields or the road." So our leſſons are given as if by chance, without being confined to time or place, and as they mix in all our actions, they take effect without being perceived, * &c. &c. Remember this paſſage when you read my account.

We

* It may be generally obſerved that knowledge of children, depending much upon the ſenſes, it is neceſſary to adopt our inſtructions to the ſenſes as much as poſſible, and infuſe them, not

We have taken up our habitation on the ground-floor of the caſtle. The entrance leads by a veſtibule to an eating parlour, which is lighted by a ſky-light, and the walls of which are painted in freſco, with Ovid's Metamorphoſes. From this room we go into a very fine ſaloon, of a ſquare form, having the windows towards the garden. The hangings of this ſaloon contain pictures of the Roman Hiſtory, painted in oil colours, and fixed in frames. One ſide of the room contains medallions of the Seven Kings of Rome; then follow thoſe great men who have made the Republic the moſt illuſtrious; and every Emperor as low down as Conſtantine. The oppoſite ſide of the room contains pictures of the moſt celebrated Roman Ladies, ſuch as Lucretia, Ælia, Cornelia, Portia, and the Empreſſes to the time of Conſtantine. The other two ſides of the ſaloon repreſent ſome choſen paſſages of the Roman Hiſtory. The ground of theſe hangings is blue, and the medallions are painted in black and white to imitate baſſo relievo, which produces a pleaſing effect. We have only the profiles of the Emperors and Empreſſes, which are moſt of them good reſemblances, having been taken from the medals of them which have been preſerved to this time; round each profile is written the name of the perſon repreſented, and in what year he died. You will agree that this ſort of hanging is more inſtructive than damaſk; and I can aſſure you it is a hundred times more agreeable; neither does it coſt

not by the hearing, but by the ſight; this being the ſenſe by which the ſtrongeſt impreſſions and the moſt clear and diſtinct ideas are received.

Education of a Prince by Chantereſne, 2d Part.

We ſhall ſpeak of this work more particularly elſewhere.

ſo much, and it will laſt for ever. * The ſpaces over the doors are alſo made to repreſent ſubjects taken from the Roman Hiſtory.—On the right and leftof this ſaloon are two wings, which form Monſ. *d'Almane*'s apartments and mine. I occupy that which is on the right hand from the ſaloon; you enter a long gallery, which is painted in the ſame manner, to repreſent the Grecian Hiſtory. At the end of this gallery, is my bed-chamber, where in like manner I have cauſed to be painted a part of the Scripture Hiſtory. My daughter's chamber joins to mine; it is hung with an Engliſh blue paper, ornamented with little coloured prints, † which contain ſubjects taken from the Hiſtory of France. Theſe pictures may be taken down at pleaſure; and I have written on their backs the explanation of every thing they contain. I have, beſides theſe, baths and a ſtudy, one half of which contains about four hundred volumes: the other is furniſhed with cabinets, which contain ſome minerals and corals, and a pretty collection of ſhells. This ſtudy looks towards a little conſervatory, where I have a number of plants, which are claſſed in order, having tickets on them, of which I keep the key. Monſ. *d'Almane*'s apartments are exactly diſtributed like mine; ſo that I ſhall only mention the paintings, which repreſent the Kings and Queens of France, together with all the great men and miniſters, who have

* This tapeſtry, as we have deſcribed it, well drawn, moſtly after the antient medals, coſt only 900 livres—37 guineas and a half.

† Theſe coloured prints may be made for about 16s. apiece, framed and glazed, if you would have them well executed; and for leſs, if you are not very nice about them.

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in any degree contributed to the glory or happineſs of the kingdom. They are placed in the ſame medallion with the King who reigned in their time, which is an aſſociation that does honour to both. Henry the Fourth appears greater, with Sully at his ſide, as the merit of having choſen ſuch a Miniſter, would alone be ſufficient to immortalize a Prince. Monſ. *d'Almane*'s, and his ſon's bed-chamber are furniſhed and ornamented with ſubjects relative to the military art, ſuch as plans, fortifications, &c. and a cloſet which contains books, globes, ſpheres, &c. is the laſt room of this apartment. When we intend our children ſhould ſurvey theſe hiſtorical pictures in a methodical manner, we begin with my bed-chamber, which repreſents the Holy Scripture, the moſt ancient of all, ſince it begins from the Creation of the World; thence we proceed to my gallery, where we meet with Ancient Hiſtory; and ſo on to the ſaloon, which contains the Roman Hiſtory; then we finiſh our ſtudies in the gallery belonging to Monſ. *d'Almane*, which I have informed you is filled with the Hiſtory of France. With reſpect to mythology, we find that in our eating parlour, and it is generally the ſubject of our converſation during dinner. The ſecond ſtory contains five or ſix ſmall ſpare rooms, and the attics are deſtined for our ſervants. The colonades and ſtair-caſe are hung from top to bottom with large maps, which form a complete ſyſtem of geography. We have fixed on the ground floor for the place of our ſouthern maps, and the upper ſtory for our northern; for by paying an attention to theſe things we make a better impreſſion on children's minds. The whole furniture of the houſe is linen; the

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ſculpture on the walls is plain white, with gilt beads. The ſtairs and chimney-pieces are white marble, and are every day waſhed clean. Over the front of the veſtibule are written theſe words in Engliſh, *True happineſs is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp.** Beſides all theſe repreſentations of hiſtory, which I have mentioned to you, I have, in a cloſet, ſix large ſcreens, which give an idea of the chronology of the hiſtories of England, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Malta, and Turkey. I have alſo a great number of little hand ſcreens, which are all maps of different countries, and on the backs I have written in Engliſh or Italian, a clear and ſhort deſcription of the places they repreſent. With reſpect to our gardens, they are equally plain and ſimple; we have preſerved a little wood and two walks of cheſnut trees, which form a majeſtic ſhade at one hundred paces from the caſtle: but our neighbours do not admire the alterations we have made, ſince we have taken down our cut hedges, and above all a wilderneſs, which for thirty years was the admiration of the whole province: however, the above alteration is much more agreeable to us; the large graſs plots, and young plantations of foreign ſhrubs, alſo afford us very pleaſant walks. You have often heard me condemn the cuſtom of raiſing mounts in gardens: I think them very diſagreeable objects, when they do not ſtrike us by the uncommon height to which they are elevated: however, I have formed three ſmall ones in the park; not for the pleaſure of admiring them, but to make the children climb up them, which is a kind of exerciſe that both amuſes and ſtrengthens them.

* See the Spectator, Vol. I.

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I have not yet mentioned my neighbours: I am at preſent only intimately acquainted with the Counteſs *de Valmont*, who lives about two leagues from hence; ſhe has only one ſon, who is twelve years of age, and for whom ſhe feels ſuch an extreme tenderneſs, that I was prejudiced in her favour from the firſt moment I ſaw her; ſhe is ſtill young and beautiful; ſhe has much dignity in her manner, and a negligence which adds grace to her moſt trifling actions: beſides this, ſhe has wit, and an improved and cultivated mind; ſhe ſpeaks but little, not through timidity, but indolence, and never wiſhes to ſhine or to fix attention. She is ſiſter to Madame *d'Olcy*, whom you muſt have ſeen, and who gave ſo many balls ten years ago; ſhe has another ſiſter, who is a Nun. Her father, Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, is a man of great learning, as Monſ. *d'Almane* informs me: but ſince the death of an only ſon, whom he adored, he has retired to this province, and lives with his favourite daughter, Madame *de Valmont:* he is very abſent and melancholy, but his converſation, though always ſerious, is often inſtructive and agreeable. Monſ. *d'Valmont* has neither the ſenſe nor graces of his wife, nor the merit of his father-in-law; he underſtands playing at billiards and ſhuttle-cock perfectly, and is paſſionately fond of ſhooting and hunting; he has rather a boiſterous kind of mirth, but at the ſame time has ſo chearful a countenance, with ſo ruddy and ſmiling an appearance, and is above all ſo frank, good humoured, and polite, that you cannot help having a regard for him. But I begin to perceive, my dear friend, though too late perhaps for you, that I have written a volume. Farewell: if you do not ſend me

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an anſwer, of at leaſt four pages, I ſhall not dare again to ſend you letters of ſuch an extreme length; and pray do not write to me on that little paper you are ſo fond of; keep it for your Paris friends; for my part I am always angry when I ſee your writing on thoſe little painted ready-made covers which you uſe. I beg you will tell me ſomething of Madame *d'Oſtalis*; do you ſee her frequently, and does not my abſence make her neglect her improvements?

LETTER X.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

WHAT a picture have you ſent me of coquetry; it will cure me of all pretenſions to it! I ſhall never again boaſt of having been a coquette, and I ſhall all my life repent ever having had the appearance of one! You have really made a deep impreſſion on me, but why did you not tell me all this when I was but twenty years old? My reformation would then have done you more honour, and would have ſpared me much pain. But you tell me I was only half a coquette; I uſed to think ſo myſelf; but are you ſure of it? You have really troubled my conſcience! Pray never talk to me of coquetry again; oh, the wicked thing! If you knew the ſituation I was in when I received your letter! That I was on the edge of a precipice, which perhaps you have drawn me from! I perceive your aſtoniſhment, but I can conceal nothing from you. You will ſee what confidence I repoſe in

in you, but you are ſo indulgent, ſo ſuperior to the weakneſſes of our ſex; you know how to excuſe them all! Attend then, and by the confeſſion I am going to make, judge of the ſervices you have done me! You know my principles, and you are very ſure, that whatever follies I may have to reproach myſelf with, at leaſt my heart remains pure. I have been indiſcreet enough ſometimes to give the world room to ſay I had a lover: but it was not believed; and for ſome years my conduct has been thought irreproachable; for the world, a haſty judge, though an impartial one, retracts with as good a grace as it condemns. Well, my dear friend, let us come to the fact; I thought when I was one-and-thirty, I had nothing more to fear from envy, from coquetry, or from men! Is it not well, ſaid I, that I have preſerved my reputation? I have paſſed the age in which one is ſubject to ſuch dangerous trials, and it is a happy thing to find one is no longer young enough to be in danger from them. But I was deceived; M. *de Merville*, whom you left ſo engaged with Madame *de C*——, all on a ſudden, I know not how, took it in his head to fall in love with me: I never could endure this change of ſentiments in my favour: but he was young, a man quite faſhionable, and he had ſacrificed to me a young woman of three-and-twenty. Though my heart remained entirely free, I ſuffered his attentions; I received him at my houſe; in ſhort, I reſolved to do every thing in my power to increaſe his paſſion! This ſcheme was ſcarcely formed, when I received your laſt letter. My ſurprize is not to be told! Every feature in the picture of a coquette ſeemed drawn for me; every word appeared to reproach me, and this

this ſentence more than all the reſt! *To diſturb the union of two tender and gentle lovers, is one of its ſmalleſt crimes.* M. *de Murville* is free, Madame *de C*—— a widow! I repreſented her to myſelf, in deſpair! I ſaw a marriage broken, my reputation deſtroyed; in ſhort, I found I was a monſter: I hated myſelf, and deteſted Monſ. *de Merville*: I lamented the fate of Madame *de C*——, and loved no-body but you and her! I ought to tell you, Monſ. *de Merville* had never acquainted me with his paſſion: theſe declarations are now uſeleſs, and out of faſhion; one can underſtand without that ceremony. He and Madame *de C*—— were one evening engaged to ſup with me; but as you may imagine, he came before the reſt of the company: I was alone, and he ſeized this opportunity ſo favourable to him, and in ſhort, explained himſelf in the moſt explicit manner. I affected an extreme ſurprize, which is not difficult to put on, and by which there are very few men who are not deceived; and in order to convince him how ſerious I was, I mentioned his engagements to Madame *de C*——; I praiſed her to the higheſt degree; I even extolled her *wit* with enthuſiaſm; which you muſt allow was going a great length: but I had much to repair. Monſ. *de Merville*, truly amazed and confounded at loſing all his hopes, put an end the ſame inſtant to the declaration of that tender paſſion which he had juſt been deſcribing: we made mutual proteſtations of friendſhip, and company coming in, were releaſed from a converſation which began to be as languid as it was tedious. Once more reconciled to myſelf, I felt an inward ſatisfaction, far preferable to that fooliſh infatuation cauſed by flattery: I had more

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merit in this conqueſt over myſelf than I ever had had before, as I never till then had given myſelf up to ſuch an exceſs of coquetry. Explain this to me, for I have no idea how it was: but it is certain, I now feel the conſequences of this horrible vice too much, ever to fall into it again: therefore never fear for me; be certain, I am corrected for ever.

The deſcription of your caſtle delighted me much; but that of coquets took from me for a long time all that ſatirical vivacity which you ſeem ſo much to dread; ſo that for this time you will only receive my praiſes: and indeed I believe I ſhall never more criticiſe ſuch uſeful inventions, which have ſpared your children the humble fatigue of learning a number of dates, which are all forgotten when they grow up. I apprehend this method of yours will engrave chronology on their memories; for the order in which theſe medallions are placed, and their being conſtantly before their eyes, will prevent their ever forgetting them. By putting one's ſelf to a ſtill greater expence, I ſhould think this invention might be brought to ſtill greater perfection, by making every piece of furniture, as chairs, carpets, &c. to repreſent objects of inſtruction, and replacing them by others, when the children had got them by heart. There are many private perſons who could eaſily afford to be at this expence; certainly the idea ſhould be adopted by all Princes, and I ſhall aſſuredly ſend your deſcription to my brother, as I am certain he will avail himſelf of it for his pupil. I have ſome doubts to propoſe to you on that part of your letter concerning women; it appears to me, that you judge of them too much by yourſelf, and that you require

require an union of amiable qualities and talents, which can only fall to the lot of a very ſmall number. You would have a woman poſſeſs ſolid reaſoning, with all the important virtues; a general, though not a deep knowledge of the ſciences; all the powers of pleaſing; a knowledge of all the modern languages, without pedantry or affectation; and at the ſame time, that ſhe ſhould conduct her domeſtic affairs like a good houſewife, who pretends to no other merit. I ſee plainly, if your pupil is born with a ſuperior underſtanding, you may make her truly accompliſhed: but do you expect it, if ſhe has only a common one, and an indifferent memory? It appears to me that a plan of education ought neither to be made for prodigies nor monſters: ſtupidity and depravity are as rare as heroiſm and genius: but it is for perſons of moderate talents we ought to labour, as from them we may expect moſt ſucceſs. With regard to talents, is it not neceſſary that inclination ſhould aſſiſt your cares? I had all kinds of maſters; I learned Geography, Arithmetic, Hiſtory, and Muſic; ten years I played on the harpſichord, and learned to draw, but yet I underſtand nothing of all theſe: but for dancing I had a real taſte, and ſix months inſtruction made me one of the beſt dancers in the ſchool; beſides, I can ſcarcely believe that the length of time one is obliged to give to theſe kind of ſtudies, is not extremely hurtful to the production and growth of more eſſential qualities. I know you may be quoted as an exception to this rule; but I only ſpeak in general. You mean to cultivate the underſtanding, and form the mind of your daughter: how can you do this, if ſhe learns to embroider, to draw, to dance, to ſing,

ſing, and to play on ſeveral inſtruments? In ſhort, you propoſe teaching her ſo many things, that I am in pain for her health, and I cannot perſuade myſelf, but that ſuch application muſt be dangerous to a child.

You deſire I will mention Madame *d'Oſtalis*. I have the moſt pleaſing accounts to give you of her. She conducts herſelf always with the ſame prudence, as if ſhe was before your eyes, and ſhe is as much diſtinguiſhed for her reputation as for her perſon and charms; ſhe has an equal and unalterable ſweetneſs of temper, and a certain ſerenity, which gives me pleaſure to contemplate, becauſe I know that it proceeds from the perfect calm of her mind, and the purity of her heart. The women pardon both her talents and her beauty, on account of her modeſty and ſimplicity; and the men, notwithſtanding her youth, truly reſpect her, becauſe ſhe has neither prudery, nor the leaſt appearance of coquetry: ſhe almoſt lives with me, that ſhe may talk about you; ſhe loves you with ſo much tenderneſs, that that alone would render her dear to me, had ſhe no other merit.

We ſupped laſt night in a family way; there was a ſerious party at *Reverſis*. The players were Madame *d'Oſtalis*, her huſband, the Marchioneſs *Amelia*, and my daughter. The game, as you know, is rather noiſy, and the *forced knaves*, made it ſo much more ſo, that you can have no idea of the noiſe they made; Madame *d'Oſtalis*, with all her mildneſs, laughed as much as the reſt, ſo that ſhe was hoarſe the whole evening after. Her gaiety is blended with a frankneſs which makes her perfectly amiable; ſhe is ſaid to be breeding, and in that caſe muſt give over all thoughts of a journey

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to Languedoc; which would put her quite into deſpair. Monſ. *d'Oſtalis*, who ſo paſſionately deſires to have a ſon, does not ſhare in her griefs on this account; and this difference of ſentiment, has already cauſed ſome little quarrels, but you may eaſily imagine they are not ill-natured ones.

Adieu, my dear friend! I hope you will not complain of my paper, and that you will find this large enough: you ſhall have no more of thoſe little painted ſheets, which diſpleaſe you ſo much; I know better how to diſpoſe of them. I wanted the other day to ſend an anſwer to a Lady, to whom I had no attachment, nor ſhe to me; and I had only ſome common compliments to ſend her, which every body ſays by heart; by miſtake I ſealed up and ſent her one of theſe little ornamented ſheets, but without writing any thing in it: when I found it out, I thought my billet was at leaſt as good as her's, and I wiſhed to eſtabliſh the cuſtom of ſending notes in this manner inſtead of returning viſits one's ſelf. There are many of theſe notes, which contain little more than the name of the perſon, and that you may find on your viſiting-liſt. Many women are very clever in the art of writing notes, and expreſs themſelves with great eloquence. Madam *de F.* for example, is perſuaded her's will paſs to poſterity: this would be but juſt indeed, for it coſts her great labour to deſerve this honour. The moſt trifling ſubject becomes brilliant in her hands; ſhe wrote me a moſt charming billet a week ago, to excuſe her ſupping with me on account of her having a cold: but yeſterday I received another from her, which ſurpaſſed all the reſt; it was to borrow my box at the Opera: the ſubject does not appear capable of furniſhing new

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or lofty ideas, but in a note of eight lines, ſhe had collected grace, gaiety, ſentiment, and delicacy; I felt myſelf fired with a noble emulation; I was willing to try my ſkill: but to my confuſion, though I conſidered and ſtudied for a long time, nothing came into my head by way of anſwer, but the downright matter of fact, that I was very ſorry I had already lent my box, as ſhe wiſhed to have had it; and this dull reply I was obliged to ſend her, which has certainly lowered me in her eſteem.

Adieu then, my dear friend! Kiſs the dear little *Adelaide* tenderly for me. *Conſtantia*, who is for ever talking of you, deſires I will ſend you a kiſs for her; ſhe grows every day prettier, and more pleaſing; ſhe has been a little indiſpoſed, but is now perfectly well again. Now I think of it, I beg you will communicate to me your notions on the medical treatment of children; I am not eaſy about *Flora*'s health; I think ſhe has been brought up with too much delicacy, and that ſhe has had too much phyſic given her in her infancy; what regimen do you follow for *Adelaide*, and what do you think of *Rouſſeau*'s method?

LETTER XI.

Anſwer from the Baroneſs.

SO then Monſ. *de Merville* has inſpired you with a ſtronger inclination to coquetry than ever you felt before: this is indeed ſurpriſing! You aſk me the reaſon of all your caprices? You put me on a difficult taſk; but ſince you deſire it, theſe

theſe were the reflections I made on your adventure; I think there is one time of life very dangerous for women, who are not entirely free from coquetry: it is when they are ſtill handſome, but no longer poſſeſs the brilliancy and charms of youth, nor are talked of for their elegance of perſon, which no longer attracts admiration: in ſhort, as ſoon as it is ſaid of a woman, ſhe is ſtill handſome; that *ſtill* ſpoils the compliment. This time begins at your age, and finiſhes at five or ſix-and-thirty, for then we are no longer regarded, and this misfortune frequently happens even much ſooner. It appears to me very natural that a woman of thirty, who is no longer flattered by that eager crowd who formerly ſurrounded her, ſhould ſet a greater value on the attentions ſtill paid her. Before ſhe thought the men could not help falling in love with her; now ſhe is almoſt grateful for it; ſhe knows that ſhe is no longer the *ton*, and that the empire, which faſhion gave her, is gone, never to be retrieved. She is like a Queen, who being dethroned, no longer perceives her Courtiers around her, and is therefore grateful for any homage that is paid her. She has renounced the glory of conquering numbers, but ſhe is ſtill poſſeſſed with the hope of inſpiring an ardent paſſion: and the firſt man who pays her any attention, ſhe will ſuppoſe to be actuated with that paſſion, and whatever her lover may be, ſhe will find her vanity more gratified at this time than ever ſhe did in her youth. And how dear will the idea, that he is perhaps the laſt ſhe will be able to hold in her chains, make him? What gratitude does ſhe not owe him? It is then, that coquetry makes uſe of all its cunning and dexterity; it is then, that ſhe enjoys her triumph, and

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makes it known to the world; and it is then, that this lover, if he is not a fool, may deſtroy a woman's reputation, and deprive her of happineſs, even without being beloved by her. This picture is very like that of Madame * *, whom we remember ſo handſome and ſo disdainful, and ſo much in faſhion;—ſhe attracted lovers without ſeeming ſenſible of it; and having for a long time preſerved a tolerable reputation, for a coquet, ſhe loſt it all at once, at thirty-two, for the man in the world, leaſt able to juſtify ſuch an error! This, my dear friend, is part of my ſentiments on this ſubject; but as I do not ſpeak by experience, I may be deceived: you are a better judge; and from the ſituation of your mind, can tell me whether my conjectures are true or falſe; therefore I refer to you. I am not ſurprized that you experienced a thouſand times more ſatisfaction in reconciling Monſ. *de Merville* to poor Madame *de C.* than you had found in parting them; the pleaſures of ſelf-love, being as tranſient as vain, they cannot leave deep impreſſions: they are only produced by the imagination, whoſe flame is ſoon extinguiſhed, if the allurement of novelty does not rekindle it. The pleaſures of the heart, which are leſs tumultuous, but milder and more laſting, can alone enſure our felicity: the things, which make but a ſlight impreſſion on our minds, only leave a weak remembrance, which, inſtead of giving us pleaſure, often afflicts us. Do you think an old coquette, in tracing back the moſt brilliant exploits of her youth, does not experience more regret than ſatisfaction? Regret, which is ſo much the more grievous, as it is ſhameful, and as one is obliged to conceal it; whilſt the remem-

brance of a virtuous behaviour is always an inexhauſtible ſource of ſelf-ſatisfaction.

And now, my dear friend, I am going to endeavour to anſwer your objections to my principles of education. You cannot conceive how I ſhall be able to improve the underſtanding of my pupil, and to form her heart, and at the ſame time to give her every agreeable qualification. In truth, if you ſuppoſe I have any hopes of ſeeing *Adelaide*, at twelve years old, an excellent muſician, playing on ſeveral inſtruments, underſtanding Hiſtory, Geography, Mythology, and accounts, with many of our beſt Works, *&c. &c.* your reflections would then have been perfectly juſt; if ſuch had been my plan, I needed only to have adopted the method commonly followed: but the little ſucceſs obtained by theſe, has well juſtified the neceſſity of taking others. *Rouſſeau* obſerves, that the principal fault of every Tutor ariſes from endeavouring to make his pupils *ſhine*, more than to convince their reaſon. With this intention, he gives them leſſons which are above their comprehenſions, and ſo loads the memory, not with uſeful things, but with words for the moſt part unintelligible to them. *Adelaide*, at twelve years old, far from being a prodigy, will perhaps appear to ſome people infinitely leſs inſtructed than many other children of her age. She will not know a word of all thoſe books which young people learn by heart; ſhe will not have read Fontaine's Fables, Telemachus, Madame de Sevigny's Letters, the Works of Corneille, Racine, Crebillon, and Voltaire, *&c.* Is it not abſurd to put all theſe books into the hands of a child, who can comprehend nothing of them, and by that means deprive her of the pleaſure of reading

reading them for the firſt time when her judgment is riper? *Adelaide*, at twelve years old, will neither be capable of making extracts, or of writing good letters, or of aſſiſting me in doing the honours of my houſe. She will have but few ideas, but they will be rational ones; ſhe will read muſic well, and play on ſeveral inſtruments; ſhe will draw in a ſurpriſing manner for her age, without her maſter's retouching any of her performances; and by that means teaching her to tell a falſhood, inſtead of improving her in the art of drawing. She will neither underſtand Hiſtory, Mythology, nor Geography, except what ſhe has gained by our tapeſtry, our converſation, and other methods, which I ſhall mention hereafter. In this reſpect I think ſhe will be better inſtructed than children in general are; ſhe will have many other accompliſhments, which will only be diſcovered by living with her, and which ſhe has acquired in the form of amuſements. That you may be able to form ſome idea of theſe, it will be neceſſary to acquaint you with ſome particulars, which at the ſame time will give you an inſight into my whole method. Children in general are born with memories ſufficient to retain a great deal of uſeful knowledge; they ought therefore never to learn things that are unneceſſary or ſuperfluous; and I know but two means of arriving at this end; which are, never to tell them what they cannot underſtand, and never to neglect giving them every kind of inſtruction within their reach: for example, it is an eaſy matter to render all their little plays uſeful. The idea of my hangings, has given me another, of hiſtorical magic lanthorns: I have had four or five hundred glaſſes made to repreſent ſubjects

taken from hiſtory; and we have the diverſion of the magic lanthorn four times a week. I take upon myſelf to ſhew it, and generally do it in Engliſh; by this means I give them two leſſons at once; and as the pictures are often changed, I aſſure you *Adelaide* and *Theodore* are infinitely more delighted with our magic lanthorn, than the generality of children are with the ſun, moon, and ſeven ſtars, the prodigal ſon, the baker pulling the devil by the tail, *&c. &c.* Inſtead of teaching my children the favourite amuſement of building houſes with cards, I have invented a play for them which gives them an idea of architecture; I have cauſed two ſmall houſes, and two palaces, to be made in paſteboard, which take to pieces; every ornament belonging to architecture are to be found in them; they are all numbered, and their names written on the back. My ſon has, beſides theſe, a number of fortified caſtles, with which *Adelaide* alſo amuſes herſelf ſometimes, as well as with a pretty little ſhip, of which Monſieur *d'Almane* explains to us all the parts at leaſt once a week.

When we walk out, the children divert themſelves at preſent with running and ſkipping about, but in another year, we ſhall accuſtom them, as *Rouſſeau* adviſes, to meaſure diſtances by their eyes, how many trees there may be in ſuch a walk, how many flower-pots on ſuch a terrace, *&c. &c.* By this means they will alſo learn what a foot, a fathom, or an acre means; and they will alſo acquire ſome notions of agriculture. My gardener *Mathurine* will be their chief maſter; he has already begun his leſſons, and generally follows us in our walks; and we learn every day ſomething new. *Adelaide* and *Theodore* have each a little garden, which *Mathurine*

thurine teaches them to cultivate; we accuſtom them to thoſe plays in the night, which are recommended by *Rouſſeau*, to preſerve them from the fears, which children are ſo ſubject to, in the dark. *Adelaide* and *Theodore*, like other children, are fond of playing at viſiting: this by my attentions will become a courſe of moral lectures: I invent their plans of converſation, and you may imagine the little ſubjects I give them, ſerve to inſpire them with noble ſentiments; and lead to ſome good action. Madame *de Valmont*'s ſon joins them in theſe plays, and I have often a part in them myſelf, which I endeavour to perform well. *Adelaide*'s doll is not uſeleſs to me: ſhe repeats to her the leſſons ſhe receives from me; and I pay great attention to theſe dialogues: if *Adelaide* ſcolds unjuſtly, I interfere in the converſation, and convince her ſhe is wrong. This amuſement makes her more induſtrious; if ſhe wants an apron or a cap for her doll, Mademoiſelle *Victoire*, one of my women, comes to aſſiſt her in making them. It is the ſame with *Theodore*, if he breaks any of his toys, as a coach or a drum, we give him proper materials; and *Brunel*, Monſ. *d'Almane*'s footman, whoſe ingenuity you are acquainted with, aſſiſts him in making whatever he deſires, and by this means, he becomes induſtrious and patient. Thus you ſee, far from wearying them with too much application, we are only employed in procuring them amuſements and playthings. The word ſtudy is never mentioned, though there is ſcarce a moment in the day that they do not gain ſome knowledge; and certainly there never were children ſo perfectly happy. *Adelaide* begins already to have ſome ſlight notion of muſic, and I have placed her little fingers on

the harp. Theſe different ſtudies, with thoſe of reading and drawing, take up near an hour and a half of the day, which, however, is not fixed to ſtated times. I have a method of practiſing muſic in two hands, which experience has taught me to be the beſt way. To arrive at perfection either on the harp or harpſichord, you muſt play equally well with both hands; the left is generally inferior to the right, owing to the method which maſters take. Before they learn a complete tune, they ought to practice a twelvemonth, firſt with one hand, then with the other; I mean if it be a child you teach; otherwiſe ſix months will do. They ſhould by turns execute all the ſhakes and moſt difficult paſſages that are to be met with, uſing the left hand moſt, which is in fact more aukward than the right, and has leſs ſtrength. This requires at the beginning ſo little attention from the ſcholar, that it cannot weary her: on the other hand, expecting her to read muſic, to place her hands properly to finger well, and to put treble and baſe together, requires much application, and is difficult and tireſome; beſides, ſhe is ſtopped by every cadence, and is ſo confounded that ſhe plays out of time, which ſpoils her ear and her taſte; and ſhe very juſtly takes an averſion to a ſtudy ſo diſagreeable and fatiguing. No maſter will adopt my method, becauſe by following it they cannot make their ſcholar in five or ſix months play by rote ſeveral tunes; and I muſt confeſs there are many parents who would be very little pleaſed to ſee their daughters, after a year's inſtruction, only able to repeat a few paſſages. But after this exerciſe, teach her to play leſſons, and in leſs than three months ſhe will ſurpaſs thoſe who have learned three years in the common way. Nothing is more abſurd

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than to teach children rules of accompaniment when they are only ten years old: this ſtudy is of a very difficult nature, and can only be learned by perſons of fifteen or ſixteen years of age. Thoſe inſtructions which we cannot acquire but with great application, are unfit for infancy: this is ſo plain a truth, that it would be abſurd to try to convince you of it by reaſoning, though it is very frequently loſt ſight of in almoſt every plan of education. Is it not uſual to ſet a poor child at ſix years old to learn leſſons of grammar, geometry, aſtronomy, *&c.* People take great pains to teach them what they cannot comprehend, and deſtroy their health, and give them an invincible diſguſt for ſtudy. Can any thing be more ridiculous than to ſee a child gravely ſeated before a deſk, employed in anſwering a problem or explaining a ſyſtem of the world? In this caſe, the very beſt thing that can be deſired is the very contrary to what the Tutor expects—which is, that the poor child may gain nothing, but ignorance and diſguſt; for if it ſhould underſtand what they had made it repeat, the tender conſtitution of a child would ſink under ſuch an intenſe application, and thus its untimely knowledge would bring it to the grave. But let us return to my *Adelaide*, from whom theſe reflections have detained me ſo long; ſhe learns alſo to draw, and it is my particular deſire ſhe ſhould excel in this charming qualification, which ſuits with every age, and which offers ſo many reſources againſt idleneſs. *Rouſſeau* will have *Emilius* learn drawing without a maſter; "I ſhall take care," ſays he, "to keep "him from ſuch a maſter, as would only give him "copies to imitate, and only teach him to draw "from deſigns." *Rouſſeau* ſpeaks here of what he

does not underſtand. It is abſolutely impoſſible to learn to draw without a maſter, and that maſter ought to be a very good one; for every thing depends on firſt principles; and it is not only neceſſary that the maſter ſhould have good ones; but he muſt draw perfectly himſelf: for it is by drawing with his pupil, not by adviſing him, that he can make any rapid progreſs. It will be neceſſary to begin with copying; it is true you may lengthen this apprenticeſhip too much, which would be loſing time; but in a years' time a good maſter will have taught his ſcholar to draw from nature. Theſe, my dear friend, are part of my ſentiments on the manner of teaching children. With regard to their talents for any particular inſtrument, I think we all have them in an equal degree, unleſs that the fingers of ſome perſons are formed in an extraordinary manner: it is true a little fat hand will find it difficult to play on inſtruments which require ſtrength and extenſion, ſuch as the harp, the lute, and the theorbo; yet with ſomewhat more application, they may get the better of this difficulty. Why then, you will ſay, are talents ſo rare?—It is that children are ill taught; that mothers do not direct their maſters, and only give examples of lazineſs to their children. How can you expect a young perſon to have a taſte for ſtudy, or to be anxious to acquire pleaſing talents, when ſhe ſees her mother ſpend half her time at her toilet, and at public places, and the other half in knotting, playing at cards, and receiving viſits. You ſay you never could learn drawing, muſic, or geography, *&c.* But did you ever ſincerely wiſh to learn theſe things? No, ſurely! you were inſpired only with a deſire to ſhine at a ball, and you learned to dance elegantly in ſix months; had

had your inclinations been turned on more ſerious objects, you would have ſucceeded equally well. The reſult of what I have ſaid is this, that the great point to be obtained in education is not to be in a hurry; to teach children what they can eaſily comprehend; and never to neglect an opportunity of teaching them every thing within their reach; and at firſt only to give them examples of morality, not precepts. I have hitherto confined myſelf to children, ſo that you are only acquainted with the leaſt intereſting part of my plan of education: but when *Adelaide* is twelve years old, you will find my accounts leſs trifling and inſipid.

It remains ſtill that I ſpeak of the management of children with regard to their health. *Rouſſeau*, with all the attention he pays to that ſubject, exactly follows the ſyſtem of Mr. *Locke*; for though he does not quote him, he copies him literally. The ſage *Locke* forbids ſwaddling clothes, or loading children with unneceſſary clothes; he adviſes to accuſtom them to the open air, and to bathe their feet conſtantly in cold water: this work, inſpired by motives of benevolence, is ſo much the more eſtimable, as the author, with ſuch ſuperior merit, ſhews no deſire of diſtinguiſhing himſelf, but only appears actuated by the wiſh of being uſeful. This book, which is tranſlated into all languages, was in every body's hands when *Emilius* appeared, but had brought about no change in the ſyſtems then in uſe. Wiſdom has leſs influence than enthuſiaſm; becauſe it is always ſimple in its expreſſions, and ſcarce ever aſſumes an impoſing or authoritative tone. The Engliſh Philoſopher ſeemed only to give his advice; *Rouſſeau* repeated the ſame things, but he did not adviſe, he commanded, and was obeyed. I have obſerved this

method with *Adelaide* from her birth till ſhe was three years old; ſhe has been conſtantly waſhed from head to foot, in ſummer with cold water, and in winter with water luke warm, obſerving at the ſame time to rub her with a ſpunge; to make her ſleep in a hard bed without curtains, and to wear only a cap and little gown, with a ſingle blanket in winter, and a ſheet in ſummer. The doors and windows of her chamber were almoſt always open in the day-time, excepting in damp weather, with very little fire in the day, and none in the night; ſhe was continually in the open air, but I was in no hurry to make her walk, thinking it better to ſtay till her legs were ſtrong enough to bear the weight of her body with eaſe: I alſo paid great attention to prevent her getting wet in her feet. As ſoon as children are weaned, they ſhould drink nothing but water; no thickened milk or cream; ſhe ſometimes eats an egg, ſome cold milk, vegetables, broth, or fruit, *&c.* but no ſweetmeats nor paſtry. No whalebone in her ſtays till ſhe was four years old. At that age ſhe began with very thin and large ones, except in ſummer, when ſhe had no other dreſs than her ſhift, and a gauze or muſlin frock; and ſhe never wore ſtockings or ſhoes, except in extreme hot weather, when ſhe walked out. People are very apt to find fault with the cuſtom of putting ſtays on children. They are indeed pernicious when they are tight, but when properly made they are far from being hurtful; the wearing them is equally convenient and healthy: by placing the ſhoulders in a proper poſition, they open the cheſt, ſupport the back, and keep the ſtomach in a ſituation proper for digeſtion: they render falls often leſs dangerous; and if they are not made too tight,

children feel much more at their eaſe in them than they do in a waiſtcoat: it is only the exceſs of heat that can make them inconvenient, and then it is a cruelty to oblige children to wear them. Adieu, my dear friend! I make no profeſſions of the ſentiments I entertain for you. I think the immoderate length of my letters will convince you of my confidence, and of my tender and lively friendſhip.

LETTER XII.

The Baroneſs to the Counteſs d'Oſtalis.

I WRITE to you to-day, my dear child, to find fault with you: I hope this beginning will not frighten you; my reproofs you know are as gentle as your faults are ſmall. Madame *de Limours* wrote me an account of a family ſupper at which you was preſent, and of a certain game at cards, which I confeſs a little chagrined me. I cannot figure to myſelf my charming daughter, who is ſo gentle, ſo humble, and at the ſame time ſo noble, giving herſelf up to all the extravagance of falſe mirth, diſfiguring her ſweet face by noiſy and affected burſts of laughter, and making thoſe little ſhrill ſcreams, like Mademoiſelle *de Lemy*, and Mademoiſelle *de Limours*. Whence did this proceed? Were you really vexed at the run of the cards? If you felt ſuch an emotion, doubtleſs you ought to have concealed it, for it is abſurd and ſhameful to ſhew it. Beſides, you are not avaricious, nor ever play high, and it is abſolutely indifferent to you whether you win or loſe; conſe-

quently all thoſe cries and appearances of vexation were only affectation. It is ſcarce worth while to give up your ſweetneſs of temper, in order to gain the character of a bad player, or of want of judgment. I am ſure you could not entertain ſo fooliſh an idea for a moment, but to ſhew your complaiſance to the company you played with; and if you encourage this weakneſs, it will lead you farther than you imagine. When people adopt follies, either from faſhion or condeſcenſion, they ſuffer themſelves to be hurried away by ſtill more ſeducing, and dangerous examples. I know the purity of your heart, your docility, and confidence in me; I know the advice of your mother can never be neglected by you, and have no fears of you for the future. Be always indulgent, my child, to thoſe women who are guilty of ſuch meanneſſes; never appear to blame or ridicule them at any time of your life, but never imitate them!

I have another cauſe of complaint againſt you, which I have ſcarce courage to mention, ſince it proceeds from your affection to me: but you ought to know I never regard my own intereſt, where your's is concerned. You think you are with child, and you appear to be afflicted at it, becauſe it will prevent your ſeeing me this year; now as you are not ignorant how much your huſband wiſhes for a ſon, it is very wrong in you to let him ſee a concern which can only vex him. When complaint is uſeleſs, it only ſhews weakneſs; when it gives pain, it is abſurd. The ill humour you ſhew juſtly diſpleaſes your huſband, and gives uneaſineſs to the family, but cannot prevent your remaining at Paris; it can add nothing to the idea I ever had of your tenderneſs, and only leſſens the opinion I had

had of your underſtanding: ſo, my dear child, repair this imprudence, and never fall into it again. Adieu, my dear daughter! Write to me always with the ſame punctuality, and believe that I expect, with as much impatience as you can do, the moment which is to reunite us.

LETTER XIII.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

YOU have thoroughly explained to me the greateſt part of my doubts: all your deſigns are excellent, and your method of teaching is certainly preferable to the common one: but it is neceſſary, according to your plan, that mothers ſhould be capable of directing the different maſters: and where will you find ſuch mothers? Where is the woman who, like you, has paſſed her life in cultivating her talents for inſtruction, that ſhe may be uſeful to her children? Beſides, if all mothers thought as you do, there would be an end of all ſociety; ſhut up in their chambers, with maſters inſtructing them; or flying away to their country-houſes, they would be loſt to the world, and Paris would become a deſart. I intereſt myſelf much in your fame, but I do not wiſh you to ſucceed in making this reform. Joking apart, I have a remark to make to you: you prevent your children, till the age of thirteen, from reading Telemachus, Fontaine's Fables, and all ſuch books; yet you would inſpire them with a taſte for reading! What books then would you give them inſtead of

thoſe I have mentioned? Are they only to read the Arabian Nights, and Fairy Tales, till they are thirteen? Do they learn nothing by heart? I have often heard you ſay it was impoſſible to underſtand the harmony or ſounds of Poetry if the ear is not accuſtomed to it from infancy. Be ſo good to anſwer me this. I write to you in great haſte, as I am going immediately into the country; I am waited for, and hurried. Adieu, my dear friend! Madame *d'Oſtalis*' pregnancy is no longer doubted. I ſaw her huſband yeſterday, who told me ſhe bears it with the beſt grace in the world, which was more pleaſing to him, as he did not expect it. Farewell, my love. You take no journeys, therefore never write me ſuch vile ſhort letters as this is.

LETTER XIV.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

I NEITHER give my children Fairy Tales to read, or The Arabian Nights, nor even Madame *d' Aunoy*'s Fables, which were compoſed for this purpoſe. There is ſcarcely one of them which has a moral tendency: love is the ſubject in them all; you find a Princeſs perſecuted on account of her beauty; a Prince, handſome as the day, dying for love of her, and a wicked, ugly rival, conſumed with envy and jealouſy! Though the moral of theſe little ſtories may be good, children cannot improve by them; and, ſtruck only with the wonderful,

derful, they will remember nothing but the enchanted gardens and diamond palaces; all theſe ridiculous ideas give them only falſe notions, ſtop the courſe of their reaſoning, and inſpire them with a diſlike for inſtructive reading. *Locke* complains that there is not a ſingle work exiſting proper for infancy; I know not one in the French language, though it would be ſo uſeful. The fixing our firſt principles and turn of mind depends greatly on the impreſſions we receive in infancy; it is therefore neceſſary theſe books ſhould be written with great ſimplicity; that they ſhould be equally intereſting and inſtructing, and as to the form of them, little detached ſtories will be moſt proper. And I believe, if the ſubjects were well choſen, and the charms and ſimplicity of Nature were properly deſcribed, it would make ſuch works more valuable than you have any idea of: now, I hear you exclaim, and you repeat it twenty times: *Where is there a book ſo uſeful? Where can it be met with?* I will tell you, and will even produce it to you, whenever you chuſe to have it: and as there is no great wiſdom required in the compoſition, but only Nature and common ſenſe; I will without evaſion tell you I am myſelf the author. We call it the "Evenings of the Caſtle." The ſubject of it is, a good mother retired to an old caſtle with her three children, the eldeſt of whom is only ſeven years old, and who every evening, if they are very good, tells them a little ſtory. Theſe ſtories are often interrupted by the queſtions of the children, who never let a word paſs which they do not underſtand, without deſiring an explanation. You are ſenſible how clear this method

thod muſt make it to their comprehenſions; it is only one volume, but has five hundred pages. The effect it has already produced on my children, is every thing I could wiſh: at each ſtory they do not fail to aſk me, *if it has really happened!* and when I affirm it to be true, I remark an extraordinary encreaſe of attention and concern, which is a much greater benefit than they could poſſibly draw from the moſt moral Fairy Tale: ſo that I engage, if ever I determine on publiſhing this work, to aſſure my young Readers, in an advertiſement made only for them, that the Author has invented nothing, but that it is ſcrupulouſly and exactly true; and with this precaution, I am certain my ſtories will be read with eagerneſs, and make a deep impreſſion. With regard to Poetry, I have collected from different Authors, the greater part of which are ſcarcely known by name, ſome extracts, which make three volumes, for the uſe of my children, till they are fourteen or fifteen. This little collection is really very pleaſing, and moſt of the pieces are truly moral. But to return to proſe; *Adelaide* will read nothing but my tales till ſhe is ſeven years old; I ſhall then give her the "Converſations of Emily," a book you have often heard me praiſe; and this will employ her till ſhe is eight, at which time you ſhall know the reſt of my plan. You ſay, my dear friend, *if all mothers were like me, Paris would become a deſart!* In the firſt place, remember I quitted it only at the age of thirty-two, and in four years I mean to return to it again: beſides, it is poſſible, without quitting the world at all, to be as uſeful to your children as I have been to mine, whatever you may ſay of it. Far from paſſing all my time

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in my cloſet, I was fifteen years in the world, and I ſhould be very ſorry not to have lived in it: for no perſon, who has not a thorough knowledge of it, is capable of educating her children properly. It was in the world I conceived this mode of education, which I now put in practice; and it was there, I compoſed theſe Works relative to it: if my labours have been uſeful, and my method ſhould be adopted, I ſhall at leaſt have ſpared others the reflection, ſtudy, and trouble, which it coſt me for twelve years.

I cannot finiſh this letter without telling you a pretty little ſtory, which will entertain and intereſt you, *Adelaide* being the heroine of it: the day before yeſterday, ſhe aſked my leave to take a walk in the fields, with Miſs *Bridget*; I conſented, and they ſet out at eight in the morning, with orders to return at ten: but they did not come back till half an hour paſt eleven; and I was going to find fault; when *Adelaide*, bluſhing, and quite out of breath, begged Miſs *Bridget* to allow her to tell me the ſtory; and then gave me the following intereſting recital: about half a league from B——, they obſerved a young female peaſant ſeated on the graſs, with an infant in her arms; ſtruck with the paleneſs and pretty figure of the woman, they went up to her, and learnt that ſhe was juſt come from the neighbouring village, where ſhe had been to buy ſome proviſions, and that now her fatigue had obliged her to ſit down: ſhe added, with a moving air, continued *Adelaide*, that what gave her moſt uneaſineſs was, that her mother was ill, and would be unhappy at her ſtaying; and ſaying this, "the young "woman wept, and kiſſed her little crying "baby!"

" baby!" *Adelaide*, without heſitation, begged Miſs *Bridget* to let her and the child get into the carriage, which followed them, and carry them home; Miſs *Bridget* conſented. The young woman told them the way, and in leſs than half an hour they arrived " at the prettieſt cottage ima-" ginable," where they found, " two charming " little girls, who threw themſelves on the young woman's neck to embrace her," and " their " grandmother appears ſo good and ſo old, that " indeed, my dear mamma, you muſt ſee them." Miſs *Bridget* added more particulars to this account; all to the praiſe of *Adelaide*'s ſenſibility. The ſame evening the young peaſant's huſband came to the caſtle to return thanks to *Adelaide*; and the next day we all went to ſee theſe good people, who are truly intereſting by the extreme harmony which ſubſiſts among them: they are poor, but induſtrious, and appear ſatisfied with their condition. After making all poſſible inquiries into their characters and conduct, we have this morning determined to purchaſe for them a ſmall piece of ground of about ſix acres, which was to be ſold near their cottage; we ſhall alſo give them a cow or two; ſome poultry, clothes, linen, and ſome furniture.

You cannot form to yourſelf any idea of *Adelaide*'s joy and tranſport on this determination. I have ſent this evening for two ſempſtreſſes, to make clothes for the young peaſant and her children; and *Adelaide* will herſelf aſſiſt in making them: her play-things and her doll are thrown aſide, and I ſee, with inexpreſſible delight, that in a heart uncorrupted, the pleaſure preferred before all others, is that of doing good, and contributing

buting to perform a virtuous and generous action. Adieu, my dear friend! I hope your next letter will make me amends for your laſt, which was indeed very ſhort.

LETTER XV.

The ſame to the ſame.

WE had yeſterday a charming ride; we carried to *Nicole* the young peaſant I mentioned to you, all the furniture, clothes, &c. we intended her; *Adelaide* was loaded with a bundle of childrens' cloathing; which, notwithſtanding the extreme heat of the weather, ſhe kept holding on her lap, the whole time we were in the carriage; ſhe arrived at the cottage in a violent perſpiration, her little heart beating, ſo that you could ſee its motion; her cheeks fluſhed, and the pureſt and moſt lively joy ſparkling in her eyes! Delightful, happy age, when every geſture, every action, preſents an innocent and faithful picture of the ſentiments of the heart! By degrees, as we loſe this amiable ſimplicity, the ſilent, but intereſting language of the eyes, becomes leſs intelligible; but they cannot quite deceive till the heart is wholly corrupted; for it is an higher advancement in vice to be able to deceive by looks, than even by words: he who cannot tell a falſhood without bluſhing, is not yet a complete liar, for whilſt we preſerve any traces of this ſincerity, we are not arrived at the higheſt pitch of vice. But to return to *Adelaide*; on getting out of the coach, ſhe ran from

us,

us, dragging after her, in the dirt, the heavy parcel ſhe had not ſtrength to carry; and when we entered the cottage, we found her already employed in undreſſing one of the little girls, to put on a new gown, repeating every moment, "It was I that "made this hem;" "I ſewed on this ribbon," "and faſtened on this claſp," *&c. &c.* If this little picture affects you, how much more pleaſure would you have felt, on ſeeing the ſatisfaction of the young peaſant and her family. I have never found, but in this claſs of people, that kind of gratitude which does honour to human nature. Hearts uncorrupted as theirs are, are affected with the benefit we confer on them, but are not ſurpriſed at it; while the extreme aſtoniſhment we ſhew at a good action, is a ſilent confeſſion that we are incapable of doing it! Adieu, my dear friend! I quit you to go and read with *Adelaide*, who at this moment is leaning on my chair, and begging me to give her a leſſon.

My ſweet *Adelaide* has done ſo pretty an action, I cannot help telling it to you; and I have opened my letter again on purpoſe. After our reading, we went to take a walk, and amongſt the cheſnut trees, found a little bird juſt ready to fly; we took it up, and *Adelaide*, tranſported with joy, carried it to my chamber, and put it into a cage, every moment taking it out, and ſtifling it with careſſes, and then crying over it as if it was dead. Here begins our dialogue word for word:

Adelaide. Mamma, my bird is hungry. I (writing at my deſk) replied, "give it ſomething "to eat then; you have got what is neceſſary."

Adelaide. But he will not eat.

Anſwer. It is becauſe he is ſad.

Adelaide.

Adelaide. Why is he ſad?

Anſwer. Becauſe he is unhappy.

Adelaide. Unhappy! Oh Heaven, why is my ſweet little bird unhappy?

Anſwer. Becauſe you do not know how to take care of him, and feed him, and becauſe he is in priſon!

Adelaide. In priſon!

Anſwer. Yes, certainly he is: attend to me, *Adelaide.* If I was to ſhut you up in a little room, and not permit you to go out of it, would you be happy?

Adelaide. (Her heart full) Oh my poor little bird!

Anſwer. You make him unhappy.

Adelaide. (Frighten'd) I make him unhappy!

Anſwer. This little bird was in the fields, at his liberty, and you ſhut him up in a little cage, where he is not able to fly: ſee how he beats againſt it; if he could cry, I am ſure he would.

Adelaide. Poor little thing! (Taking him out of the cage) Mamma, I am going to ſet him at liberty; the window is open, is it not?

Anſwer. As you pleaſe, my dear child; for my part, I never would keep birds; for I would have every thing about me, and all that comes near me, happy!

Adelaide. I would be as good as my dear mamma. I am going to put it on the balcony, ſhall I?

Anſwer. (I ſtill writing) If you pleaſe, my little dear.

Adelaide. But firſt I will feed him. Oh, my dear mamma, he eats!

Anſwer.

Anſwer. I am very glad of it, if it gives you pleaſure.

Adelaide. He eats. I know how to feed him. Sweet bird! Charming little creature! (ſhe kiſſes him) How pretty he is. Ah, he kiſſes me. How I love him. (She puts him into the cage again, then is thoughtful, and ſighs. After ſome ſilence, the bird begins to beat himſelf again) I (looking compaſſionately at him) ſay, "Poor "little unfortunate!"

Adelaide. (With tears in her eyes) Oh, mamma! (taking him again out of the cage) I will give him his liberty; ſhall I?

Anſwer. (Without looking at her) As you pleaſe, *Adelaide.*

Adelaide. (Going to the window) Dear little one! (ſhe returns, crying) "Mamma, I cannot!"

Anſwer. Well, my dear, keep it then: this bird, like other animals, has not reaſon enough to reflect on the ſpecies of cruelty you ſhew, in depriving him of his happineſs, to procure yourſelf a trifling amuſement. He will not hate you, but he will ſuffer; and he would be happy, if he was at liberty. I would not hurt the ſmalleſt inſect, at leaſt if it were not a noxious one.

Adelaide. Come, then, I am going to put it on the window.

Anſwer. You are at liberty to do as you pleaſe, my dear, but do not interrupt me any more; let me write.

Adelaide. (Kiſſing me, then going to the cage) Dear, dear bird! (She weeps, and after a little reflection, ſhe goes to the window, and returns with precipitation, her cheeks glowing, but with tears

tears in her eyes) ſays, "Mamma, it is done; "I have ſet him at liberty!"

Anſwer. I (taking her in my arms) ſay, my charming *Adelaide*, you have done a "good "action," and I love you a thouſand times more than ever.

Adelaide. Oh then I am well rewarded!

Anſwer. You always will be ſo, every time you have courage to make a real ſacrifice; beſides, ſacrifices of this kind are only painful in idea; they are no ſooner done, but they render us ſo amiable, that they leave nothing but joy and ſatisfaction in our hearts: for example, you wept at the thoughts of ſetting your bird at liberty; but do you regret it now?

Adelaide. Oh, no mamma; on the contrary, I am charmed at having made him happy, and at having performed a "good action."

Anſwer. Well, my dear child, never forget that, and if you are under any difficulty, in determining "to do right," remember your little bird, and ſay to yourſelf, There are no ſacrifices, for which the eſteem and tenderneſs for thoſe we love cannot make amends.

LETTER XVI.

Baron d'Almane to the Viſcount de Limours.

NO, my dear Viſcount, I do not at all repent the part I have taken, nor do I for one moment regret the pleaſures of Paris, or the intrigues of the Court! If you knew with what an eye we conſider

conſider theſe things at this diſtance, and how trifling and frivolous they appear, when they are cooly conſidered, you would the more readily believe me. I am however far from thinking that happineſs conſiſts only in ſolitude; it is certainly incompatible with vice and wickedneſs: beſides, it is derived from various and contrary cauſes. Wiſdom and enthuſiaſm both equally ſerve to procure it; and reaſon and virtue will be able to create it, in every place and ſituation; in the midſt of the tumult of Courts, as well in a cloyſter, or a deſart. And old people, men of the world, or thoſe retired from it, may, by being juſt and good, enjoy that deſired comfort, which the deſigning wicked man can never know! Believe me, my friend, our paſſions can never procure it for us; I have felt their influence, have known all the illuſions of love; but in this tumultuous ſtate the ſoul is agitated above its powers, and ſeems then rather to be exhauſted than ſatisfied, by what it experiences: theſe delights and tranſports, which almoſt deprive us of our reaſon, undoubtedly form a ſituation too active and violent for our weak minds; and become painful to us by their exceſs.

If you had not told me, my dear Viſcount, a thouſand times, that you had ſpent your life in ſtudying different opinions, without ever adopting one, I ſhould have been convinced of it by your laſt letter: you there ſet forth all the advantages of a good education; and you evidently prove, that men have not ſufficiently reflected or meditated on that important ſubject; you praiſe my intentions and plans, and you end all on a ſudden with aſking me this queſtion: "Do you really

"think

"think that education can extirpate our vices, "or endue us with virtues; or that it is of any "uſe to us?" I have certainly given teſtimony that I think ſo, by the ſacrifices I have made in order to educate my children: but above all things conſult Hiſtory, and that will prove to you, that education not only improves a virtuous mind, but that (without finding even the ſeeds of them in our hearts) it can inſpire us with the moſt violent paſſions. It was education that made ſuch extraordinary men of the Lacedæmonians; it was that, whoſe prevailing power was able to tear from their hearts the moſt tender and gentle ſentiments, and to ſubſtitute thoſe leſs natural paſſions in their ſtead: In ſhort, it was education alone which could render their country dearer to them than their wives and their children. Reflect how deeply engraved on our hearts are the firſt impreſſions we receive in our infancy and earlieſt youth: if reaſon, and the improvement of the underſtanding, have not power totally to deſtroy the moſt abſurd prejudices received in infancy, how ſolid and laſting will be thoſe principles which are founded on truth, and which every reflection will more and more ſtrengthen. The eſſential point is, to know exactly the principles which ought firſt to be engraved on the minds of children, and I think we ſhould begin by inſpiring them with a contempt for every perſon who has not courage to execute a reſolution ſeriouſly taken: teach them then that it is not only neceſſary to be religious obſervers of their word with others, but that it is almoſt equally ſhameful to fail in thoſe engagements they make with themſelves. Weakneſs has a thouſand times more inconvenience than obſti-

nacy: we may eſteem an obſtinate man, but it is impoſſible not to deſpiſe a weak one. If you do not give your pupil ſtrength of mind to conquer himſelf, every thing elſe you teach him will be uſeleſs; and the firſt ſix months he is abſent from you, perhaps will obliterate for ever all the advantages you expected from eighteen years labour and attention. But you will aſk, Is this empire over one's ſelf to be acquired? Yes, undoubtedly, and more eaſily than any other virtue; for it requires nothing more than habit: accuſtom your pupil never to promiſe any thing ſlightly; but to keep punctually the ſlighteſt engagements: throw in his way little temptations, which by degrees you may increaſe as you ſee him improve in his reſolution: but if he ſhould yield and fail to keep his word, you muſt expreſs as much ſurprize as indignation; and tell him, if he was not a child, he would be diſhonoured by ſuch an action: make him feel how contemptible he muſt appear, and conſtantly add puniſhment to theſe humiliations, which at each return of his fault ſhould be encreaſed: give him an example of what you expect from him, by ſhewing him that your ſlighteſt promiſe is inviolable and ſacred; and laſtly, when he convinces you he has gained power over himſelf, praiſe him only moderately; for nothing is more dangerous than to extol, too much, an action which it is our duty to perform: in ſhewing any admiration of it, we almoſt diſpenſe with the performance of it on another occaſion. When *Theodore* ſhews me his firmneſs and reſolution, I put on an air of the greateſt ſatisfaction; for the other virtues that appear in him, I ſeem to regard him with more tenderneſs;

but

but for this alone I appear to look on him no longer as a child: I reward him by an appearance of reſpect and conſideration; I entruſt him with a ſecret; I accuſtom him to feel all the pleaſures of being eſteemed; and I make him comprehend that the advantages they enſure to us are greater than thoſe of even friendſhip itſelf. *Theodore*, like many other children, is naturally very greedy. Madame *d'Almane* the other day gave a box of ſweetmeats to her little girl: *Theodore* alſo wanted one; I told him I could not give him one, becauſe he was not ſo moderate as his ſiſter, for he would eat them all in a quarter of an hour. . . . But if I promiſe to keep them, as *Adelaide* does, for ſeveral days . . . . . Reflect deliberately on the promiſe you are going to make, and if you can aſſure me, after having conſidered of it, that you are capable of making this trial, I will rely upon you, and give you a box of ſweetmeats. That very day, at dinner, *Theodore* requeſted leave to take a *burnt almond*, which is one of the ſweet things he loves beſt; and inſtead of eating it, he wrapt it up in a paper very ſeriouſly, and put it in his pocket. At night, after ſupper, he approached me with inexpreſſible pride, and produced his *burnt almond*, telling me, *it was yet untouched.* At the ſame moment, I looked out for a pretty little box made for ſweetmeats, into which I put twelve perfumed lozenges, and gave it to *Theodore*; at the ſame time requeſting him to promiſe me not to eat more than three a day, which he has performed with the ſtricteſt fidelity. This example alone will give you an idea of the methods which may be taken to ſet children on their guard againſt their paſſions, and

to put them alſo in a way to triumph over them: the ſucceſs of theſe expedients, if often repeated, is infallible.

You aſk me, whether I ſhall teach my boy Latin? I think the knowledge of this language is uſeful, though not ſo indiſpenſably neceſſary as it was five hundred years ago: they could not then have any idea of the beautiful or ſublime of any kind, but by learning Greek and Latin: but at preſent, thoſe who underſtand French, Engliſh, and Italian perfectly, have the opportunity of reading a great many works, at leaſt equal to, if not ſuperior to thoſe which antiquity has produced. Milton, Taſſo, and Arioſto, united together, may perhaps rival Homer and Virgil: And ſurely Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, Crebillon, Shakeſpeare, &c. have produced as many excellent Pieces as Sophocles and Euripides; and Moliere has ſurpaſſed Plautus and Terence. Are the Fables of Phædrus better than thoſe of Fontaine? The Poems of Boileau, of John Baptiſt Rouſſeau, Greſſet, Voltaire, Madame des Houlieres, Pope, Swift, Prior, and Thomſon; are they inferior to thoſe of Tibullus, Catullus, and Ovid? The Philoſophical Works of Cicero, Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, and Epictetus, contain in general the moſt ſublime ſentiments, which we cannot too much admire: but have the Writings of Fenelon, Monteſquieu, Addiſon, &c. leſs eloquence or learning? With reſpect to Sciences, the compariſon would be ſtill more advantageous to the Moderns. I could mention ſeveral living Authors as illuſtrious as thoſe I have now quoted, but this diſſertation is already too long. To return therefore to my ſon; I intend certainly to teach him Latin; it is true,

I ſhall

I ſhall not begin it till he is twelve or thirteen years old; till then the ſtudy of it would only ſerve to make him weary, and when his underſtanding is a little enlarged, he will learn eaſily, and with little trouble, in eighteen months, what at an earlier period, we could not expect to teach him in ſix years, by means of threats or puniſhments. For the preſent, I confine myſelf to the teaching him living languages by practice. He already ſpeaks Engliſh perfectly well, and can call for every neceſſary in German; he has a Saxon footman, who never ſpeaks to him in French; ſo that he will underſtand as much of German as is neceſſary for a ſoldier. The German literature has been truly intereſting only within theſe forty years; the modern Authors, Klopſtock, Haller, Geſner, Gellert, &c. have enriched it with Works which will make it immortal: but as it is not a language very general, and as it is ſcarcely poſſible to underſtand more than two or three languages beſides our own, I have given the preference to Engliſh and Italian, which my children will begin to learn in ſix months, and in five years they will be able to read theſe languages with as much eaſe as French.

Farewell, my dear Viſcount! You deſire me to give you an account of my avocations: let me [illegible] return, hear of your amuſements, [illegible] thing that intereſts you, and ſe[illegible] word if you have really quarrelled [illegible] earneſt with Madame *de Gerville*: [illegible] know I ſhall not be ſorry for it, as I [illegible] never forgive her the vexation ſhe has given your wife.

to put them alſo in a way to triumph over them: the ſucceſs of theſe expedients, if often repeated, is infallible.

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Farewell, my dear Viſcount! You deſire me to give you an account of my avocations: let me in return, hear of your amuſements, and every thing that intereſts you, and ſend me word if you have really quarrelled *in* earneſt with Madame *de Gerville*: you know I ſhall not be ſorry for it, as I can never forgive her the vexation ſhe has given your wife.

LETTER XVII.

The Anſwer of the Viſcount to the Baron d'Almane.

I Repeat to you, my dear Baron, your plan of education appears to me moſt excellent, and, notwithſtanding the fickleneſs of opinion with which you accuſe me, I believe I ſhall always continue to think ſo. From all that you have ſaid in your former letter, I am perfectly ſatisfied, if your ſon has ſenſe and genius, that you will make a great man of him: however, permit me to tell you, I think I have remarked ſome contradictions in your principles. You are convinced that happineſs conſiſts only in being of a quiet, peaceful mind; and that ſtrong paſſions, even when gratified, will not procure it; and yet, notwithſtanding this is your opinion, all your attentions and labours not only ſerve to exalt and elevate the mind of your pupil, but alſo to warm his imagination, and kindle the fire of heroiſm in his heart. No doubt you will ſucceed, but would it not be better to make him a happy man than a great man? Can it be vanity which makes you prefer ſhining and dangerous qualifications to the more retired and milder virtues, which would enſure the repoſe and happineſs of his life? I can ſcarcely believe it; and you muſt explain to me what I have ſo ill underſtood, or what you have not ſufficiently informed me of. Your firſt duty and ſole end ought to be to labour for the happineſs of your child; he has already obtained from nature and fortune every advantage which

which they can procure him; let your care and reflections add to them all that he has a right to expect from a father, who has ſacrificed every thing for his improvement.

You want to know if I have really broke off my connections with Madame *de Gerville*. I hope ſo, but . . . . . However, I cannot anſwer for it; ſhe was inſupportable to me, and for a long time we have found out we did not love each other; nay, we have even diſcovered that we never did love. But her talents for intrigue were ſometimes uſeful to me; and as our diſpute has been hurtful to her, by making her loſe what little conſideration ſhe poſſeſſed, I imagine ſhe already begins to wiſh for a reconciliation; in which caſe I am ſure I cannot help agreeing to it, at leaſt in appearance. I met her two days ago, at a houſe where we viſited; ſhe played her part ſo well, and ſhewed ſuch emotion at ſeeing me, that every body was duped by it except myſelf: but you will allow that it is neceſſary to ſubmit to theſe indirect advances if ſhe repeats them. One thing alone would make me heſitate; it is the certainty of giving great pain to Madame *de Limours*; for if I may judge by the joy ſhe expreſſed at our quarrel, which ſhe did not hear of till the day before yeſterday, I ſhould imagine ſhe was jealous: but why ſhould ſhe? Has ſhe any right to be ſo, conſidering the manner in which we have always lived together? I am as well convinced as you can be of the virtue of Madame *de Limours*, but you know with what indifference ſhe has always treated me. I am not ignorant that women often give themſelves up to jealouſy without feeling any tender ſentiments; but it is not allowable for us to indulge them in ſuch a caprice.

Farewell, my dear Baron; write to me as often as you can. Be aſſured, all thoſe pleaſures which *you* have given up, and which ſtill remaind to *me*, are not ſo eſtimable as your correſpondence.

LETTER XVIII.

Anſwer from the Baron d' Almane, to the Viſcount de Limours.

YES, my dear friend, my ſon's happineſs is *the chief duty, and ſole end of my life*; this dear, and ſacred intereſt, is the only one which animates me. I am going to ſatisfy your friendſhip, and I hope to clear up your doubts: I am perſuaded that a reſerved man, whoſe notions are confined, can never be perfectly happy. He is not to be pitied, becauſe he has no idea of a greater degree of happineſs: but it is not leſs true, that his ſituation is like that of a mere vegetable, uniform and tireſome: he is deprived of thoſe lively and numerous pleaſures, which are reſerved for men of ſuperior talents. It is much leſs owing to our ſenſes that we are happy, than to our ideas and reflections. During our ſleep, dreams have a natural power over our minds to affect us as much, or more, than even reality can do. But obſerve, it is terror in particular which makes the ſtrongeſt impreſſions, becauſe the ſtupification we are under makes us ſtill more ſuſceptible of them, whilſt pleaſing dreams make only a trifling impreſſion on our minds. Your dreams muſt have a thouſand times repreſented to you enchanted palaces, and hidden treaſures,

ſures, &c. &c. did thoſe things overjoy you, or did they ever give you the pleaſure you feel at the firſt repreſentation of an opera? No, ſurely; and why? Becauſe your imagination is without activity, and you have neither underſtanding, nor the power of reflection. We ſay every day, "Happineſs is "mere matter of opinion, and he who thinks him-"ſelf happy, is really ſo." Is the Savage, who is reduced to live in a deſart without ſociety, pleaſures, or ideas, then as happy as the enlightened Sage, whoſe life is made pleaſing to him by ſtudy, by friendſhip, and by benevolence? It would be abſurd to believe or ſupport ſuch an argument. Happineſs, as I have ſaid before, is offered to every honeſt and reaſonable being; but the perfect degree of it is only reſerved for a very ſmall number of men, and even by thoſe few it is very difficult to be found; becauſe there is only one path which leads to it, and the variety of opinions, prejudices, and falſe ſyſtems generally conduct us to a contrary road: without ardour, and without activity, we cannot arrive at it. The Philoſopher in his retreat, undeceived, and unbiaſſed, is happy only by theſe two principles: he reflects deeply, and his thoughts are conſtantly employed; wiſdom has ſubdued his paſſions, but has not weakened his ſenſibility. If he had never experienced thoſe paſſions which he has learned to conquer; or if his mind had been deprived of that degree of energy which made him ſuſceptible, he would have had but an imperfect knowledge of the human heart; he would not taſte the ſweeteſt of all pleaſures, that which peace and reſt offer us, after a glorious and obſtinate conteſt; in fine, he would be neither a Sage nor a Philoſopher, nor perfectly happy.

This is the ſtate of happineſs which I have conceived: when, after an impetuous youth, after having experienced all the tranſports which glory, ambition, and love can inſpire, one finds at length, time and age moderating this eager enthuſiaſm of a young, ardent, and ſenſible heart; and one enjoys with ſatisfaction the tranquility which ſucceeds ſuch agitation. It it thus, that the eager traveller leaves his own country, either through intereſt or curioſity; croſſes rocks, and encounters dangers; fatigues, amuſes, and inſtructs himſelf; and finds his courage ſtrengthened, as he ſurveys with delight countries new to him: in the end, when he returns back, he bleſſes the day which has brought him home: he finds an inexpreſſible pleaſure in relating the hiſtory of his long journeys; he is charmed with the remembrance of, but he does not wiſh to renew them. One muſt be poſſeſſed of a virtuous mind, to find, after the ſubſiding of the paſſions, that peace ſo precious and ſo dear. He who ſuffers himſelf to be led into real crimes, has no right to expect it; his exhauſted and degraded mind will never know any thing but remorſe; inacceſſible to ſoft emotions, to the tender ſentiments of humanity, he will in vain lament the loſs of his pleaſures; nothing will make amends for them, and he will become a Miſanthrope. His hatred and animoſity will be extended over all nature; and, being conſumed with regret, diſguſt, and deſpair, he will perhaps ſhorten the term of his deplorable life. But you will ſay, Is it not poſſible to have ſtrong and lively paſſions, without their leading us aſtray? Yes, certainly; and this is the work of a good education, a work which conſiſts in teaching your ſcholar to gain an empire over himſelf, and to

inſpire him with a deſire to make himſelf diſtinguiſhed, and with the love of glory. If theſe ideas are ſtrongly engraved in a young and ſenſible mind, they will lay a foundation for his future conduct. Love, far from diſgracing him, will only exalt his ſentiments, and add to his delicacy; ambition will never ſuffer him to be guilty of an unworthy action: eager to make his name illuſtrious, and looking on the whole world as his judge, he will readily ſacrifice, if neceſſary, his inclinations and his pleaſures to the ruling deſire of deſerving and obtaining a dazzling and ſhining reputation: at firſt perhaps he may only be virtuous by ſyſtem, or by vanity, but in the end he will practice virtue by cuſtom and inclination. In the preſent ſyſtem, all theſe ideas are confounded together. Have you not ſeen perſons at Court ſtiled ambitious, who are only guided by the meaneſt and vileſt intereſt? Avarice and luſt are the ſecret and ſhameful alternatives, by which a part of our people of rank are guided. True ambition makes Heroes and great men: it deſpiſes riches, and diſdains even honours, if they are not the reward of meritorious actions; ambition labours for glory, and for poſterity, and in an age where virtue is no longer beloved for its own ſake, it leads to thoſe aſtoniſhing ſacrifices, thoſe unheard-of actions, never to be forgotten, which Hiſtory records. Thus then, if you would have your ſcholar make a diſtinguiſhed figure in the world; "you muſt warm his imagination and "elevate his mind." But if he is confined in his ideas, if he is of a gloomy, ſavage, or capricious temper, you muſt avoid this mode of education, which will either make him a fool or a brute. For example, the education of the laſt Czar, which

conſiſted in inſpiring him with military ideas only, might have made a Conqueror as well as a Sovereign of him, had he been born with ſenſe and courage; whereas it only ſerved to make him more fooliſh and ridiculous. Charles the XIIth, that glorious King of Sweden, whoſe valour rendered even his follies glorious, ſhould have poſſeſſed leſs ardour, or more genius. If he had had leſs enthuſiaſm, his name might not have been ſo celebrated, but would have been more truly great. It is neceſſary then, if I may ſo ſpeak, to "adapt "the education," of your pupil to his character and diſpoſition; attending only to ſoften his manners, and to keep his mind calm and tranquil, if he has but a moderate ſhare of underſtanding; and to raiſe and elevate his mind, in proportion to the merit and talents you perceive in him. This is the difficult and delicate point on which all depends, and which requires the greateſt diſcernment and conſtant attention. He may eaſily become a great man, without being endowed with ſuperior ſenſe and genius, provided he has courage, an elevated mind, and a ſound judgment. I will explain to you in my next, the manner in which you ought to ſtudy the diſpoſition of a child; and at what age you may begin to judge what he will be afterwards. I perceive with great concern, my dear Viſcount, you are going to renew your connection with Madame *de Gerville*; you are ſenſible your wife will be truly afflicted at this news, yet you cannot ſacrifice to her a friendſhip already broken, and which is ſo little neceſſary to the happineſs of your life. Thus it is, that cuſtom has as much power over you, as the moſt violent paſſions can have: how neceſſary then is it, to take

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up thoſe only which are good! Adieu, my dear Viſcount! I will not allow myſelf to make any more reflections at preſent, for I perceive they will only be at your expence.

LETTER XIX.

From the ſame to the ſame.

YOUR laſt letter has ſo entirely put an end to the fears I had of wearying you with ſo many particulars relative to education, that I ſhall make no more apologies on the ſubject. I have already ſhewn you, of what importance it is to have a perfect knowledge of the temper, inclinations, and extent of the underſtanding of your ſcholar, ſo as to correct the defects he may have received from Nature, and to be in a ſtate as much as poſſible to foreſee to what degree of merit he may arrive: and now I am going to point out the means, by which you may acquire this knowledge. It is neceſſary to attend to the child's diſpoſition, from the time it can ſpeak; if he ſhews no attachment to thoſe who have the care of him, he will afford you very few motives for hope. But we may expect a great deal from a child, who expreſſes ſenſibility, and a lively taſte for the amuſements procured him: follow him in his ſports, and be aſſured, if he purſues them eagerly, and does not ſoon grow tired with them, you will one day or other find him capable of great application; and you may eaſily give him an inclination for ſtudy. When he is five years old, often converſe with him,

him, not to inſtruct him, but to make yourſelf acquainted with his diſpoſition; but take care he does not ſuſpect your intentions; for then he will not anſwer ingenuouſly the queſtions you put to him. Seem only to talk for the ſake of talking, and do not appear to pay any great attention to what he ſays, and notwithſtanding his childiſhneſs, you will eaſily diſcover whether his ideas are at all arranged, and if he has ſtrength of judgment. In fine, as *Montaigne* ſays, ſpeaking of a Tutor:

"I would not have him the only talker; he "ſhould hear his ſcholar ſpeak in his turn. It "is neceſſary to make him trot, before he can "judge of his pace."

I ſcarcely ever ſaw a child born with any ſenſe, who was not pleaſed with comparing new objects with thoſe he was already acquainted with: however trifling theſe compariſons may be, if they are juſt, they will infallibly prove that he has taſte and judgment. Children are naturally talkative, which foible, according to the manner in which it ſhews itſelf, proves either that they have ſenſe, or that they want it. A child, who cannot even by fear be kept from talking, but will converſe with every body, without diſtinction, and never waits to be anſwered, will probably one day be mean and tireſome. But he, who only ſpeaks to thoſe he is acquainted with, and is ſilent before ſtrangers; prattling only to his relations and friends, and at the ſame time takes great pleaſure in liſtening to others; this child will certainly have good ſenſe. In ſhort, I am of opinion, that after having made theſe obſervations, if one has never quitted the child, or if the diſcovery of the child's reaſon has

not been delayed by illneſs, or by the weakneſs of his conſtitution, we may, at ſix or ſeven years old, begin to form a certain judgment of his temper and diſpoſition. *Rouſſeau* has ſaid with great judgment, "that a man born naturally good, if "he is left to himſelf, will always remain ſo." I am not of this opinion. A man left to himſelf will naturally be revengeful, and conſequently will neither poſſeſs greatneſs of mind, nor generoſity. *Montaigne*'s ſentiments are very different from *Rouſſeau*'s, when he ſays, "Nature has, I fear, "attached ſome inſtinct of inhumanity to man; "no one takes pleaſure in ſeeing beaſts playing "with, and careſſing each other; no one therefore "ſhould take any, in ſeeing them tear each other "to pieces." But this is not becauſe men are cruel, but becauſe they are compaſſionate; they want to be moved, and, to eſcape from langour, they ſeek for violent agitations; this is the reaſon people frequent public executions, and go to ſee Tragedies: were we inſenſible, we ſhould not go to either. Man is born with defects and vices, but he is born with ſenſibility; and if Nature ſeldom forms a tender or compaſſionate heart, at leaſt, it does not produce one which is abſolutely without pity. There is no example of a child having a new nurſe, who does not weep and regret for the firſt: if therefore the ſeeds of ſenſibility are to be found in mankind, and they become afterwards obdurate and cruel, without any particular vice either of head or heart, it is evident that this unfortunate perſon has been corrupted by education. In fine, it is a comfortable reflection for all Tutors, that all the bad qualities children ſhew in their infancy, may be of no bad conſequence

quence in future, because a good education may mend them; whilst on the contrary, for the same reason, we may place a firm dependance on the virtues they promise.

LETTER XX.

From the Baron d'Almane to the Viscount de Limours.

YOU ask me, my dear Viscount, how I shall proceed in order to give my son that true courage, which is so essential a quality in every man, and above all in a soldier? Custom familiarizes one to the most frightful and dangerous things. If the use of fire was unknown to us, to what a degree, the first time we saw it, should we be alarmed by its destructive qualities, when we found a single spark sufficient to destroy a whole town! What precautions should we make use of in keeping it in our houses; and what terror would a firebrand falling on the floor, or a lighted candle on a table covered with papers, cause in us! We feel nothing of this, however, because custom has inured us to it; though we are not so indifferent about things of infinitely less consequence. For example, the generality of women have an invincible aversion to spiders, toads, snakes, &c. whilst the sight of these creatures make no kind of impression on the mind of the most timid country girl, because they meet with such things continually. The country, where people are least afraid of lightning, is precisely that, where it does most mischief.

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I remember, in going from Rome to Naples, I ſlept in a Convent, on which the lightning falls regularly two or three times a year; that very night there was a dreadful ſtorm, and I obſerved the Monks paid no more attention to it than if they had not heard it. I ſaw all the environs of Mount Veſuvius ſtripped of their verdure, and covered with lava; frightful and memorable remains of this moſt dreadful of plagues! Yet on this very lava, I ſaw a number of houſes built, even at the foot of the mountain, and touching on that formidable place, which carries death in its boſom. The owners of theſe lands trample under their feet the aſhes of the unfortunate inhabitants of Pompeia; they have before their eyes the ruins of this buried city, and yet they are themſelves much nearer to Veſuvius. After all theſe reflections, I have endeavoured, as much as poſſible, to familiarize my children to thoſe things which create terror and diſguſt. In their infancy we accuſtomed them to look at, and even to touch ſpiders, frogs, and mice. It was neceſſary only to ſet them the example; they ſoon wiſhed to have them, and to bring them up; and I have ſeen *Adelaide* weep at the death of her favourite frog, with as much grief as if ſhe had loſt the moſt delightful Canary-bird. When it has thundered, every body near them has cried out, looking at the clouds, and the lightning, *what a beautiful ſight!* And the children uſed to go, and ſit at the windows, to contemplate this *beautiful and ſublime ſight*; and were much pleaſed with it. Since I came hither, I have placed in a gallery, through which *Adelaide* and *Theodore* paſs, a glaſs-caſe, in which there is a ſkeleton, and ſome other anatomical preparations: but I did not let

let them ſee this without preparing them for it; for I thought it neceſſary to prevent their being terrified, as a bad impreſſion is very difficult to deſtroy. This was the method I made uſe of; one day at dinner, I ſaid aloud, that I had been putting in order the different pieces of anatomy, which had been ſent to me from Paris; Monſieur *d'Aimeri* (who had received his inſtructions) immediately began telling us, that the ſtudy of anatomy was very intereſting and curious; and added, that he had ſuch a paſſion for this ſcience, that he had had for two years his *bed-chamber entirely filled with ſkeletons*. The children enquired what they were, and after we had explained this to them, *Adelaide* ſaid, a ſkeleton muſt be a very frightful thing; *not more ſo than a thouſand other things*, replied Madame *d'Almane: for inſtance, the China baboon you have in your cloſet*; we then dropped the ſubject. After dinner I was aſked to ſhew my glaſs-caſe; we went into the gallery, and the children came of their own accord, and neither ſhewed ſurpriſe nor diſguſt at ſeeing the ſkeleton; and from this time they have continually paſſed through the gallery, without even imagining it poſſible to be afraid of a ſkeleton. I frequently tell them ſtories of travellers, for which children have a particular liking; and I give them the moſt ſuperb deſcription of tempeſts, in order to excite their curioſity, more than their fears. I add, that even ſhipwrecks are not truly dangerous to thoſe who can ſwim; and *Theodore* ſays, he will learn to ſwim, and that he ſhall be very ſorry, when he takes a voyage, not to ſee a tempeſt. It is impoſſible to conceal from children the dangers which ſurround mankind in every action of their lives; falſehood can never

never be of any uſe; for if your pupil once diſcovers, that you have concealed the truth from him, you loſe his confidence for ever. I would have my ſon know, that he may be drowned in the ſea, killed in battle, *&c. &c.* But I would not have him look upon danger with the exaggeration which fear, and an aſtoniſhed apprehenſion give it: when one does not ſee the danger greater than it really is, one finds reſources in one's own mind to draw one out of it. Every man, whoſe education has not ſpoiled him, has this kind of courage, which he receives with his breath, as a neceſſary inſtinct for his preſervation. The coward, who loſes his ſenſes on the appearance of danger, is only a being corrupted and degraded. Nature will beſtow on your pupil all that courage and preſence of mind, which will be neceſſary for him to defend *himſelf*, when attacked; be it your part, to inſpire him with generous ſentiments, and he will defend his *companion*; give him a ſenſe of honour, and he will defend his *country*. *Locke* and *Rouſſeau*, have both ſaid, "That you ſhould never pity children when "they fall down or hurt themſelves." In my opinion, this method ſhould only be purſued till they are three or four years old, at which time they require ſoothing, and without which you run the riſk of hardening their hearts: I think, therefore, when they ſuffer by any misfortune or accident, they ought to be pitied, and praiſed for their courage if they do not complain: but if they ſcream and cry violently, I would appear to diſregard them, and let them ſee, that your contempt ſtifles your compaſſion. As in every thing elſe, ſo it is in this; you yourſelf muſt ſet the example: if *you* cannot [illegible] pain or illneſs without complaining every moment,

moment, all you can ſay about fortitude and courage will make little impreſſion. Madame *d'Almane*, four days ago, gave her children a leſſon on this ſubject, which was of more uſe than all the ſermons in the world; you love Madame *d'Almane* for that extreme tenderneſs ſhe ſhews for her children; therefore I ſhall omit none of the particulars of the ſcene I am going to mention, which was really as alarming as it was intereſting. Monſieur *d'Aimeri*, Madame *de Valmont*, and her ſon were with us: after dinner, we were all in the ſaloon; Madame *d'Almane*, ſeated by Madame *Valmont* on a ſopha, held *Adelaide* in her lap; when *Theodore*, willing to receive ſome of his mother's careſſes, went ſoftly behind her, and haſtily ſeized one of her arms, which he drew towards him; at that moment a ſtream of blood ran from her arm, and covered *Adelaide*'s face and her frock, who as ſoon as ſhe ſaw it, ſcreamed dreadfully, and fainted away on her mother's boſom; poor *Theodore*, drowned in tears, threw himſelf on his knees; we all ran to Madame *d'Almane*, who cried out, *Adelaide! Adelaide! it is ſhe who wants aſſiſtance*; and refuſed to give me her arm, wildly repeating the name of *Adelaide!* The truth was, ſhe had been blooded that morning, without telling any body of it; and *Theodore* by ſeizing and ſtretching out her arm, had untied the bandage, which occaſioned this accident. Madame *de Valmont* took care of *Adelaide*, whilſt Monſieur *d'Aimeri*, and I, faſtened the bandage on Madame *d'Almane*'s arm; though not without much difficulty, as ſhe had loſt her ſenſes, was pale, and trembling; and being agitated with the moſt frightful convulſive motions, had her eyes fixed on her daughter, and neith-

garded

regarded our attentions to her nor poor *Theodore*, who knelt ſobbing at her feet. At length, *Adelaide* recovered her ſenſes, opened her eyes, and called to her mother, who flew immediately to her, took her in her arms, and embraced her a thouſand times, ſhedding a flood of tears; we ſurrounded them, and liſtened to their converſation with as much emotion as pleaſure: when ſuddenly, obſerving *Theodore* was not amongſt us, I turned my head, and ſaw him ſtanding by himſelf in the place his mother had juſt quitted; no longer on his knees, or in tears, but fixed immoveably, his eyes dry, and having a countenance on which embarraſſment, ſorrow, and vexation, were equally painted. His heart, till then ſo calm and innocent, received, at that moment, the firſt, the fatal impreſſions of envy and jealouſy. He was no longer the ſame child, full of innocence and candour; ſo ſweet, ſo frank, ſo tender; injuſtice, perhaps diſſimulation and hatred, had juſt entered into his mind, and had they not been quickly baniſhed, they would have taken the deepeſt root there. I loſt not a moment in making Madame *d'Almane* acquainted with my apprehenſions; ſhe immediately begged all the company to leave her; then approaching *Theodore*, without ſeeming to obſerve his trouble and confuſion, ſhe embraced him tenderly, and made him ſit down by her, taking both her children's hands, and addreſſing herſelf to me: is it not true, ſaid ſhe, that I am a happy mother, and much beloved? My poor *Theodore*, what has he not ſuffered! But reſume your gaiety, my love, added ſhe, kiſſing him, your mother and ſiſter are now perfectly recovered. At theſe words, *Theodore*, ſtill ſorrowful, though ſoftened,

ſoftened, leaned on his mother's ſhoulder, looked at his ſiſter with tears in his eyes, and immediately kiſſed her, but ſighed deeply at the ſame time; and you, my dear girl, continued Madame *d'Almane*, I hope when you are older, (a year hence, perhaps) you will be able, like your brother, to unite courage with ſenſibility. Here *Theodore* raiſed his head, as if endeavouring to find out whether ſhe was in earneſt; he then embraced her, and redoubled his tears. It is true, ſaid I, ſmiling, women have long been reproached for their aptneſs to faint, and not without reaſon, as it is a proof of weakneſs. . . . . But, papa, it is becauſe I love my mamma, ſaid *Adelaide*, with chagrin . . . . I love your mamma, interrupted I, as much as you can do, and ſo does *Theodore*, yet we neither of us fainted. As I finiſhed theſe words, *Theodore* threw himſelf on his ſiſter's neck, crying, *Oh, papa, how you grieve her!* At that moment Madame *d'Almane* looked at me, and gave me her hand, which I bathed with the ſweeteſt tears I ever ſhed in my life. When we had comforted *Adelaide*, who had really been afflicted, the children aſked their mother, why ſhe had been blooded? Becauſe, ſaid ſhe, I have had for this fortnight a moſt intolerable headach . . . . This fortnight, mamma, and you never mentioned it! . . . . . What good would it have done, repeating every moment, *how my head aches!* I ſhould have ſhewn great weakneſs, tired every body, and complaining would have done me no good . . . . . But, mamma, you did not even look as if you ſuffered pain; and you taught me my leſſons as uſual. . . . . You will never, my love, find me neglect an employment ſo dear to me for ſo trifling

ſling a matter. You ſee, my friend, what excellent leſſons of courage were contained in thoſe few words; and theſe are the kind of leſſons which are really uſeful. After this converſation, Madame *d'Almane* entreated Monſieur *d'Aimeri*, and Madame *Valmont*, not to commend *Adelaide* for that ſenſibility, which made her faint: for in fact, theſe praiſes may, by her wiſhing to obtain them again, occaſion affectation and hypocriſy: you ſhould not praiſe children for their lively and quick demonſtrations of ſenſibility; but for their habitual and conſtant proofs of duty and ſweetneſs of temper. Adieu, my dear Viſcount; it is midnight, an unlawful hour at B—— Caſtle. I quit you to go to bed, for I muſt riſe again before day.

LETTER XXI.

From the Baroneſs d'Almane, to Madame d'Oſtalis.

YOU afford me great pleaſure, my dear child, by the accounts you give me of the attention you pay to your health. In your preſent ſituation, it is an indiſpenſable duty, though unfortunately in theſe times, it is not thought ſo. Remember what your opinion was of a Lady who was ordered by her Phyſician to keep her chamber for four months, for fear ſhe ſhould miſcarry; ſhe declared, *Such caution did not agree with her vivacity, and by that agreeable vivacity ſhe loſt her child.* You then thought ſhe muſt have had a very bad heart to be capable of ſuch imprudent conduct, and a worſe under-

underſtanding to ſuffer it to be made known. I am charmed that you ſtill maintain this opinion; and that, notwithſtanding faſhion and example, you will not ſit up late, or fatigue yourſelf by conſtant viſiting or travelling far in a carriage. In regard to the deſire you have for ſuckling your child, I have ſome obſervations to make, which require me to be particular. You appear to be much ſtruck with all that *Rouſſeau* ſays on this ſubject; among other things, he ſays, "She who "ſuckles the child of another perſon inſtead of her "own, is a bad mother; how then can ſhe be a "good nurſe?" This obſervation of his has given you great reluctance to truſt "your child to the "cares of an intereſted and mercenary woman." But you do not conſider, this woman only deprives her infant of milk, to enſure him bread, or at leaſt to provide him with thoſe neceſſaries, of which, without this ſacrifice, he would ſtand in need. So far from being a *bad mother*, ſhe has, on the contrary, ſhewed herſelf to be poſſeſſed of real tenderneſs. Nature has undoubtedly impoſed on us the pleaſing obligations we are under to ſuckle our children; and we ought not to diſpenſe with it, but when we are obliged by ſtill more eſſential duties. If your huſband does not oppoſe it, and if, without hurting his intereſt or his fortune, you can confine yourſelf to your own family for a twelvemonth, eighteen months, or perhaps two years, you ought not to heſitate; indeed, you would be very wrong not to ſuckle it. But you will ſay, I ſee that every woman who ſuckles her child goes out viſiting to public places, and to Court, and weans her children at eight or nine months old. I am ſenſible of all this, and even know

know many who go to balls, and dance at them; I meet them every where dreſſed with large hoops, ſtiffened ſtays, &c. &c. Do you think that the children of theſe elegant nurſes would not be much happier in a cottage, with a good careful country-woman to attend them? You are acquainted with a relation of mine, Madame *d'A*——; if you wiſh to be a good nurſe, you muſt imitate her; you muſt live a retired life, taking great care of your health, and never going abroad but for exerciſe; receiving no viſits but thoſe of relations or intimate friends, and determine not to wean your child till the ſtate of its health, the advancement of its teeth and its ſtrength, will permit it to be done with ſafety. I remember, one winter I often dined at a houſe where I conſtantly met with a young Lady who ſuckled her child; ſhe was perfectly well dreſſed, and in the moſt faſhionable ſtyle; ſhe ſcarcely was ſeated before ſhe began to talk of her child; and we directly heard the ſhrill cries of an infant in ſwaddling clothes, whom they brought to her wrapt up in a rich mantle, and the mother gave it ſuck before ſeven or eight Gentlemen. I obſerved the men laugh, and whiſper to each other; this ſcene appeared to me to be diſtreſſing, as well as indecent. I frequently went from thence to Madame *d'A*——, who fulfilled the ſame duty with that modeſt ſimplicity which true virtue always uſes, even in her moſt ſublime actions; for we are only proud of doing what is right, in proportion to the efforts it coſts us, and the little pleaſure we derive from it; I found Madame *d'Ar*—— in the midſt of her family and friends; and I experienced the ſweeteſt emotion in ſeeing her with her infant in her arms; that infant, for whoſe ſake

ſhe had ſacrificed without difficulty, and without vanity, the gay world, and all the pleaſures it offers. There is certainly no ſight more intereſting or reſpectable, than to ſee a beautiful young woman fulfilling the firſt duties of nature: for what ſhe now does for her child, who does not ſo much as know her, proves what ſhe will be capable of doing one day for him, when ſhe enjoys the happineſs of being beloved by him, and when ſhe has aſſured to herſelf more right to his tenderneſs: but, my dear daughter, reflect on the numerous obligations you bring on yourſelf by determining to ſuckle your child; and remember, it is better not to impoſe on yourſelf ſuch a duty, than to fulfill it imperfectly.

LETTER XXII.

The Baroneſs d'Almane, to the Viſcounteſs de Limours.

NO, my dear friend, I do not perceive the approach of winter with *grief and terror*; on the contrary, I thank Heaven, I ſhall not be obliged to catch cold in the road to Verſailles, or in the ſtreets of Paris; I ſhall not receive viſitors, who are as tireſome as they are idle; nor ſhall I hear Gluck and Piccini, * both of whom I admire ſo much, continually taken to pieces! Inſtead of theſe things, I now only go abroad for pleaſure and for health; I wear only a neat and convenient

* Two celebrated performers then at Paris.

dreſs,

dreſs, and only aſſociate with people whom I love. If you were here, who ſhould I wiſh for more, or what could be wanting to my happineſs! I aſſure you, for theſe eight months, that I have left Paris, I never paſſed a day without congratulating myſelf on the reſolution I have taken, and at the ſame time reflecting with pain, that the ſame duties which brought me here, will oblige me in three years to return to Paris.

I have a favour to aſk of you, my dear friend; I think I told you Madame *de Valmont* has a ſiſter, who is a nun. But before I tell you what I wiſh of you, I will relate to you the hiſtory of this unfortunate young Lady; Madame *de Valmont* acquainted me with it laſt night, and I am ſure you will join with me in being deeply intereſted for her. Monſ. *d'Aimeri* had four children; *Cecilia*, who was the youngeſt, was only three years old when ſhe loſt her mother; ſhe was educated in a convent in the country, and did not come out of it till ſhe was thirteen, when ſhe attended the nuptials of her eldeſt ſiſter, Madame *d'Olcy*, who, as ſoon as ſhe was married, immediately ſet out for Paris. *Cecilia* remained in the country with her father and her ſecond ſiſter, who was three years older than herſelf, and who was ſoon after married to Monſ. *Valmont*, and at the end of two years ſettled in Languedoc; ſhe was ſtrongly attached to *Cecilia*, whoſe amiable qualities, both of perſon and mind, were equally intereſting; and what made her ſtill more ſo, was, that ſhe had the misfortune not to be loved by her father. On the eve of Madame *de Valmont*'s departure, the two ſiſters paſſed the night together in lamenting their ſeparation. When day-light appeared, *Cecilia*, bathed

in tears, threw herſelf into the arms of her ſiſter, and preſſing her to her boſom, cried out, "Oh! "my only friend and ſupport! in an hour's time "I ſhall loſe you; what will become of me in "your abſence? Who will excuſe me to my fa- "ther? Who will endeavour to conquer his aver- "ſion to me? You are the only one in the world "who loves the poor *Cecilia!* Oh, my ſiſter, my "dear ſiſter! when you leave me, what will be- "come of me?" Indeed the unfortunate *Cecilia* had but too much reaſon to lament her fate. Her ſiſter was no ſooner departed, than her father ſent her back to the convent where ſhe had been brought up; ſhe was ſixteen years old when ſhe returned to that place, from whence ſhe was never more to come back! Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, wholly employed in the eſtabliſhment of his only ſon, went to Paris; and ſome months after, *Cecilia* was informed ſhe had no other alternative given her, but to take the veil. Too gentle, and too timid to oppoſe the will of a father ſo abſolute, ſhe obeyed without reſiſtance, and without murmuring; but her heart was no longer free; ſhe loved, and was beloved; but ſhe was ſtill ignorant of the ſentiments ſhe felt. In giving up the world, ſhe thought it was her ſiſter only whoſe loſs ſhe regretted; her tears were given to friendſhip, when, alas! it was love which made them flow! A young man, the Chevalier *de Murville*, a relation of Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, was the object of this unfortunate paſſion; and he poſſeſſed all thoſe virtues and amiable qualities which juſtified her choice. His mother had been ſome years retired from the world, and lived on a ſmall eſtate about ten leagues from the Convent, where *Cecilia* reſided. The year of her noviciate

noviciate was almoſt elapſed, and the day was ſoon to arrive, when ſhe was to make that dreadful engagement, which muſt never be broken!

That very day, her inhuman father had fixed upon for the celebration of his ſon's nuptials at Paris, where he was giving himſelf up to tranſports of joy, whilſt his unhappy daughter was completing at the age of ſeventeen her miſerable ſacrifice—At length it is finiſhed. *Cecilia* no longer lives for the world; and the gloomy walls which incloſe her, are the bounds which obſtruct her future felicity.

The evening after her profeſſion, a meſſenger on horſeback deſired to ſpeak with her from Madame *de Murville*, on an affair of the greateſt conſequence: ſhe went to the parlour, and the man preſented her with a letter, telling her, that a footman of Madame *de Murville*'s had ſet out the evening before, with expreſs orders to deliver the letter the ſame day; but that two leagues from the Convent he had had the misfortune to fall from his horſe and to break his leg. A long fainting fit had followed this accident; but ſome countrymen had brought him to the farmer's houſe, who now informed her of this misfortune; and that the man had not recovered his ſenſes till the next day, when he gave the letter to the farmer, who promiſed to deliver it. In ſaying theſe words, he gave the letter to *Cecilia*, who inſtantly flew to her chamber to read it; ſhe opened it with the greateſt emotion, which was infinitely more encreaſed, when ſhe ſaw it was written by Monſ. *de Murville*. This letter, which *Cecilia* thought herſelf obliged to give to Madame de *Valmont*, and which ſhe permitted me to copy, was written in theſe terms:

From the Caſtle of S——, *the fifteenth of May.*

" WHAT, to-morrow! . . . is it then to-mor-
" row? . . . . . I cannot finiſh . . . . . My mouth
" cannot pronounce theſe dreadful words!—*Ce-*
" *cilia*, it is no longer time to diſſemble—What
" then could you never read it in my heart?—
" Alas, in happier days, I dared to flatter myſelf
" ſometimes that your heart was not inſenſible. I
" opened all my ſoul to that inhuman father, who
" has ſacrificed you. He deprived me of all hope,
" and I condemned myſelf to ſilence. Ah, if I
" could have foreſeen the tyranny they were exer-
" ciſing againſt you!—No, my *Cecilia*, you ſhould
" not have been the victim of it. In ſpite of the
" cruel father, who baniſhed you, in ſpite of the
" family who forſake you; nay, even in ſpite of
" yourſelf, I ſhould have found means to have
" delivered you from the deſtiny prepared for you.
" But, far diſtant from you, in a foreign country,
" I was ignorant of the misfortune, and had no
" ſuſpicion of it. I received a letter, informing
" me my mother was dangerouſly ill; I inſtantly
" left Spain, and arrived here: what dreadful miſ-
" fortunes attended my return! I found my mo-
" ther at the laſt extremity; and I was informed
" *Cecilia* was juſt going to take the veil—That
" inſtant convinced me to what a degree I loved—
" Oh! victim, as intereſting as dear to me, Na-
" ture and Friendſhip betray you, but love ſtill
" remains. I alone will be your father, friend,
" brother; I will be your defender, your deliverer;
" oh, my *Cecilia!* your huſband—Since you are
" yet free, you are mine; your relations have
" broken every tie that united you; you belong

" to

" to no one but me—Yes! I ſwear to devote my
" life to you: an oath, which doubtleſs, is as
" ſacred, and more agreeable to the Supreme
" Being, than that which you are about to take—
" Ah! pity me, for not being able to fly to you—
" If you knew what my heart feels on this ac-
" count . . . . but my mother is dying; and if I
" was capable of leaving her, ſhould I be worthy
" of you? However . . . . if this letter cannot
" perſuade you; if you ſtill perſiſt in this dread-
" ful purpoſe! . . . . I tremble: this idea alone
" rends my heart and overturns my reaſon. Liſten
" to me, *Cecilia*—I ſtill reſpect the cruel author
" of your fate—You are free: but if you have
" the weakneſs to obey him, from that moment, I
" ſhall no longer acknowledge him as your father:
" I ſhall only regard him as a deteſtable tyrant . . .
" And, at leaſt, I will not die without being re-
" venged. For his own ſake then, dare to reſiſt
" him, or this trembling hand, that now writes to
" you; this hand, guided by hatred and deſpair,
" will pierce the heart of the monſter who would
" ſacrifice you. Let him keep his fortune, and
" reſerve his affection for his ſon; let him diſin-
" herit you; what does it ſignify to me; let me
" but have *Cecilia*, and I will be the moſt ſubmiſ-
" ſive, the moſt grateful, and the happieſt of his
" children. Oh *Cecilia!* I fled from you, I en-
" deavoured to forget you, and theſe vain efforts
" have only ſerved to convince me that I cannot
" live without you. I dare believe you eſteem
" me enough to truſt to my hands the care of your
" happineſs and reputation. I only require from
" you the courage of declaring, you cannot take
" the vows; I will undertake the reſt; and will

" only ſee you, to lead you to that altar, where the
" moſt holy and gentle ties ſhall unite us for
" ever—I can depend on the man, who brings
" this letter; I am certain you will receive it this
" evening; and I cannot think you will be inſen-
" ſible to its contents; yet a dreadful heavineſs
" oppreſſes my heart; bitter tears run down my
" cheeks—Oh, *Cecilia*, my dear *Cecilia!* Take pity
" on my ſituation; do not prepare for yourſelf
" eternal regrets; remember, that you are but
" ſeventeen years old: ah! preſerve your liberty;
" though you ſhould not live for me!—I wait for
" your anſwer as for the ſentence which is to fix
" my deſtiny!"

The Chevalier de MURVILLE.

Imagine, if it is poſſible, the ſituation of the unhappy *Cecilia* on reading this letter! She is then only informed ſhe is beloved, and this in ſo tender and paſſionate a manner, when ſhe is irrecoverably loſt! She had not till then diſcovered even her own ſentiments; a few hours ſooner that letter might have changed her lot, and inſured her felicity; but to receive the letter now, was only adding weight to her misfortunes!—Surprize, affliction, and deſpair, made her ſtupid and motionleſs; a dreadful paleneſs covered her face; a death-like coldneſs ſeemed to freeze her heart: deprived of the powers of reflection, ſhe, however, feels all the horror of her deſtiny, and ſhe knows ſhe has no hope left but in death. At length, by degrees, recovering from the lethargy ſhe was in, ſhe caſt wild and eager looks around her; every object which encompaſſed her only reminded her of her misfortunes, and of the ſacrifice ſhe had made. She caſt her eyes on a table,

table, where her long and beautiful hair, * which had been cut off previouſly to her taking the vows, had been placed. At the ſight of it ſhe trembles; an inexpreſſible impulſe of paſſion, mixed with terror, grief, and fury, tears her ſoul and diſtracts her reaſon. She riſes haſtily, and cries out, "What "then, is there no means of extricating myſelf from "the dreadful abyſs into which I am fallen? Can-"not I fly .... Cannot I eſcape? But what do I "ſay, great God! What a horrible idea!—Oh, unfortunate *Cecilia!* "It is now that you muſt "die!" In finiſhing theſe words, ſhe fell back in her chair, and burſt into a flood of tears. She ſoon takes up the fatal letter again, and reads it: every line, every expreſſion in it, was a mortal wound to her heart! How can ſhe conquer a paſſion, whoſe violence is encreaſed by her gratitude? Her imagination preſents to her view every thing which can add to her grief and deſpair; ſhe ſees her lover becoming furious, breathing revenge, and wiſhing only for death! ſhe ſees her father falling under his fatal ſtroke, or he himſelf falling by her father's hand. Theſe fatal pictures penetrate her with horror: were ſhe leſs beloved, ſhe would have leſs to fear: nevertheleſs, ſhe could not ſupport the idea, that the Chevalier *de Murville* ſhould ever be comforted for her loſs! At length ſhe determined to anſwer his letter, and ſhe wrote a billet, containing theſe words: "Your letter arrived too late—*Ce-*"*cilia* no longer lives for you!—Forget me .... "live happily .... and reſpect my father."

The unfortunate Chevalier *de Murville* received this note at the moment his mother died; he could

* It is cuſtomary to cut off a Novices hair juſt before ſhe pronounces her vows.

not ſupport ſo many misfortunes at once: a violent fever, attended by an alarming delirium, brought him in a few days to the brink of the grave. His illneſs laſted a long time; and he was ſcarcely out of danger, when he ſet about ſettling his affairs, in order to leave that country and France for ever. Paſſing through Languedoc, he ſtopped at Madame *de Valmont*'s, who had always ſhewn him the tendereſt friendſhip. He aſked to ſee her in private; they conducted him to an apartment where ſhe was alone; as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, ſhe ran to him, and embracing him, ſhed a flood of tears: He concluded by this, that *Cecilia* had informed her of his paſſion; he was not deceived; he conjured her to let him ſee *Cecilia*'s letter; ſhe could not refuſe; and you will judge whether this letter would not encreaſe the love as well as the grief of the Chevalier. This is it.

From the Abbey of ———, *12th of June.*

"I AM ſtill alive .... But I thought I had "reached the end of my troubles. I have ſeen at "a ſmall diſtance the wiſhed-for port. I have "been ſurrounded by gloomy tapers, and a Prieſt "exhorting me to die ..... Alas! it was unne-"ceſſary. Why did he not rather exhort me to "ſupport life? Oh, my ſiſter, at what a time did "I know my heart! The day itſelf ..... I "tremble .... Read the letter I ſend you; it "will inform you of every thing: this letter, "which I now put into your hands, is the laſt "ſacrifice which remains for me to make—How "cruel it is—This dear writing, which I ſhall "never ſee again! ..... But every word which

" is expreſſed in it, is engraved for ever in my " heart!—If you love me, my dear ſiſter, preſerve " it always—If it is not permitted me to keep it, " at leaſt let me think that it ſtill exiſts; let it be " dear to you—and think that my being deprived " of it, is exactly what you would feel, if abſent " from the perſon you beſt love.—If you knew " how painful it is to me to part with it! But " now, alas! every thing is a crime in your un- " happy ſiſter; even the confeſſion of the grief " which deſtroys her! Inſupportable reſtraint, " which brings on me the exceſs of deſpair! You " know my heart and my diſpoſition; you know " whether I was born to cheriſh virtuous prin- " ciples; but you would tremble with horror, " was I to give you an account of all the fatal " ideas, which for theſe three weeks paſt, have " troubled and blackened my imagination! crimes " purſue and ſurround me!—I find in the moſt " common objects, in the moſt trifling actions, " horrible temptations.—When I walk in our " melancholy gardens, my trembling eye mea- " ſures the height of the walls; and a thouſand " times have I dared to conceive the fooliſh and " guilty project, of freeing myſelf from them.— " The firſt days of my recovery, when I ſat at " table, during that penſive ſilence which is im- " poſed on us, what horrible thoughts diſturbed " my reaſon!—The knife which lay near me! " .... I cannot finiſh ..... Oh, Heaven! is " it poſſible this heart, once ſo innocent, could " entertain ſuch a dreadful idea? Ah! believe me, " the moſt cruel of my torments is the remorſe " which tears my ſoul.—Sometimes, bathed in " tears, I implore, with ſome degree of hope, the

" mercy and ſupport of the Divine Being; not
" able to make to him a ſacrifice of the paſſion
" which reigns in my heart, I intreat him to ſup-
" port me under my affliction, and to give me
" patience to bear it without murmuring. It is
" then I feel the only conſolation, of which I am
" capable. A heavenly voice ſeems from my
" heart to pronounce theſe words: *Do not renounce*
" *happineſs*; *paſſion troubles and deſtroys it*; *religion*
" *and virtue alone, can inſure it to you.* At other
" times, I find myſelf too guilty to hope for the
" pardon of ſo many offences—And I again re-
" lapſe into every anguiſh which doubt and terror
" can occaſion. Forgive, my ſiſter, theſe com-
" plainings; you will hear no more of them; I
" promiſe you, hereafter I will reſpect the rigorous
" duty which condemns me to ſilence; I will no
" longer ſpeak to you of my troubles or of their
" cauſe.—And for you, my dear ſiſter, never men-
" tion him to me!—You will ſee him undoubt-
" edly, and perhaps you may ſee him comforted,
" conſoled! . . . . Yet, his letter is ſo paſſionate!
" Do you think that time, and the diſſipations of
" the world, can deſtroy an affection ſo ardent
" and ſo ſincere?—Ah, if you think ſo, do not
" tell me ſo; you will break my heart, but not
" alter my ſentiments. The hope of ſometimes
" engaging his thoughts, is the only thing which
" reconciles me to life.—Shall I own to you, the
" greateſt of my afflictions is, the thought that he
" is ignorant to what degree I love him. Yes, if
" he knew my heart, he never could forget me.
" Perhaps he thinks me inſenſible, ungrateful . . . .
" Ah! conceal from him the paſſion, which diſ-
" tracts me! But, my dear ſiſter, will you ſuffer

" him

" him to accuſe me of ingratitude? Oh, my God!
" what do I hear? .... The bell calls, and in-
" forms me that one of my companions is in the
" agonies of death!—How happy is ſhe!—She is
" dying!—Adieu! I incloſe in this packet the
" hair for which you have aſked me; that hair,
" which you have ſo frequently adorned! You will
" not ſee it without weeping! May this ſad relick
" recal to your remembrance my miſerable fate,
" and tender friendſhip; and obtain from you that
" indulgence and compaſſion, which are the only
" remaining bleſſings left for the unhappy *Cecilia*."

When the Chevalier *de Murville* had read this letter, he threw himſelf at the feet of Madame *de Valmont*, entreating her to give him *Cecilia*'s hair; and to obtain this favour, he made uſe of the ſame means which he had already employed to get her to ſhew him her letter, proteſting, if ſhe refuſed him this laſt requeſt, he would not leave France without being revenged on Monſ. *d'Aimeri*. His violence and threats ſo terrified her, that ſhe determined to let him have what he ſo ardently had deſired; and ſhe gave into his hands the little caſket which contained the hair of her ſiſter. He received it on his knees; he opened it with a trembling hand; he wiſhed, yet dreaded to ſee thoſe long and beautiful treſſes which he had ſo often admired on the head of the unfortunate *Cecilia*: he had no ſooner caſt his eyes on them, than he trembled and turned pale; then ſhutting the caſket, and taking it in his arms, Adieu, Madame, ſaid he, Adieu for ever: I am going to leave this abhorred country, never more to return to it; and you will never hear of me again till you receive this precious treaſure which you have entruſted

truſted me with, and from which nothing but death ſhall ſeparate me; when I am no more, it ſhall be returned to you. With theſe words, he haſtily quitted the room, not waiting for Madame *de Valmont* to reply. Since that day we have heard nothing of him, and are entirely ignorant of his deſtiny; but as *Cecilia*'s hair has never been returned to Madame *de Valmont*, it is probable the Chevalier *de Murville* is ſtill living, and is concealed in ſome corner of the world. With regard to Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, Heaven has already puniſhed him for his barbarity; his ſon, ſeduced by a taſte for bad company and gaming, in a very ſhort time loſt his reputation, deſtroyed his conſtitution, and ruined his fortune; and three years after his marriage died without iſſue. Monſ. *d'Aimeri* paid all his ſon's debts, and retired to Languedoc to live with his ſecond daughter, Madame *de Valmont*, with a fortune which, from being very conſiderable, was now reduced to a very moderate one. It is imagined he intends leaving it to Charles, the ſon of Madame *de Valmont*, of whom he is paſſionately fond. As for *Cecilia*, time and reflection have inſenſibly triumphed over this paſſion, ſo fatal to her repoſe; and receiving the ſublime conſolation which religion affords her, ſhe gathers at this time the ſweet fruits of true piety, peace, and reſignation; and ſhe is become an example and pattern of goodneſs to all her companions. Such is her preſent ſituation; but the cruel diſappointment ſhe has met with, has injured her health greatly, and, together with the ſtrict rules made uſe of in the convent, have almoſt deſtroyed her; and for theſe ſix months paſt, her life has been in great danger. Madame *de Valmont* is very anxious for her

her taking a journey to Paris, in order to conſult the moſt celebrated Phyſicians. This permiſſion has been eaſily obtained; and the favour I have to requeſt of you, my dear friend, is, that you will go to Madame *d'Olcy*, and beg of her to receive, at her houſe, her unfortunate ſiſter, and keep her there for two or three months. It will doubtleſs appear extraordinary to you, that Madame *de Valmont* ſhould charge you with this meſſage, when Madame *d'Olcy* is her ſiſter, as well as *Cecilia*'s. It is therefore neceſſary I ſhould give you an idea of Madame *d'Olcy*'s character. The immenſe fortune ſhe poſſeſſes has not been able to conſole her for being the wife of a financier *; and not having ſenſe enough to ſurmount ſuch a weakneſs, ſhe ſuffers ſo much the more, as ſhe converſes with no-body but perſons about the court; and ſo is continually reminded of the misfortune under which ſhe groans: they never mention the King, Queen, or the Court of Verſailles, or the elegant dreſſes worn there, but ſhe feels ſuch anguiſh of mind, that ſhe is obliged to change the converſation in order to conceal it. She has, excluſively of this conſideration, every thing to make her amends; ſhe lives in great pomp, has an elegant houſe, gives grand entertainments, and has her boxes at all the theatres. But, in ſhort, ſhe loves nothing; is tired of every thing, never judges of any thing but from the opinion of others; makes great pretenſions to wit, has a great deal of caprice and ill nature; and above all, is extremely inſipid. Though ſhe is very proud of being a woman of

* Though a woman of family, and as ſuch viſiting and receiving perſons belonging to the Court; yet as wife of a Financier, ſhe cannot appear there herſelf.

family,

family, ſhe does not ſhew the leaſt attachment to her father, becauſe he has quitted the ſervice, and is retired from the world; and ſhe expects nothing from him. She does not love Madame *de Valmont*, whom ſhe only looks upon as a downright country-woman; and ſhe has undoubtedly forgot that ſhe has a ſiſter who is a nun; thus you ſee your aſſiſtance will be neceſſary to us. I ſend you a letter to carry to her from Madame *de Valmont*; you will appear to be much intereſted for the two ſiſters, and I am ſure you may obtain from her vanity, more than could be expected from her tenderneſs. Adieu, my dear friend! it is time to finiſh this volume; but you will doubtleſs pardon me, on account of the intereſting ſtory of the unfortunate *Cecilia*.

LETTER XXIII.

Anſwer from the Viſcounteſs de Limours.

OH this charming, this unfortunate *Cecilia!* How I love and pity her! and the poor Chevalier *de Murville*, how I admire him alſo! I am ſorry, however, he is not dead. I expected that the caſket, containing *Cecilia*'s hair, would be returned, with an intereſting letter written on his death-bed; this ſeems to be all that is wanting to complete the melancholy tale. This deſpairing, this paſſionate lover, to live ſo long!—In ſpite of myſelf, I am tormented with the idea that he may be now living at his eaſe in *ſome remote corner of the world:* perhaps attached to ſome other object;

ject; and if he has made a ſacrifice of the hair! oh, the monſter! . . . . . He has no other way of juſtifying himſelf with me, but by ſending it back inſtantly. But really now, have you not an earneſt deſire to know what is become of him? I have already compoſed ten or twelve Romances on this ſubject, every one more affecting than the preceding. *Cecilia* is going to leave the convent for ſome months; they will ſee each other again; faintings, congratulations, &c. &c. enſue!—or elſe ſhe herſelf will receive her own hair with a moſt pathetic letter.—My opinion is, that he has never quitted France; for how could he tear himſelf from a country inhabited by *Cecilia?* He lives here diſguiſed, concealed perhaps at *la Trappe**, or poſſibly is turned hermit: in ſhort, I cannot help thinking that we ſhall ſoon hear what is become of him: but to return to the commiſſion with which I am charged. The very day I received your letter, I wrote a note to Madame *d'Olcy*, to beg a private interview with her; and the next day I went to wait on her. They conducted me through a long and ſuperb ſuite of apartments, at the end of which I found her in an elegant little room, ſeated on a ſofa, and careleſsly reading a pamphlet, which I believe ſhe had only taken up on hearing a carriage enter the court-yard; ſhe advanced towards me with the moſt obliging air, and the firſt compliments being over, I took from my pocket Madame *de Valmont*'s letter, which I requeſted her to read immediately. You know that kind of forced ſmile and affected good humour which politeneſs ſpreads over the countenance: Alas! at the name of ſiſter, Ma-

* A moſt rigid order of Monks.

dame

dame *d'Olcy* was entirely changed, and coldneſs and embarraſſiment immediately took place. I did not appear to obſerve it: but whilſt ſhe was reading her letter from Madame *de Valmont*, I ſpoke much of your friendſhip for her, and the lively intereſt which we both took in the fate of the unhappy *Cecilia*. Madame *d'Olcy* anſwered, *That ſhe knew very little of her two ſiſters; that ſhe had been much neglected by them, but that ſhe had not the leſs deſire of being uſeful to them; yet that it appeared very difficult, in her ſituation, to keep a nun at her houſe for two months; and ſhe had no idea where ſhe could lodge her.* Here I could not help interrupting her, and ſaying, Surely, Madame, this houſe is ſufficiently large to accommodate a perſon, who for ten years paſt has been contented with a cell. Madam, ſaid ſhe, I ought to lodge my ſiſter properly, or not at all: ſhe thought this reply ſo noble, and ſo clever, and it gave her a look of ſuch ſatisfaction, that it entirely deprived me of the little patience I had till then preſerved. Indeed, Madam, replied I, what appears to me the leaſt proper, is to let your ſiſter die for want of neceſſary aſſiſtance. At theſe words ſhe bluſhed exceedingly, yet thought proper to conceal her vexation: ſhe therefore ſoftened her features, talked of her natural ſenſibility, her affection for her ſiſters; and ended by aſſuring me, if Monſ. *d'Olcy* made no objections, ſhe would ſend for *Cecilia* as ſoon as ſhe could get permiſſion: we then parted cooly enough. In going from her apartment, I took it in my head to aſk if Monſ. *d'Olcy* was at home; finding he was, I went to him, and informed him of my commiſſion; he received me with great politeneſs; and I was perfectly ſatisfied,

as

as he ſhewed as much good will, as his wife had ſhewn roughneſs; but I believe ſhe was not very well pleaſed, when ſhe knew I had aſſured myſelf of Monſ. *d'Olcy*'s conſent to receive *Cecilia*. However, ſhe has written to me to-day, and tells me *Cecilia* may come towards the beginning of the winter, and may make uſe of the apartment they will prepare for her. She did well to determine with a good grace; for if ſhe had deferred it, I was abſolutely reſolved to have taken charge of the intereſting *Cecilia* myſelf; and I ſhould then have had the double pleaſure of obliging the moſt amiable perſon in the world, and at the ſame time of humbling the pride of a woman, as hard-hearted as ſhe is vain. I have not any other news to tell you, but that the Chevalier *d'Herbain* is at laſt returning from his travels; he will certainly be much concerned not to find you at Paris. I dare ſay he will viſit you, if you permit him; for two hundred leagues can ſcarcely appear more than an airing to a man who has been twice round the world. Adieu, my dear friend! I ſend you a letter from my brother to the Baron. As his letters all go through Paris to Languedoc, he thinks it better to ſend them in my packet, than to let them go ſeparate; and if you will direct the Baron's anſwers to me, I will take care of them alſo.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

From the Count de Roſeville, Brother to the Viſcounteſs Limours, to the Baron d'Almane.

YOUR letters, my dear Baron, equally intereſt and inſtruct me; you are educating your ſon; I am bringing up a Prince, born to be a Sovereign. The deſire of being uſeful to the Public, can alone engage me to undertake this noble, but difficult employment: but the reflections of a good father, and ſuch a man as you are, will be of great uſe to me; for paternal love muſt be the moſt enlightened upon all theſe matters.

Yes, my dear Baron, I have read all the books that have been written on the ſubject of Education in general, and that of Princes in particular; and ſince you deſire to know my ſentiments, I will tell you them with my uſual ſincerity. *Rouſſeau* is indebted to *Seneca*, to *Montaigne*, to *Locke*, and to Monſ. *de Fenelon* *, for every thing that is truly uſeful

* Rouſſeau has taken a multitude of ideas from the work of Monſ. de Fenelon, entitled *The Education of Daughters*, and among others this—"The early age," ſays Monſ. de Fenelon, "in which we give them up to women, often indiſ-"creet, and ſometimes diſſolute, is nevertheleſs that in which "the moſt profound impreſſions are made, and which have, "conſequently, a great influence upon the reſt of their lives. "Before children can well ſpeak they may be prepared for in-"ſtruction, &c. Chap. 3. Children ought not to be put too "forward; I even think that we ought to make uſe of indirect "inſtructions, which may ſerve to raiſe their attention by ex-"amples, and which are not tireſome, like leſſons and remon-"ſtrances."

With

uſeful in his book *, except one important truth, which he has had the merit of diſcovering firſt; it is, "That the greateſt fault we can commit in "education, is that of being too haſty, and of ſa- "crificing every thing to the deſire of making our "ſcholars appear brilliant †."

It is painful to reflect, that, after giving advice ſo uſeful and ſo wiſe, *Rouſſeau* ſhould not feel the inconvenience of falling into the oppoſite extreme.

With regard to the natural defects of women, the manner of curing them, the accompliſhments which are proper for them, and the qualities which ought to form their character, Rouſſeau has ſcarce done more than repeat what Monſ. de Fenelon has ſaid on the ſubject.

* Even the idea of making his pupil learn a trade is not his own: a law of the Alcoran preſcribes it, and Locke adviſes to teach boys to learn gardening, and carpenter's work.

† Even this idea is not new, no more than that of endeavouring to form the heart and the morals, rather than ſtriving to load the memory with an infinite number of things, for the moſt part uſeleſs. Montaigne has ſaid, "The end we aim at "in our inſtructions is, not to make men prudent and good, "but learned—We know what virtue is; but we do not "love it."

The Author of the *Education of a Prince, by Chanteresne*, after having drawn the portrait of a good preceptor, adds—"The man of whom we are ſpeaking has no ſet hour for his "leſſon; or rather, he gives his ſcholar a leſſon every hour; "for he inſtructs him often, as much in his amuſements, "viſits, and converſation, as when he makes him read books; "becauſe, his principal aim being to form his judgment, the "divers objects which preſent themſelves, are often more "adapted to that purpoſe, than ſtudied diſcourſes. As this "manner of inſtruction is imperceptible, the profit drawn "from it, is in ſome ſort ſo too; and this is what deceives "perſons of little obſervation; who imagine that a child thus "inſtructed, is not more advanced than another, becauſe, per- "haps, he cannot make a better tranſlation from the Latin, "or becauſe he cannot better repeat a leſſon of Virgil," &c. All theſe ideas are to be found in Rouſſeau's *Emilius*.

He

He will neither have *Emilius* taught to read, nor to write; and he propoſes, on the contrary, a plan of education as defective, as the one he objects to. As to the reſt, his Work is filled with pieces of ſublime eloquence, declamations in a bad taſte, and contains dangerous principles; it is deficient both in intereſt and in action; and he offers almoſt in every page the moſt diſguſting inconſiſtencies *. But we ought without doubt to forget his faults, on account of the ſuperior beauties which are to be found in his book: however, it is to the Ladies that the Author of *Emilius* owes his great ſucceſs; for they in general praiſe him with enthuſiaſm, although no Author treats them with leſs reſpect. He has flatly denied them ſuperior talents or genius; he accuſes them all, without exception, of deceit and coquetry; in ſhort, he loved, but he did not eſteem them. He has done more juſtice to their charms, than any other perſon; he has mentioned them with contempt, but with love, and love excuſes every thing. Before I quit *Rouſſeau*, I cannot forbear quoting a little paragraph out of *Emilius*, which always gave me great offence, even before I had undertaken the employment I am now engaged in. He ſays, "That a Prince made him a propoſal to "educate his ſon, and that he refuſed it. If I had "accepted his offer, added he, and that I had erred "in my method, it would have been an education

* The Creed of the *Savoyard Vicar*, for inſtance, who after having declared his opinions, allows it may be dangerous to ſpread them, and that one ought to reſpect the faith of others, &c. This is known to have been the creed of Rouſſeau himſelf, who, after particulariſing the inconveniencies that may reſult from the imprudence of making it public, prints it—Is it poſſible to be more inconſiſtent!

"thrown

"thrown away: if I had ſucceeded, it would have "been ſtill worſe; his ſon would have renounced "the title; he would no longer have wiſhed to be "a Prince." And why ſhould he have renounced a title, which would give him power to do ſo much good? To make ſo many people happy, and to ſet ſo many great examples?—Merely for the ſake of living independent and uſeleſs—. What falſe reaſoning is this?

I know not whether you have ever read a little book which was publiſhed before *Emilius*, and from which *Rouſſeau* has taken ſome of his notions. It is written by *Moncrief*, and entitled "Eſſays on the "Neceſſity and Means of Pleaſing." This Work is not written in the moſt elegant ſtile, but it is full of good ſenſe, ſound reaſoning, and truth; and contains many new ſentiments. I have remarked, ſays the Author, "That two ideas, which natu-"rally have no connection with each other, ne-"verthelefs become cloſely united, when they are "preſented at the ſame time to a child. How many "perſons are there who cannot ſeparate the ideas of "ſpectres and darkneſs? When a child, continued "he, enquires, what is the uſe of money? They "tell him it is to buy ſugar-plumbs, play-things, "and fine cloaths. This is giving him very nar-"row and confined notions; money, he will ſay, "is deſigned for the purpoſe of dreſſing and diverting "me. Would it coſt more trouble to inform him, "money was made to do good to our fellow-"creatures, and to make ourſelves beloved by "them?" * *Moncrief* ſays very excellent things on the

* This is not a good anſwer, it ſets too great a value on money; beſides, the expreſſion—*to do good to our fellow-creatures*,

the earlieſt education of Princes; and among others, that "If one would inſpire children, born in a "ſuperior rank of life, with the qualities which "they ought to bring with them into ſociety, we "ſhould not make uſe of terms which only awaken "their vanity. We tell them, they muſt be affa-"ble and obliging, *&c. &c.* On the contrary, "we ought to make uſe of expreſſions which may "render them modeſt, and to recommend to them, "that they ſhould entertain an eſteem and venera-"tion for men diſtinguiſhed by their virtues; we "ſhould teach them reſpect, deference, gratitude, "friendſhip *," *&c.* I was much ſtruck with this remark, and have frequently found an opportunity of giving my young Prince an excellent leſſon on this ſubject: we have at this Court, a Miniſter who unites to the greateſt talents every amiable quality of the heart and mind. I cannot do more juſtice to his genius, than by comparing it to his virtue. Deſpiſing intrigues, and all the little intereſted actions of common men, he looks forward to glory, and labours for no other end. In ſhort, he owes his place merely to his reputation; he accepted it for the public good, and he maintains himſelf in it by his merit, by his ſervices, by the eſteem of his Sovereign, and that of the nation. The truth of this ſimple elogium cannot be doubted; it is neither dictated by gratitude nor friendſhip; I only know him by his actions, and I ſpeak the more

turcs, is too vague; and conveys the idea that every body loves money. It is impoſſible to explain that queſtion in one anſwer alone; a long diſcourſe would ſcarce ſuffice.

* Even though the child were deſtined to be maſter of the world; for the greater his rank the more important it is to accuſtom him to reſpect men truly diſtinguiſhed by their virtue.

freely

freely of him, as I ſhall never have any thing to aſk of him. He very rarely comes to pay his court to the young Prince, and when he does, he ſtays only a few moments. Very ſoon after my arrival here, he came one evening and found the Prince playing at nine-pins: the latter having made a ſlight bow, ſmiled, and muttering ſomething, returned again to his game; I then went up to the Miniſter, and ſaid to him aloud, "Sir, I entreat you to excuſe the Prince; when he is leſs a child, and better inſtructed, he will certainly pay you the *reſpect* due to your perſon and character."

I cannot expreſs to you the aſtoniſhment which this word *reſpect*, occaſioned in every body preſent; ſome of them thought I had been eſſentially wanting to the Prince; others thought that, being a ſtranger, I did not know the real meaning of the term: but all agreed, that I was incapable of diſcharging the employment with which I had been honoured. As to the Prince, he was ſo ſurprized that he let the bowl fall out of his hand; and I ſaw I ſhould have ſome difficulty to accuſtom his delicate ears to ſuch unpleaſant expreſſions. When we were alone, I expected he would have aſked for an explanation; but he was piqued, and determined to keep ſilence. At length I began myſelf, by ſaying, "My Lord, be ſo good as to explain to me the meaning of the word *reſpect*." This queſtion made him bluſh, and after a moment's reflection he anſwered, "*Reſpect* is what is due to my father."—"You think then, that *reſpect* is only due to Princes? . . . But . . . . Learn, my Lord, there are two ſorts of *reſpect*: one ſort conſiſts only in little cuſtomary forms, mere outward ſhew; for inſtance, all thoſe little ceremonies which *etiquette* requires

" to be ſhewn to Princes: the other *reſpect* comes
" from the heart; it ariſes from the eſteem and ad-
" miration one naturally feels for every good and
" great man: this *reſpect*, far from leſſening him
" who ſhews it, raiſes and elevates him; becauſe it
" proves that he is ſenſible of the excellence of vir-
" tue; and laſtly, becauſe great ſouls only are ca-
" pable of feeling ſuch a ſentiment .... But this
" kind of *reſpect* is alſo due to my father ....
" Yes, becauſe he is a good man, loves his ſubjects,
" and makes them happy; without which they
" would only treat him with that *formal reſpect*
" which is due to his birth. The other kind of
" *reſpect*, which is only due to virtue, Princes re-
" ceive in common with the reſt of mankind.
" And this is what I required from you with re-
" gard to *M*—— becauſe he deſerves it; and
" more from you than any other perſon, ſince he
" contributes, by his talents and labours, to the
" glory and proſperity of that nation, over which
" you are one day to rule. I flatter myſelf, Sir,
" that you will in time know how delightful it is,
" to feel this ſentiment, and how glorious it is to
" inſpire it—I already ſet no value on *formal*
" *reſpect*.—You are in the right; for it belongs
" only to your rank; without any reference to
" your perſon. When you were only a twelve-
" month old, you received nearly as much honour
" as you receive now; the different orders of the
" State came in bodies, to compliment and addreſs
" you, and you muſt have very confined notions
" to be proud of ſuch things, which are only mat-
" ters of mere form, and which they beſtowed on
" you even in your ſwaddling clothes. But if you
" cultivate your mind, if you acquire ſolid learning,

" if

" if you become virtuous, and if you know how " to honour and reward merit in others, all the " reſpect they pay you will ceaſe to be vain and " trifling; and will become a faithful repreſentation " of the ſentiments they feel for you." This converſation has produced the happieſt effects, and has deſtroyed that dangerous charm which is attached to thoſe honours paid to Princes in their infancy.

But to return to Works written on Education: I ſhall not ſpeak of Telemachus, which is a maſterpiece, and equally above praiſe and criticiſm. I ſhall ſay nothing of Belliſarius, about which we have talked ſo many times; and which we both ſo greatly admire. But, as you have not met with two books, entitled, " The Education of a Prince." One of them written by *Chantereſne*, * and the other by the *Abbé Duguet*; † I ſhall occaſionally quote ſome paſſages from them as I find opportunity. This laſt Work had a great character when it firſt made its appearance; but though it was very eſtimable, it has ſince fallen into oblivion, becauſe it is tedious; if any body would take the trouble to reduce it into two volumes, it would be a very uſeful book. The Author has taken many of his ideas from Telemachus; but there are many very good ones of his own; and the following is one of them: " Prudence, when it is perfect, is always " guarded againſt cunning, who has not the ſame " advantage on her ſide; the light of prudence " elevates her above every thing which deceit me-

* Chantereſne is generally ſuppoſed to be a feigned name; ſome attribute the work to Paſchal; but the moſt common opinion is that Nicole is the Author of it.

† The Abbé Duquet wrote his book for the uſe of the eldeſt ſon of the Duke of Savoy.

" ditates in darkneſs, and will diſcover at a diſtance " the cloud under which diſſimulation hides itſelf " ſo cloſely, that for fear of being ſeen, ſhe ſees " almoſt nothing."

The *Abbé Duguet* deſcribes Courtiers with as much ingenuity as truth; and he alſo ſpeaks perfectly well on the ſubject of flattery: " The only " means," ſays he, " to defend one's ſelf againſt " it, is to be deaf to all compliments: for the heart " never rejects them, when the ears have once " liſtened to them; to be cautious in this point, " will guard us againſt it; and we muſt not ſuppoſe " ourſelves above the attacks of the groſſeſt flatterer, " unleſs we repulſe with ſeverity that which is " more delicate and leſs viſible; for it is with pride, " as with all other paſſions; it is by not yielding " to it even in one inſtance, that we can conquer " it; we only irritate it by our cautions, and put " ourſelves under a neceſſity of yielding to it en- " tirely, when we pretend to compound with it."

My pupil has already accuſtomed himſelf not to admit any kind of praiſe; I have ſo well perſuaded him, that at eight years old he can have no other merit, than that of being tractable, and of applying cloſely to his improvements; that I have convinced him of the folly and abſurdity of the praiſes beſtowed on him: which he ſees clearly are only meant to ſeduce perſons of his rank. He has derived even from pride itſelf a perfect deteſtation of flattery, and diſtruſts the ſmalleſt teſtimony of approbation, if it is not from perſons who poſſeſs his confidence, that he receives it. Some time ago, the Prince his father, performed an action, the juſtice and benevolence of which, one might aſſuredly praiſe without flattery; I was the only one of thoſe who

who approached him without ſaying any thing on the ſubject. The young Prince remarked it, and aſked me the reaſon; I did not praiſe this action, replied I, becauſe I have a high idea of your father, and becauſe I truly reſpect him.—How?—I am not ſurpriſed at any of the good actions he does; for which reaſon you did not ſee me appear with that air of enthuſiaſm that you remarked in others, and which is only an affectation of wonder, that pays him a very bad compliment; ſince it ſhews they did not expect to find him capable of ſo virtuous an action. beſides, had it been the moſt brilliant that had ever been performed, reſpect would have kept me from praiſing it before the Prince.—Why ſo?—Modeſty is ſo eſtimable a virtue, that without it the brighteſt action would loſe half its luſtre; therefore I ought to ſuppoſe the perſon I reſpect poſſeſſes this amiable and indiſpenſable quality, and if I were to praiſe him to his face, it is as if I ſhould ſay, "I have no kind of reſpect for you, and I prove "it openly to you, becauſe I believe you to be the "vaineſt and proudeſt of men." It is ſo certain a truth, that praiſe, how well ſoever founded, becomes an inſult when beſtowed in this manner. Were we to tell a beautiful woman in direct terms, how handſome ſhe is; or to ſay to a wiſe man how virtuous you are; we ſhould too viſibly ſhock their modeſty, and offend them: and ſince it is diſgraceful to receive praiſes of this kind, we ought not to be better pleaſed with thoſe of a more refined nature; for they only differ in the words, the meaning is always the ſame.

Theſe are the methods I make uſe of, not only to guard my ſcholar againſt flattery, but to convince him that it is an inſult. It was neceſſary to begin

by this, ſince without doing ſo, all other means would have been without effect. In my next letter, I will give you, as you deſire, my opinion upon the principal ſentiments which a Governor ought to inſtil into the mind of a young Prince. Adieu, my dear Baron; let me have your reflections with the freedom I have a right to expect from your friendſhip, and which I deſerve, by the great confidence I place in you.

LETTER XXV.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs d'Almane.

I NEED not acquaint you, my dear friend, that Madame *d'Oſtalis* was this morning, the 4th of Jan. happily delivered of a ſon, becauſe I knew before ſhe was put to bed, ſhe wrote you a billet to acquaint you with the news: but at leaſt you ſhall hear from me, that our amiable Nun, *Cecilia*, arrived laſt night. I have ſeen her, I have wept with her, and I have paſſed an hour and a half alone with her. If you wiſh to know the particulars, attend to me. On getting up from table to-day, I received a letter written in an unknown hand; I looked at the ſignature, and ſaw *Cecilia:* I inſtantly rang, and ordered my carriage, and then read my letter, which was only to expreſs her thanks, *&c.* but it was written in the moſt elegant and intereſting ſtile imaginable; it recalled to my mind that affecting letter ſhe wrote to her ſiſter in the firſt moments of her deſpair. I forgot that ten years are elapſed ſince that time; I forgot that ſhe

is now a reaſonable being, and has derived conſolation from experience; my heart was deeply affected; and in this diſpoſition I got into my carriage. During my ride, I found myſelf ſo much intereſted for her, that I entered her apartment with the ſame tenderneſs and emotion that I ſhould have experienced had it been the ſame morning ſhe had taken the veil; I went in haſtily, and found her ſitting at a little table writing, and alone: as ſoon as ſhe heard my name announced, ſhe roſe from her ſeat, came to me, and I embraced her with great tenderneſs; and for a few moments I was unable to ſpeak, having an inexpreſſible weight on my ſpirits: and I found that great misfortunes inſpire one with as much reſpect and admiration, as we feel for perſons poſſeſſed of ſuperior qualities. Nothing appears to me more noble, than a perſon who has been perſecuted by fortune, and who has ſubmitted with reſolution to her deſtiny; and I aſſure you, few things in my life ever appeared to me ſo truly prepoſſeſſing, as the firſt view of *Cecilia*. Her figure is as noble as it is intereſting; ſhe is tall, and moſt elegantly formed, and has ſuch eyes, as it is wholly impoſſible that the Chevalier *de Murville* can ever forget; there is in them ſuch a ſweet, yet deep melancholy; they diſcover wiſdom and tenderneſs. In ſhort, every thing amiable is expreſſed in them: beſides which they are of a deep blue, and are adorned with the moſt beautiful dark eye-laſhes I ever ſaw; and to complete my praiſe of her, ſhe has a moſt delicate complexion, and an enchanting tone of voice. As far as I could collect from her converſation, which was very reſerved, ſhe met with a very cold reception from Madame *d'Olcy*; but ſhe ſpeaks

of Madame *de Valmont* with extreme tenderneſs; ſhe loves you, without knowing you; and ſhe has expreſſed to me much more gratitude, than my little ſervices have merited; and all this with ſo much grace, and in ſo juſt a manner, as could never be acquired by a knowledge of the world only, it muſt be the effect of an amiable diſpoſition; without which, one can never poſſeſs that true politeneſs, which is ſo diſtinguiſhed and ſo agreeable.

You wiſh me then, my dear friend, to ſpeak to you about my little *Conſtantia*. I am very glad of it, for you have no idea of the affection I feel for this dear child; ſhe has ſo ſweet a temper, that this is alone ſufficient to make her beloved; ſo there is no occaſion for puniſhments or penances. When ſhe has committed a fault, I content myſelf with ſaying, *you afflict me*, or *you will make me ill:* in ſhort, I only attempt to waken her ſenſibility, but not to excite her fears. Tell me what you think of this? I dare ſay you will be of my opinion. *Conſtantia* is adored throughout the houſe; there is not a ſervant who does not feel a real affection for her, becauſe ſhe is accuſtomed to treat them well; and I am continually repeating to her an excellent ſaying of an ancient Philoſopher, *That we ought to treat our ſervants as if they were unfortunate friends.* Adieu, my dear friend. I have taken your advice, and am ſeriouſly learning Engliſh; it tires me to death; but I begin to read proſe tolerably. Farewell, my dear friend.

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LETTER XXVI.

The Baroneſs d'Almane to the Viſcounteſs.

IF you are charmed with *Cecilia*, I can aſſure you, ſhe is no leſs charmed with you; ſhe has written a very long letter to Madame *de Valmont*; and your charms, your wit, and your figure, fill up at leaſt three pages of it.

I ſee with great pleaſure, that you continue your Engliſh, and above all, my dear friend, that you employ yourſelf ſeriouſly in the education of our dear little *Conſtantia*. You aſk my advice on your manner of correcting her faults; I will anſwer you without ceremony, and with my uſual freedom. The method of awakening the ſenſibility of children, as it is called, is of no uſe when it is abuſed; or to ſpeak more plainly, ought very ſeldom to be made uſe of. In continually repeating to your child by way of correcting her, that *ſhe has afflicted you*, or *made you ill*, you familiarize her to an idea, which ought to inſpire her with horror; that of making you unhappy; and at laſt, ſhe will hear you make uſe of theſe expreſſions without feeling the ſmalleſt emotions; ſo that, far from encreaſing her ſenſibility, you will exhauſt and deſtroy it for ever, unleſs you change your method: inflict on her, therefore, little puniſhments proper for her age; deprive her of a favourite play-thing for a few days, or of ſomething ſhe likes to eat; and for greater faults baniſh her from your own apartment, if you can be ſure that her Governeſs will not amuſe her in her own; for if ſhe is diverted during this diſ-

grace, every thing is loſt. As for me, when I give up *Adelaide* to Miſs *Bridget*, I am ſure that ſhe will not ſpeak a word to her; that ſhe will ſcarcely anſwer a ſingle queſtion; and in ſhort, will treat her with the greateſt diſdain: beſides this, *Adelaide* knows, that though I ſuffer a great deal, when I puniſh her in this manner, yet ſhe is convinced I ſhall always perſevere in it; becauſe I regard it as my duty, and becauſe nothing prevents my doing it with the moſt ſcrupulous exactneſs. When ſhe is received again into favour, I expreſs the greateſt ſatisfaction, by which I excite her ſenſibility and gratitude, without diminiſhing that neceſſary fear, which gives me ſo much command over her: that kind of fear, is the only eſteem children are capable of feeling; for if they do not fear thoſe on whom they depend, they will deſpiſe, inſtead of loving them; this kind of fear never deſtroys confidence: but take care never to inſpire it by your preſence, or by putting the ſmalleſt conſtraint on their innocent diverſions. You ought never to reſtrain them, but when they commit a fault; and not in their gaiety; and by this means, you may aſſure yourſelf, that the affection of your child will equal its reſpect for you: but if you are peeviſh, and check her in the midſt of her amuſements, you will inſpire in her the ſame fear which a tyrant would excite; and that can only produce averſion.

A perſon who is by nature ſubordinate to another, and does not pay him the reſpect which is his due, does not raiſe, but lower himſelf by it. We are then only truly noble, when we know our real place; inſolence, ſo far from exalting, in effect only diſgraces us; even when it ſeems to ſucceed the beſt. This is ſo true, that a woman who

rules

rules her huſband, a ſon who governs his father, make themſelves deſpiſed, if they do not carefully conceal the power they exerciſe; for all uſurpation is naturally odious to us, and the love of order and juſtice, is found in all hearts which are not entirely corrupted: therefore do not deſtroy that fear in your child, which I have juſt deſcribed to you; ſhe ought to feel it, and you to cheriſh it. Let us reſpect and acknowledge the rights of others: but never let us be baſe enough to renounce thoſe which Nature has given us; for this would be to reverſe the order of things, and take from us all the merit of paying a proper regard to thoſe who are our ſuperiors.

Locke ſays, "Children ſhould be always commended inſtead of puniſhed, when they confeſs "a fault, be it what it will." This does not appear to me to be right: when *Adelaide* accuſes herſelf of a ſmall fault, ſhe is pardoned with a ſhort exhortation, conſtantly attended with the praiſes due to her candour, and her confidence in me: if it be only a confeſſion, in anſwer to my queſtions, I puniſh her in proportion to her fault; if ſhe comes to me, and owns ſhe has been guilty of a ſerious fault, ſhe is then puniſhed, but in a leſs degree, than if I had diſcovered what ſhe has acknowledged of her own accord. We come out of the hands of our Tutors with ſuch falſe notions, that it is not aſtoniſhing we ſhould ſtand in need of the experience of the world to rectify them. If our education had been a good one, experience would convince us that we have imbibed right and juſt principles; and they would be the rule of our future conduct: inſtead of which, the firſt thing we learn on our entrance into company is, that all we have

been taught relative to morality, was either falſe or exaggerated: and this diſcovery gives us great ſatisfaction, as it allows us to look on all principles as prejudices, and permits us to deliver ourſelves up to our paſſions. When a child, who has owned itſelf guilty of a fault, receives more praiſe by ſo doing, than if it had not committed it, it is very natural that ſhe ſhould imagine ſhe may behave ill again, if ſhe is but honeſt enough to confeſs it. This is the reaſon we ſee ſo many people boaſting of their faults, and ſaying, with a ridiculous vanity, *I confeſs myſelf peeviſh, capricious, and paſſionate*; as if theſe words would excuſe and make amends for all their follies. Perſuade your child, that it is right and noble to confeſs her faults freely; but that it is infinitely more ſo, never to be guilty of any. When a girl is arrived at the age of fifteen or ſixteen, what ſtories is ſhe not told with the laudable intention of inſpiring her with a horror for vice! People fancy they do wonders, in telling her, *that a woman who is not virtuous, is regarded by no-body, is baniſhed from ſociety*, &c. &c. when at the ſame time they will ſee in the moſt polite circles, *women of little virtue, who are very much taken notice of*; and they immediately conclude, their mothers and their governeſſes are all liars; and that there can be no harm in their having an intrigue: this is all that is gained by not adhering to the truth. Virtue is ſo amiable, that it is unneceſſary to employ artifice to make it eſteemed. Let us then leave falſehood and diſſimulation to vice; which has need of it to conceal her deformity: but if we wiſh to ſucceed in our inſtructions, let us always adhere to truth.

You muſt excuſe my being *a little tedious* in this one letter, as it is neceſſary above all things that I ſhould

I ſhould expreſs myſelf clearly. What I underſtand by principles, is to have juſt a idea of right and wrong; and I underſtand that what is meant by virtue, is to acquire a taſte for that right, founded on principle, and ſtrengthened by the cuſtom of doing well. It is evident that education gives us theſe principles; and I think I have proved to you in ſome other letters, that it alſo gives us virtues; but you will doubtleſs tell me, all this is not ſufficient to make us truly good, and that experience is ſtill neceſſary to give us a knowledge of our own ſtrength, and to know how to uſe it. *To have had experience*, is in a certain length of time to have felt all the temptations of which we are ſuſceptible; it is to be convinced that we cannot be happy or eſteemed, but in proportion as we are virtuous; and as we have the *fortitude* to reſiſt our paſſions. If you content yourſelf with only *ſaying* all this to your pupil, you give her only a lecture, and not that knowledge, which is to be gained ſolely by facts. Produce events; throw temptations in her way; and repeat theſe trials, encreaſing their attractions, as her reaſon gains ſtrength. If ſhe yield to them, let the puniſhment ſpring from the cauſe itſelf: for inſtance, if ſhe tells a lie, puniſh her for it, as for any other fault; but, beſides that, let her feel for a long time the great inconveniencies attending this vice: appear to have loſt all confidence in her, diſtruſt every thing ſhe tells you, &c. &c.: in ſhort, prove every thing to her by actions and ſituation, inſtead of lectures; and your daughter at ſixteen will have as much experience, as the generality of women at five-and-twenty.

It is neceſſary, that I make you a reply on a ſubject, which I conſider, my dear friend, as a very important

important one. You tell your daughter *to regard ſervants as unfortunate friends.* I never admired this idea, as it is not founded on truth: we cannot regard perſons without education as our friends; as to any thing elſe which is meant by this maxim, it is very allowable, as it proceeds from goodneſs of heart: but I know nothing more dangerous for a young Lady, than familiarity with ſervants. I would recommend it to her always to treat them with civility; but would expreſsly forbid all converſation with them: for ſhe can only learn trifling and abſurd expreſſions, low ſentiments, and a taſte for bad company; which generally proceeds from not being able to bear reſtraint, and from preferring the ſociety of perſons beneath them, to that of thoſe whom they are obliged to treat with reſpect and deference, which will always be diſagreeable to ſuch as love to take the command. Adieu, my dear friend. I greatly fear this letter will tire you to death: but if you will conſider this matter, you will perceive that it is neceſſary for me to acquaint you with the whole of my plan of education.

LETTER XXVII.

Anſwer from the Viſcounteſs de Limours.

SO then my ideas of education, which I thought ſo good, are all worth nothing; I cannot even deny it, ſince *experience* has already convinced me of it. I have been three months trying to break my little *Conſtantia* of the unpoliteneſs of anſwering, *Yes*, or *No*, without the addition of *Sir*, or *Madam*,

which children have ſuch an averſion to repeat: all my ſufferings, all my maladies, were of no effect: at length your letter determined me to puniſh my girl for this fault; and for theſe four days paſt ſhe has never omitted ſaying *Sir*, and *Madam*, very diſtinctly, which has perſuaded me that your method is better than mine.

I had a very ſerious diſpute yeſterday about you: they were talking of you and Madame *d'Oſtalis*; and they thought it very ſtrange that you did not come to ſee her in her lying-in, as you affected to love her like your own child. I ſaid, Madame *d'Oſtalis* was one-and-twenty, had an excellent ſtate of health, and this was not her firſt lying-in; and it would have been very ſimple in you to have left your children to take a journey of two hundred leagues, to be preſent at an event which could not occaſion you any apprehenſions. They perſevered in ſaying, that you could not love Madame *d'Oſtalis*; that you had only ſacrificed ſo much of your time to her, and educated her ſo well, in order to eſtabliſh her advantageouſly in the world, through vanity. In this country, eſſential benefits go for nothing; and praiſe is only given to trifles. It is becauſe we praiſe with reluctance what we cannot imitate; and for this reaſon we do not ſo much admire ſenſibility for its great ſacrifices, as when it ſhews itſelf by attentions, viſis, and thoſe little acts of friendſhip, in which we take ſo much pleaſure, becauſe the moſt trifling people can give the ſame teſtimonies of regard.

Notwithſtanding your predictions, Monſ. *de Limours* is more cloſely than ever engaged to Madame *Gerville*; ſhe has perfectly regained the empire over him, which for a ſhort time ſhe had loſt. M. *de*

Limours

Limours now almoſt lives with her, and their reconciliation has put me ſo much out of temper, that we live infinitely worſe together than before their quarrel. I have two daughters, the eldeſt will probably be ſettled in leſs than two years, as ſhe is now fifteen; and I have the pain to reflect, that the moſt intriguing, and the moſt ill-bred woman in the world, will chuſe a huſband for her; for Monſ. *de Limours*, though he is ſenſible of her faults, ſuffers himſelf to be entirely ruled by her; and is ſo very indolent and careleſs, that he is pleaſed when any body will take the trouble to conſider and determine for him, and by that means ſave him ſo much labour. Yet he does not want ſenſe; he has naturally penetration, acuteneſs, and a juſt way of thinking. Ah! if I had but ..... If I could have followed your advice!—I ſhould not now have been ſo unhappy ..... Yes: unhappy I am; I know all my follies, all my caprices; I have paſſed fourteen years without reflecting one moment on the advantages which might have reſulted from making a friend of my huſband. It is ſcarcely eighteen months ſince I began to think about it: ſince which time I have ſeen him with other eyes; or, to expreſs myſelf better, have obſerved him, liſtened to him, and have learned with inexpreſſible ſurpriſe, that if I have not loved him before, it was merely from inattention, and becauſe I was taken up with other things. When one is paſt the age of thirty, and has renounced the airs of coquetry, and find one's ſelf tired with diſſipation, one can do nothing better than love one's huſband, if it is in one's power. Whilſt I was making theſe prudent reflections, Monſ. *de Limours* quarrelled with Madame *de Gerville*. I felt a joy on that account,

account, which he eaſily perceived, and I thought he ſeemed flattered by it: he dined more frequently at home; did not ſeem tired when he was there, and every thing went on as I could wiſh. When all of a ſudden he met with Madame *de Gerville* again; they were reconciled, and again he abandoned his houſe, ſo that ſometimes I do not ſee him for fifteen days together. This conduct gave me a concern, which at firſt I ingenuouſly diſcovered; but finding Monſ. *de Limours* was more perplexed, than afflicted by it, I changed my behaviour, and treated him with the greateſt contempt. Bitter reproaches ſucceeded; and in ſhort, we now live a thouſand times worſe together than ever. How much do I feel at this moment the want of ſuch a friend as you are!—Adieu! I am too gloomy to converſe with you any more at preſent; I will not diſturb the peace you enjoy. What a difference is there in our ſituations!—You married a man of a moſt reſolute, and even imperious temper; he deſpiſed women, and made you ſuffer the greateſt injuſtice, from his abſurd jealouſy, at the very time that he had conceived a violent paſſion for another woman; you have found means to detach him from your rival, to obtain his eſteem, his tenderneſs, and his entire confidence. And as to me, they married me to a man the eaſieſt in the world to manage, to govern; and I have never acquired the ſmalleſt power over his mind; I am not able to ſeparate him even from a woman whom he does not love, and whom, in fact, he deſpiſes. Ah! I ſee now too plainly we are the cauſe of our own unhappineſs. Had you been in my place, you would have been happy; was I in yours, I ſhould have been the moſt wretched of all creatures.

Adieu,

Adieu, my dear friend! At leaſt pity me, and write to me. Point out to me all the faults I have been guilty of; ſhew me the conſequences of all the miſtakes I have made, and which have occaſioned me ſo much grief. I have only a confuſed notion of them myſelf, and wiſh to have them better explained, not on my own account, for my fate is fixed; but that I may better deſcribe to my children thoſe dreadful inconveniences; and that at leaſt the ſad experience I have gained may be uſeful to them; and this will conſole me for the uneaſineſs it has occaſioned me.

The Chevalier *de Herbain* is at laſt arrived; he is juſt as chearful and as amiable as you ever ſaw him. He pretends, that in five years we have abſolutely changed our faſhions, our cuſtoms, and our manners; and that he is as much a ſtranger here, as he ſhould be at Conſtantinople. The aſtoniſhment which he affects at every thing he ſees is very droll, and ſits very well on him. He has charged me to lay his compliments at your feet, and intends writing to the Baron next week.

LETTER XXVIII.

From the Baroneſs d'Almane to the Viſcounteſs.

HOW much you afflict me, my dear friend, by the account you give me of your ſituation; and you wiſh me to have the cruelty to place before your eyes, all thoſe little faults which have produced ſuch great misfortunes! Did you not make this requeſt to me merely to affect me, and

to

to take from me the power of reproaching you? It would not be the firſt time you had made uſe of this artifice. But, my dear friend, do you not know it is impoſſible for me to let an opportunity eſcape of preaching to you? Beſides, I am well perſuaded it is ſtill in your power to change your preſent uneaſy ſituation, and make it perfectly happy: but for this end you muſt have great perſeverance, and a reſolute and determined mind. Your firſt fault proceeded formerly from your thinking it perfectly genteel, to appear cold and diſdainful to your huſband; he was very nearly of the ſame opinion; and this conformity of ſentiment ought to have prevented your coming together. With regard to the vexation his attachment to Madame *de Gerville* has cauſed you, it is but too true, that you in great meaſure owe it to yourſelf. I have kept all your letters, and have this morning found one which you wrote me on this ſubject twelve years ago. It is now by me on the table, and I will copy it exactly.

"At length, my dear couſin, all my wiſhes are "accompliſhed; I have no more fears nor unea- "ſineſs for the future; I am now ſure of being "for ever at liberty, and enjoying my own eaſe. "Monſ. *de Limours* is fallen in love with a woman "of intrigue; they aſſure me it is a real paſſion; "that it is mutual, and that it is an engagement "for life. Now, if you wiſh to know the name "of the object, it is Madame *de Gerville*; and "as you do not know her, I will give you a de- "ſcription of her. She is four years older than "me, conſequently is four-and-twenty; ſhe is "one of thoſe ſort of women who are only hand- "ſome three or four hours in a day, when ſhe is

"full

" full dreſſed, and by candle-light; ſhe has a " very diſagreeable air of coquetry, which con- " ſiſts in making faces, and affecting to be gay. " Her character is at leaſt doubtful; for it is ſaid, " Monſ. *de Limours* is not the firſt engagement " for life ſhe has entered into. At preſent, ſhe " has what is called many friends, which only " means that ſhe keeps a great deal of company. " In ſhort, ſhe is the moſt buſtling, moſt viſiting, " and moſt intriguing character in the world. " To conſider this in a political light, a woman " of her temper and turn of mind might be uſeful " to Mon. *de Limours*; ſhe could cabal for him, " and inſpire him with that activity which he has " not at preſent; ſhe would alſo be a means of " leaving me entirely at liberty. It is true that " Monſ. *de Limours* has not hitherto been very " troubleſome to me; but how can I tell from " one minute to another, that he may not, for " want of other employment, take it into his " head to pay attentions to me! Thank Heaven, " Madame *de Gerville* delivers me from this fear; " therefore, out of gratitude, I aſk her to ſup with " me; lend her my box at the opera; and let no " opportunity eſcape of praiſing her figure, her " dreſs, her graces, and her wit. Oh! ſhe " has not obliged one who is ungrateful! — " Adieu, my dear couſin! Quit the melancholy " country, and return quickly hither; for I have " no real joy without you."

Well, my dear friend, what ſay you to this letter? What a ſurpriſing revolution has twelve years made in your ideas, and in your heart! When our happineſs is not founded on reaſon, how ſubject it is to decay. That which tranſports

us

us to-day, will perhaps torment us to-morrow. You know the poor Counteſs *de L—*, who, by her jealouſy, made herſelf ſo inſupportable to her huſband. She was undoubtedly to blame; but her fault could not injure her reputation; nor was it ſufficient to deprive her of her huſband's friendſhip for ever. By your ſhewing ſo much joy, my dear friend, at what ought to have afflicted you in ſecret, by ſeeking after and receiving your rival at your own houſe, you have faſtened the knot tighter, which you now vainly endeavour to undo. This imprudent conduct was a breach of decorum, and you know the pretences it gave afterwards to Madame *de Gerville* to blacken and injure your reputation to Monſ. *de Limours*. But let us ſay no more of the paſt: it is the preſent and the future which ought to engage our attention. It is neceſſary that we obtain from Monſ. *de Limours* the ſacrifice of a connection ſo unworthy of him; and in which he has not found, even in his fortune, thoſe advantages which you expected. For his attachment to a woman ſo dangerous, and of ſuch an intriguing ſpirit, has only ſerved to lead him into errors, and to render him often ſuſpected, though unjuſtly; and it has deprived him of that eſteem to which he was otherwiſe entitled. Is it poſſible, my dear friend, that with the deſire you have to bring him back to you, you ſhould take it into your head to treat him with the *greateſt contempt?* He might excuſe paſſion, petulance, even though unjuſt; but contempt and diſdain he can never pardon. Let him ſee your grief, your concern; take the firſt opportunity to explain yourſelf to him; then confeſs your faults with freedom, and this will make him ſenſible of his.

You

You may not be able to bring about a reconciliation perhaps in a day, but by perſevering in this conduct, be aſſured, before a twelvemonth is elapſed, he will beſtow on you all his tenderneſs and confidence; ſince he has nothing of real conſequence to reproach you with, and that he certainly has an affection for you. Adieu, my dear friend! Do not conceal from me any thing which intereſts you; and above all, let me know whatever relates to Monſ. *de Limours*.

LETTER XXIX.

From the ſame to the ſame.

I SEND you, my dear friend, a letter from *Adelaide*. You will certainly be ſatisfied with the writing, but perhaps will be aſtoniſhed to find in it many faults in regard to the ſpelling: but when I gave her leave to write to you once a month, I told her I ſhould neither correct her ſtile, nor the ſpelling. She has juſt brought me her letter; I have pointed out the faults to her, and ſhe wanted to write another, which I would not allow; ſo that ſhe ſaw this ſent away with great concern, and waits with impatience till *the twelfth of April*, in the hope of doing better, and of ſending you a more complete letter. This is the kind of emulation I wiſh to inſpire her with. Apropos, of writing; I will now tell you the manner in which *Adelaide* has been taught to write, and which I adviſe you to follow for *Conſtantia*. I have obſerved, the moſt fatiguing of all leſſons to children, is that of writing; for, indeed,

indeed, nothing can be more tireſome, than filling a large page by repeating one or two phraſes, which contain only two lines. I therefore had extracts taken from ſome inſtructing and amuſing books, and written by an excellent maſter; which I made nine or ten volumes of, to ſerve as copies for my children. Some of them are written large for their firſt leſſons; others in a ſmall hand, for the ages of twelve or thirteen, *&c.* They are all written on ſingle ſheets of paper; and when one volume is finiſhed, they begin another. By this method *Adelaide* finds her leſſons agreeable; ſhe is inſtructed while ſhe writes; and as ſhe finds in the ſame ſpace a greater number and variety of words, than other children who only copy a ſingle line, ſhe will certainly learn to ſpell much ſooner.

No, my dear friend, *Adelaide is not already perfect:* Nature has formed her with many great faults; and I have as yet only been able to repreſs them, not to deſtroy them entirely. She is violent, giddy, and heedleſs; and of courſe not able to pay cloſe attention. With people of whom ſhe is not afraid, ſhe is impatient, and even paſſionate; but, like all other children, ſhe knows perfectly well how to ſubmit to neceſſity; and being convinced I have the power, as well as the will to puniſh her, ſhe is extremely ſubmiſſive to me. She has two or three times played tricks with Miſs *Bridget*; but at laſt, finding her as inflexible as I was, ſhe now reſpects and obeys her, as well as me: we ſhould indeed think her perfect, if I did not watch her narrowly, when ſhe is not aware of it. While ſhe is learning to draw, I either write or read; and frequently ſurprize her in making faces, or mimicking *Dainville*; and I ſee clearly, that if I was not preſent, ſhe would be

be both impertinent and perverſe to him. Nothing is more eaſy than to preſcribe rules to children; but when you have forced a mind, naturally imperious, to ſubmiſſion, you muſt never leave her to herſelf a ſingle moment; for if you once loſe ſight of her, you may be ſure that ſhe will make herſelf amends the very firſt opportunity, for the conſtraint you impoſe on her. The more ſubmiſſive ſhe is with you, the more untractable ſhe will be with others; and then, inſtead of curing her of one vice, you only make her guilty of more. The mildneſs ſhe ſhews you is only the effect of her ſubmiſſion, and in time will become deceit and hypocriſy; therefore never put her into hands on which you cannot depend, as well as yourſelf. Keep your eyes on her, till time, reaſon, and habit, ſhall have abſolutely changed her diſpoſition. As to other matters, *Adelaide* has many amiable qualities; ſhe has an extreme ſenſibility; is generous; incapable of envy; never out of temper; and certainly has a very good underſtanding.

It is very neceſſary to accuſtom children to treat all their maſters, not only with politeneſs, but with reſpect; for they ought to be perſuaded they are under obligations to every body who teaches them any agreeable or uſeful knowledge. This ſentiment of gratitude will do honour to the parents who have directed the education of their children, and they will take their leſſons with greater advantage. *Adelaide*, thinking I did not ſee her yeſterday, ſnatched a pencil out of *Dainville*'s hand, which he had not cut quickly enough for her. I obliged her to make excuſes for it, which I dictated to her in the moſt humble terms: this went much againſt her; and when we were alone, ſhe told me ſhe did

not

not think ſhe owed ſo much reſpect to a young man like Monſ. *Dainville*. But, ſaid I, does he not inſtruct you in a moſt agreeable ſcience, and devotes his time and attention to you? He is one of your benefactors. Benefactors!—A maſter! . . . Ah! well, but do you not mean to tell me, he is paid for all this, and that it is his duty? If this reaſon excuſes your gratitude, you will be ungrateful to all the world; for example, to me, who in educating you, rewarding, or puniſhing you, only do my duty, and ſo you are not obliged to me for it . . . Oh! mamma, how can you compare yourſelf . . . . I know very well, you owe much more to me than to Monſ. *Dainville*; but there are different degrees of gratitude; and if you are not ſenſible of ſmall obligations, you are incapable of feeling great ones as you ought to do. If you have no gratitude towards Monſ. *Dainville*, that which you owe to me will be very weak. This way of reaſoning made a very lively impreſſion on her; and I am very certain ſhe will make a point of appearing to ſhew great gratitude to *Dainville*, in order to convince me, that what ſhe feels for me is without bounds; ſhe has thus perfectly underſtood that every body who does not fail in the duties they owe us, contribute all in their power to promote our happineſs; and for that reaſon, ought to inſpire us with gratitude in proportion to the pleaſure or comfort they procure us; and ſhe has even felt, that if theſe duties are diſcharged with affection, our affection ought to be the reward.

And now, my dear friend, I muſt talk to you a little of our amuſements. We have had very brilliant ones this month; for inſtance, we have acted comedies, and my children were our principal

actors. I ſee here your aſtoniſhment. How! *Adelaide has played the part of a girl in love! Does Adelaide know already what it is to be in love? to have a lover, violent paſſions*, &c. . . . . Lay aſide your fears, my dear; *Adelaide* knows nothing of all this. We have played two comedies, in which there is no love, no lovers, no violent paſſions: but I will explain this riddle to you: you muſt know I have compoſed "*Dramas for the uſe of children, and* "*young perſons.*" I have already ſaid, that children muſt have natural and lively images before them, which may ſtrike their imagination, touch their hearts, and be engraved on their memories. On this principle I have planned my Work, and theſe little comedies form a collection of leſſons on morality; I have endeavoured to point out thoſe irregularities and faults which are ridiculous; but in general have avoided repreſenting characters that are truly odious.

They are very dangerous parts to be acted; children may forget the unravelling of the plot, and the moral to be drawn from it; and the bad part only will remain in their heads; that is, they will adopt, what they have been taught to repreſent. I have compoſed plays both for *Adelaide* and her brother; the perſons in the former are all women, in the latter they are men. This was the more eaſy for me to do, as I baniſhed love from my theatre; and thus I avoided that familiarity, which the rehearſal of their parts neceſſarily occaſions between actors; which would not agree with that ſtrict delicacy, ſo becoming young people. It appeared to me, that theſe new kind of plays might be uſeful in the education of youth; ſo that children, by amuſing themſelves in this manner, may exerciſe

their memory, improve their pronunciation, acquire grace in their ſpeaking, and loſe that fooliſh kind of embarraſſment, to which they are ſo ſubject. When they have acted a part, filled with goodneſs, delicacy, and generoſity; they will bluſh to be perverſe, or inſenſible. In ſhort, they will love and cheriſh that virtue which they ſee ſo amiable and ſo much admired: but I repeat it, that it is abſolutely neceſſary the pieces ſhould be compoſed on purpoſe; for the beſt of our theatrical compoſitions would be dangerous, and at the ſame time, above the capacity of the moſt ſenſible child, who is only ten years of age.

On the firſt of March, we had two of our little Plays acted; the firſt was called the *Flaggons*, and the ſecond the *Dove*. Madame *de Valmont* and I, took the parts of the Mother and the Fairy. *Adelaide* performed the principal parts, and two pretty little girls, daughters to Madame de *Valmont*'s waiting-women, formed the reſt of the company. Four days after, there were two other Pieces performed by the men, at which we were only ſpectators. The actors were Monſ. *d'Almane*, *Theodore*, Monſ. *de Valmont*, his ſon *Charles*, who is thirteen years old, and a moſt elegant figure; Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, *Dainville*, and two of the footmen. The plays were called the *Traveller*, and *The Ball for Children*. *Charles* was very ſucceſsful in the firſt, and *Theodore* performed very well in the ſecond. There was great emulation between our two companies. But our beſt Actors are *Charles* and *Adelaide*, who are really ſurpriſing for their age. Our Plays have ſucceeded ſo well, that we ſhall act the ſame over again in the courſe of this month. We have a very pretty play-houſe and a hall, which will hold

two hundred people, and which is completely filled by our neighbours, our own family, and the country people round us; which altogether forms an audience very reſpectable; but they treat us with great indulgence. Adieu, my dear friend. If you wiſh to have tickets for our next performance, let me know. Oh! I wiſh you could ſee our little Dramas; I ſhould enjoy them as much again, if you were here; and perhaps they would intereſt you more than you imagine; for the affecting and innocent graces of infancy add inexpreſſible charms to theſe inconſiderable productions.

LETTER XXX.

Anſwer from the Viſcounteſs de Limours.

"IF I want tickets for your next plays, you "will ſend me ſome!" Do you think this a pleaſant jeſt! or that it is generous in you to inſult the grief I feel at being ſeparated from you? I am very ſure I ſhould prefer your childrens' plays to the greateſt part of thoſe amuſements I ſee here; for inſtance, to one I was preſent at yeſterday. M. *de Bleſac*, gave a very grand entertainment at his country-houſe. He had collected together about fifteen Ladies of the beſt quality, the greater part of whom were very young. It began by a beautiful illumination in the garden, and ended by acting two Comedies of a very different nature from yours'; you may have heard of them, becauſe they are reckoned good ones of their kind; but are ſo indecent, that ten years ago, no woman of any delicacy

delicacy would even confeſs ſhe had read them. Well! we ſaw them, at this time, performed before a hundred Gentlemen without any difficulty; and have even deſired M. *de Bleſac* to let them be played again. I confeſs to you, I had no idea of ſuch licentiouſneſs; and I wondered at the intrepidity of all theſe young Ladies, whilſt the play laſted; who at other times affect to be ſo fearful and baſhful even on entering a room. If I could, without an appearance of prudery, have declined going a ſecond time, I certainly ſhould have broke my engagement; for really my mind is not ſo corrupted as to make me prefer ſuch pieces to the French Comedies. * Madame *d'Oſtalis* was invited to this entertainment, but would not go, which I very much approved of; and certainly, had I been only twenty years old, I ſhould have done as ſhe did, in ſpite of faſhion, or the power of example.

I tell you, my dear friend, I make great progreſs in the Engliſh language, and begin to read proſe very prettily. Apropos, do you know any thing of an Engliſh book on Education, written *by Lord Cheſterfield, in Letters to his Son?* This Lord Cheſterfield is an impertinent Author. Liſten, I intreat you, to the manner in which he treats us, and ſee whether you could know yourſelf in this gallant picture, which I tranſlate literally: "Women are "only children of a larger growth, they have an "entertaining tattle, ſometimes wit; but for ſolid "reaſoning, or good ſenſe, I never in my life

* He means that he does not prefer theſe indecent pieces to thoſe acted at the Theatre called *La Comedie Francoiſe*, which are always decent, and indeed the French ſtage is much more chaſte than ours.

Note of the TRANSLATORS.

" knew one that had it, or who acted or reaſoned
" conſiſtently, for four-and-twenty hours together.
" A man of ſenſe only trifles with them, plays
" with them, humours, and flatters them, as he
" does an engaging child. But he neither conſults
" them about, nor truſts them with ſerious matters."
Do you, my dear friend, approve of a father's giving ſuch an opinion of women to his ſon? For, beſides that it is falſe and unjuſt, it appears to me to be dangerous; for the man who deſpiſes women, is not more ſecure from their ſeductions than others, though he thinks he diſgraces himſelf by loving them. But for the reſt, I, who am more juſt than Lord Cheſterfield, agree that there is much good ſenſe in his letters. But I think in general he ſets too much value on what he calls the *grace*, and *Bon ton*. When his ſon firſt appeared at Paris, Lord Cheſterfield was afraid he would conduct himſelf awkwardly, and takes much more care of his manners than of his temper and diſpoſition; and his letters are filled with the moſt trifling particulars relative to the cuſtoms of the polite world. He teaches his ſon how to blow his noſe gracefully, tells him never to ſpill the ſauce at table, never to ſpit before company, and never to laugh loud, *&c. &c.*—In ſhort, he has ſuch a deſire to ſee his ſon faſhionable, that he even ſacrifices his principles to that vain fancy: and he adviſes him to keep two miſtreſſes at a time! Beſides, though he valued himſelf on his faſhionable and polite air, he really was not polite in reality. There are often in his book letters conſiſting of whole pages written in French; I will only copy one of them. He informs his ſon, that a woman of faſhion undertook to form him, and that one day, in a large company, ſhe ſaid to

ſeveral

ſeveral people, "Do you know that I have under-
"taken this young man, and that you muſt help to
"poliſh him. He muſt neceſſarily have an attach-
"ment: and if I am not judged worthy to be the
"object of it, we muſt find him another. But do
"not go and diſgrace yourſelf by keeping company
"with opera girls, who will not put you to the ex-
"pence of ſentiment or politeneſs; but will coſt
"you much more in every other reſpect. I repeat
"it, my friend; if you aſſociate with theſe women,
"you are loſt; they will ruin your health and your
"fortune: corrupt your manners, and deprive you
"of that true politeneſs, which can only be ac-
"quired by keeping good company."—Vol. II.

I know very well, that among polite people, one ſometimes meets with a Lady, who undertakes to form the minds of young men; but I do not believe they ever expreſſed themſelves in ſuch a manner. Lord Cheſterfield's Letters are written in four volumes; I have read them through; you ſee I attend cloſely to my Engliſh.—I begin alſo to devote a great deal of my time to *Conſtantia*; I make her read to me, and ſhe gets by heart the little tales you ſent me: I keep her almoſt the whole day with me; in ſhort, I imitate as well as I can all that you do for *Adelaide*. I begin already to reap the fruits of my attentions; my own houſe becomes more agreeable to me, diſſipation is leſs neceſſary to me, and my health is much better. *Conſtantia* is equally ſenſible, mild, and obedient: but ſince I have puniſhed her faults, ſhe has told me ſeveral lyes in order to keep herſelf from thoſe little corrections which I have given her according to your advice, when ſhe confeſſes her fault. How muſt I remedy this? How prevent a child from telling lyes, when ſhe thinks herſelf ſure of not being diſcovered? In

ſhort, how muſt I act to awaken her conſcience? Anſwer me this in the moſt particular manner; for, in my opinion, it is the moſt important of any thing.

The day before yeſterday, I ſpent the whole morning with *Cecilia*, whoſe health is almoſt perfectly re-eſtabliſhed. She told Madame *d'Oſtalis* and me, that from what ſhe had ſeen of the world, ſhe found ſhe had no reaſon to regret it; that ſhe had formed a very different idea of it in her ſolitude; and that her opinion of it was much more pleaſing than ſhe had found it in reality. "I meet "with nothing," ſaid ſhe, "but conſtraint and "dependance. It is in vain that I ſeek for free-"dom and happineſs; I ſee only ridiculous con-"nexions, oppoſition, and the moſt changeable "whims and caprices." She added, that ſhe ſhould return to her Convent with no other concern, than that of leaving Madame *d'Oſtalis* and me, for whom ſhe has a ſincere friendſhip; which I am ſure is mutual on all ſides. For theſe two months paſt, Madame *d'Olcy* has behaved very kindly to her, and values herſelf much on the affection ſhe has for her. As ſhe ſees we pay great attention to her, and that we go to breakfaſt with her three or four times a week; ſhe has done the ſame thing, and has introduced her to ſeveral of her own friends. *Cecilia* is ſo intereſting both in perſon and mind, and has ſo many amiable qualities, that every one who ſees her is charmed with her; ſo that in ſhort ſhe is quite the *Ton*, as far as her ſituation will admit; and the Ladies, who cannot well be jealous of a Nun, are all deſirous of ſeeing her, and being acquainted with her; and they talk of her with a degree of enthuſiaſm;

which

which has made Madam *d'Olcy* pretend to have a violent affection for her, and which does her great honour in the opinion of the world; but it has not hindered her from hinting to *Cecilia*, that ſhe would not wiſh her to prolong her ſtay at Paris. She would have gone immediately, but as her phyſicians deſire her to ſtay five weeks longer, I have made her promiſe to remain here till the month of May, though ſhe did it with great reluctance.

Adieu, my dear friend; do not forget, when you give my dear little *Adelaide* my anſwer to her letter, to embrace her for me as tenderly as you would do for yourſelf. And, now I think of it, let me beg you to be very particular in giving me your opinion of *Charles*, Madame *de Valmont*'s ſon. I already know that he is thirteen years old; that he has a fine perſon, and that he acts his part in Comedy to a wonder; which plainly proves him to have wit, and graces innumerable. Beſides theſe, what is his diſpoſition, what his birth, and what will be his fortune? I have the moſt earneſt deſire to be informed of theſe particulars, becauſe I foreſee, that this little *Charles*, ſo amiable, ſo near you, ſo often with *Adelaide*, may perhaps in the end act a ſtill more intereſting part than thoſe you have hitherto given him. Adieu. Remember, if you do not anſwer me very clearly and particularly on this ſubject, I ſhall think you mean to conceal ſome of your intended ſchemes from me.

LETTER XXXI.

Anſwer from the Baroneſs.

I AM not at all ſurpriſed, my dear friend, that *Conſtantia*, who has never been accuſtomed to be puniſhed for the faults ſhe has committed, ſhould have recourſe to telling lyes, in order to eſcape puniſhment. What can hinder us from doing a bad action, which may be uſeful and agreeable to us, when we are almoſt certain we ſhall never be diſcovered, and when it does no harm to any other perſon? *Conſcience!* and pray what do you mean by Conſcience? It is a ſentiment in our hearts which, by the remorſe it occaſions, puniſhes us for our fault. This remorſe would have no exiſtence in our minds, if virtue was only a thing talked of: that is, if it was not to receive immortal recompence in another world. In ſhort, if every thing died with us, Heroes, who devote themſelves for the good of their country, and who ſacrifice their own intereſt for that of others, would act the parts of mad-men; whilſt the wiſeſt men would be thoſe who gave themſelves up to every paſſion they could gratify without incurring the puniſhments inflicted by the law. Conſcience is a guide little to be depended on, unleſs accompanied by religion. Give then to your ſcholar religious ſentiments; perſuade her, that in every moment of her life the Divine Being ſees and hears her: impreſs her mind with this ſublime and important principle; ſet her the example of piety; let her often ſurprize you praying to God; let her be convinced that you find in this duty all the conſolation

ſolation you ſtand in need of, and that you take pleaſure in fulfilling it; make her admire the works of God, the heavens, the earth, the verdure, the fruits ſhe eats, and the flowers which ſhe gathers; let every thing ſerve to make her ſenſible of the power and goodneſs of God, who has created every thing for our uſe; let her learn ſhort, ſimple, and affecting prayers, of which ſhe may underſtand and feel the uſe. I have made ſome on purpoſe for *Adelaide*, which ſhe repeats with reſpect, and in a manner which always affects me; I frequently ſpeak to her of her guardian Angel, whom I deſcribe to her beautiful, as it is poſſible to be, crowned with garlands of never-fading flowers, having wings of the moſt dazzling brightneſs, and hovering always round her. This ſweet and ſmiling picture affects her heart, and ſeduces her imagination. She knows, that this charming being is as innocent as he is lovely; that he deteſts lyes, artifice, gluttony, and paſſion; and that every good action pleaſes and delights him; ſhe fears to afflict her good Angel, and when ſhe is very good, ſhe ſays to me with inexpreſſible pleaſure, God protects me, and my guardian Angel is ſatisfied with me. I alſo often ſpeak to her of the evil ſpirits, made ſo by pride and ingratitude, whom the Divine Judge precipitated from Heaven to the bottom of the dark abyſs, a frightful gulph, the eternal abode of the wicked! *Adelaide* knows, that this infernal ſpirit is only employed for our deſtruction; that he cauſed the firſt fall of man; and that it is he who prompts us to the crime of failing in our engagements and reſolutions; and teaches us to be vain of the gifts of Nature, which Heaven has beſtowed on us. Teach *Conſtantia* all theſe things

in converſing with her; for this kind of inſtruction ought to precede the Catechiſm, which you thought it your duty to teach her, when ſhe was only ſix or ſeven years old. Let her know, in reading the Catechiſm to her, that the myſteries there mentioned are above human underſtanding: that God has made us *to love him, but not to comprehend his greatneſs*; that we are too limited in our ideas, to dare to maintain, that every thing we do not underſtand is falſe; ſince throughout nature all is myſterious, and appears a prodigy; and as *Montaigne* ſays, ſpeaking of our incredulity on indifferent things, "Beſides the abſurdity, and raſhneſs "it implies in itſelf, it is a dangerous preſumption, and may have bad conſequences, to undervalue any thing merely becauſe we do not "underſtand it."

Theſe are the methods I have taken with *Adelaide, to awaken*, as you ſay, *her conſcience*. I have alſo made uſe of other means to produce this effect, which perhaps may appear to you to be trifling, but of the ſucceſs of which I am certain. It is ridiculous to tell children, that *a little finger* can inform you of every thing they do in private, becauſe it is both folly and falſehood. But I tell *Adelaide*, when ſhe does not anſwer me with ſincerity, I ſee it plainly in her countenance; and in truth it is ſo, for, when you know children thoroughly, it is very eaſy to read in their eyes all that they think. By this means ſhe is never tempted to diſguiſe the truth from me, certain that I ſhould always penetrate through it. Beſides, by means of repeating to her, that I am ſure ſhe would not commit a real fault, even if ſhe were certain I ſhould not diſcover it, I perſuade her

her of it, and it is really true; for ſhe has not of late been guilty of any one without feeling a deſire to communicate it to me. The reaſon for which is very plain, excluſively of thoſe I have already given you; ſhe thinks this leſſens her fault in the eye of Heaven, and is a proof of her confidence in me, which ſhe ſuppoſes will attach me ſtill more to her. In ſhort, my dear friend, let Religion be the foundation on which you build, or you will have no laſting effects. Endeavour at the ſame time to give your ſcholar a command over herſelf; you will then ſucceed to your utmoſt wiſhes; and your labour will not be deſtroyed by paſſion, or by bad examples.

I have read thoſe letters of Lord Cheſterfield, and think the remarks you have made on them are perfectly juſt: but if he had not been ſo ſevere on the women, you would have praiſed many things in his book, which now you have not mentioned. Is it not ſtriking, for example, that a man like him, engaged in the ſervice of his King and Country, employed by the State, and given up to ambition, ſhould write ſuch long and intereſting as well as inſtructive letters to his ſon, who was only eight years old: containing abridgments of Mythology and Hiſtory, very well written: and that this correſpondence, during the courſe of twenty years, ſhould be ſo punctually kept up, and ſo well connected? I agree with you, it would have been better for him to have educated his ſon himſelf, and not to have been ſeparated from him ſo long: but this ſon was illegitimate, which adds more merit to what Lord Cheſterfield did for him; beſides this, we find in his Letters many excellent ſentiments, a perfect know-

knowledge of the human heart, learning, wit, ſenſe, and ſound reaſoning: in ſhort, I think it ought to be looked upon as a Work valuable in many reſpects, and an affecting proof of paternal tenderneſs.

How was it poſſible, my dear friend, you could go to the entertainment given by Monſ. *de Bleſac?* And how could you reſolve to ſee a ſecond performance of ſuch plays? You, who I always thought were ſo remarkable for your love of decency? Is it poſſible that you could ſacrifice your inclination and principles to that trifling and ridiculous fear of being called a prude by people whoſe reproaches are rather to be conſidered as praiſes? *You are thirty-two years old, and your reputation is eſtabliſhed!* In the firſt place, you are not paſt the age, in which you may loſe it; and have you obtained it merely to free yourſelf from your attentions to that kind of behaviour, which ought moſt to be reſpected? On the contrary, reflect that, in order to preſerve it, you muſt act in the ſame manner you acted to obtain it: and remember, that bad examples ſet us by thoſe we eſteem, are the only ones which are really dangerous. If Monſ. *de Bleſac* had only invited women of doubtful characters, there certainly would not have been a ſecond repreſentation of theſe plays; a general cry would have been raiſed againſt ſuch an indecency, and they would have been thought what they really were: but when it was known, that ſome perſons of unblemiſhed character were preſent at theſe performances, the world would form a very different opinion. Thus you have contributed to a great evil; that of rendering indecency leſs diſguſting and leſs odious: that is, in the

the general opinion; for there are ſtill remaining many good minds, who judge of actions as they really are, and not by the people who do them. In ſhort, what an example is this for your daughter, who is going to be introduced into the world? When you recommend prudence and diſcretion to her, with the moſt ſcrupulous attention to decency and modeſty, of what weight will your admonitions be on theſe articles?—Forgive me, my dear friend, theſe reproaches made with ſo much ſeverity: I look forward with grief to all the conſequences of your indiſcretion, and I am too ſincerely concerned to think of my expreſſions. Friendſhip betrays, when ſhe flatters on ſubjects of ſuch importance; and I had rather run the riſk of diſpleaſing you, than conceal from you theſe uſeful truths. And now, after having preached a long ſermon to you, I am going in my own and Madame *de Valmont*'s name to thank you for all your goodneſs to *Cecilia*; and to aſk of you a new favour. We read to Monſ. *d'Aimeri* that paragraph of your laſt letter, in which you mention the impreſſion which ſeeing the world and being introduced to company has made on her. This account gave great pleaſure to Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, who, ſince the death of his ſon, has conſtantly reproached himſelf with having ſacrificed the unfortunate *Cecilia*. He is ſo ſeverely puniſhed by this reflection, that it is impoſſible not to pity him almoſt as much as the poor victim herſelf! and the more ſo, as he ſpeaks himſelf of this error, never to be remedied, with a frankneſs and penitence which renders him as intereſting as is poſſible for any one to be, after having committed ſuch a fault. Since his misfortune he has devoted himſelf

ſelf to religion; and his piety, which is ſolid as it is ſincere, adds ſtill more to the remorſe, by ſhewing him the injuſtice of which he has been guilty. He is not ignorant, that *Cecilia* loved the Chevalier *de Murville*; he thinks of her continually; he paints her to himſelf, as ſhe was when he ſent her back to the convent, poſſeſſed of all the charms of youth and beauty. This affecting image, he tells me, purſues him in all places, and at all times; and inſpires him with ſuch tender pity, that he declares he feels the ſame affection for *Cecilia*, that ever he felt for Madame *de Valmont:* nevertheleſs he has not been able to reſolve to ſee her, ſince her profeſſion; although he has a thouſand times intended it: but he writes to her; he has doubled her penſion, and ſends her every year, in the greateſt plenty, every preſent that can be uſeful or acceptable to a nun. *Cecilia*, whoſe gentle heart only wanted an object to attach itſelf to, feels the tendereſt affection for him, which ſhe ſhews in all her letters to him, and in the moſt affecting manner poſſible; which cannot but aggravate the grief and repentance of her unhappy father. She has concealed from him with the utmoſt caution her bad ſtate of health, and did not inform him of her journey to Paris, till the moment when ſhe was going to ſet out. This news overwhelmed Monſ. *d'Aimeri* with grief, as well on account of *Cecilia*'s illneſs, as from the fear which he conceived, leſt the ſlight knowledge ſhe was going to acquire of the world, and the ſeeing her ſiſter poſſeſſed of riches, magnificence, and proſperity, might make her more ſenſible of her own misfortunes. Your letter, having put an end to theſe fears, has redoubled his

eſteem

eſteem and affection for her. He is no longer torn by remorſe, ſince he finds his daughter is at laſt contented with her ſituation; and he now paſſionately wiſhes to ſee her: ſo that, my dear friend, if you could obtain for us five or ſix months more liberty for her, inſtead of returning to her Convent ſhe might come here, and ſpend the ſummer; and you would thus be the means of conferring great happineſs on her father and Madame *de Valmont*. Adieu, my dear friend! Let me have an anſwer on this ſubject as ſoon as you can. Juſt as I was cloſing my letter, I very fortunately recollected the queſtions you aſked me concerning Madame *de Valmont*'s ſon. Since I have not mentioned him to you in a particular manner, you ought to conclude that I had formed no particular ſcheme for the future. In point of fortune, my daughter has a right to expect a better match: in other reſpects, though Monſ. *de Valmont* does not go to Court, yet he has every qualification neceſſary to his being preſented. His family, though not diſtinguiſhed, is very ancient, and cannot be accuſed of having demeaned itſelf by improper marriages; a merit, which at this time of day few families can boaſt; and which at leaſt proves that their anceſtors thought nobly. To return to *Charles*, he is really an elegant youth, and I think I can give you ſome idea of him by telling you, he is extremely like *Cecilia*. Above all, he has great good ſenſe, much ſenſibility, a lively imagination, and judgment far above his age; yet he appears at firſt to be reſerved; and is ſerious in his manner. He has had a very good education from his grandfather: but he is only thirteen years old, and will have very ſtrong

paſſions;

paſſions; and if he ſhould loſe Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, before he comes into the world, he may perhaps diſappoint the hopes his friends have conceived of him. Adieu, my dear friend! I intreat you do every thing in your power to ſend *Cecilia* to us, and you will greatly oblige me.

LETTER XXXII.

From the Viſcounteſs, in Anſwer.

AH! my dear friend, I am ſo afflicted, ſo agitated, that I can only hope to compoſe my ſpirits by writing to you. I have juſt had ſuch a dreadful diſpute with Monſ. *de Limours* . . . . . I have already told you that I was ſure Madame *de Gerville* would marry my daughter to whom ſhe choſe—And who do you think they have propoſed to me? The ſon of her friend? of a woman, if poſſible, ſtill more contemptible than herſelf: in ſhort, it is Madame *de Valcy*, diſgraced by ſo many bad actions, whom they would make the mother-in-law of my daughter!—Monſ. *de Limours* began the ſubject by mentioning the family of Monſ. *de Valcy*, which is indeed honourable, and boaſted of his fortune, his perſon, &c. &c. I at laſt replied, But, Sir, do you not imagine, that my daughter has a hundred times heard of the ſhocking behaviour of Madame *de Valcy*? —We are not obliged to take our mothers-in-law for patterns; and we ſhould often ſucceed better, if we did not follow the example of our mothers. This ill-natured reply vexed me beyond all expreſſion;

preſſion; the converſation grew warm; and I declared I would never give my conſent to the marriage; and that this was my determined reſolution. At theſe words Monſ. *de Limours* roſe up very coolly, and ſaid, "I was not abſolutely fix-"ed on this marriage; but now I ſhall certainly "give my conſent to it. I came to conſult you "about it; but ſince you have ſo perfectly for-"got that I am the maſter of my own child, I "ought to prove it to you; and to-morrow you "ſhall be convinced of it." He then went out, and left me in a paſſion not to be deſcribed. Oh! what tyrants men are! and how ſoon may the weakeſt of them become formidable even to the moſt haughty woman!—At length, after having uttered many imprecations againſt the men, after having wept plentifully, rung the bell for all my women, and taken a glaſs of orange flower-water, I determined to write a letter to Monſ. *de Limours*, to acknowledge my fault, and to intreat him to take ſome time to reflect on ſo important an affair. He has juſt ſent me an an anſwer by my *Valet de Chambre*, that he will ſee me to-morrow. This muſt be ſubmitted to; I muſt wait for to-morrow with patience and ſubmiſſion; and muſt receive him with mildneſs and compoſure. I am humbled, mortified, and quite confounded.—But let us talk of ſomething more pleaſing: I have executed your commiſſion, I have obtained liberty for *Cecilia* till the month of January; ſhe is tranſported with joy, and ſets out on the ninth of May for Languedoc; that is, twelve days hence. Adieu, my dear friend! I am not at this time worthy to hold a longer converſation with you. I ſend for the Baron a letter from the Chevalier *de Herbain*, which he read to me yeſterday, and which

which I thought pleaſant enough: though an Epigram of twelve pages appears to me to be rather long, in other reſpects it muſt be owned his criticiſm is very juſt, and at leaſt it is impoſſible to accuſe him of exaggeration.

LETTER XXXIII.

From the Chevalier d'Herbain, to the Baron d'Almane.

MY Voyages are at laſt finiſhed, my dear Baron; and after five years travel and fatigue, I am glad to find myſelf once more at Paris. But perhaps I ſhall ſurpriſe you by telling you, I find every thing as ſtrange, and as new here, as I ſhould find them at Stockholm or Peterſburg; but you ſhall judge.

I left the men all engaged in gaming, hunting, and their little country retirements. The Ladies I left taken up with the thoughts of their dreſs, and the arrangement of their ſuppers: and I find on my return the women all ſcholars and wits; and the men are every one turned Authors.

Is not this a wonderful change in five years? I did not expect it, I confeſs to you; and, to give you an idea of my firſt ſurpriſe, I muſt acquaint you with my adventures the day after I returned. On Monday I went with great eagerneſs to ſee my old friend Madame *de Surville*, who, to be plain with you, I always thought, till now, had much more goodneſs than underſtanding.

She

She received me very politely, and told me I was come quite apropos; for, ſaid ſhe, we are going to have a reading to day... A reading, replied I; and of what?... 'Tis a Comedy... And of whoſe writing? The Viſcount's, anſwered ſhe, coldly. Now, my dear Baron, I muſt tell you, when I went to Italy, this Viſcount was forty years old, and ſcarcely knew how to write a letter.

Whilſt I was ſeriouſly reflecting on this matter, I ſaw near ſixty Gentlemen and Ladies arrive at the houſe.—Thought I to myſelf, if the Viſcount has been ſo unlucky as to write a Play, the moſt he would riſk would be to read it before five, or ſix of his intimate friends; but ſurely he is not going to expoſe himſelf to the ridicule of this numerous aſſembly; Madame *de Surville* is in jeſt, ſhe has a mind to impoſe upon me. But I ſee by the Ladies' dreſs and their feathers, that we are going to have a ball: I will humour Madame *de Surville* however, and appear to believe what ſhe ſays. Preſently they brought a large table, on which they laid an immenſely large green ſilk bag; good, ſaid I; while they wait for the violins, they are going to play at *Biribi*. I was miſtaken, it was Madame *de Surville*'s work-bag.

The Ladies ſent for theirs, and in a ſhort time every body was at work; very ſoon after the Viſcount *de Blemont* is announced; the Ladies are agitated; they riſe to meet him, and overwhelm him with careſſes and compliments; they ſeat him in an arm-chair near the table, on which is placed a large decanter of water; they ſhut the windows, let down the curtains, ſtop the pendulums of the clocks; and ſeat themſelves round the Author; who,

who, with a ſerious and commanding air, caſt an eye of ſelf-ſatisfaction on his audience, took his manuſcript out of his pocket, and began. I thought I was in a dream, but my aſtoniſhment was to be much more increaſed. Unfortunately for me the beſt places were taken; and I was ſeparated from the Reader, by half a dozen Ladies, whoſe repeated exclamations and ſobs abſolutely prevented me from hearing a ſingle word of the performance: but I could eaſily judge of the prodigious effect of it by the confuſed murmurs of applauſe, and the admiration painted on every countenance. I found the Piece was very pathetic, for every body was in tears, and particularly the Ladies, among whom I was placed; they threw themſelves back in their chairs, raiſing their hands and eyes to Heaven, and the youngeſt Lady of the company was ſo violently affected, that ſhe was really quite ill; ſo that Madame *de Surville*, who was herſelf in a dreadful ſtate, ran to her aſſiſtance, and was obliged to unlace her: the Viſcount, accuſtomed doubtleſs to produce ſimilar effects on his audience, only ſmiled, and continued reading. The Play went on in the ſame manner; and you may eaſily conceive the deſpair I laboured under, at not being able to ſhare in the tranſports which appeared in every countenance; I was actually in the ſituation of Tantalus.

When the Viſcount had finiſhed, the Ladies all roſe and got round him; the paſſionate geſtures, the piercing tone of their voices, the volubility of their ſpeeches, expreſſed the enthuſiaſm they were ſeized with: as for myſelf, who had nothing to ſay, having heard nothing, I was much confuſed, and did not dare to appear before the Viſcount with dry

dry eyes and an indifferent countenance: I therefore made my eſcape, and went into Madame *de Surville*'s apartment, where I purpoſed ſtaying till the Viſcount was gone.

But I was deſtined this day, as you will perceive, to meet with things unexpected and ſurpriſing. The firſt thing that ſtruck me on entering the room was a deſk covered with books and papers. How, ſaid I, a deſk with books in Madame *de Surville*'s apartment! But, however, ſince it is ſo, I ſhall not be tired with ſtaying here alone. The firſt book I looked into was *A Treatiſe on Chemiſtry*, and, as I am no Chymiſt, I took up another, which was *A Treatiſe on Philoſophy*; finding that too abſtruſe for me, I opened a third: alas! my dear Baron, it was *A Dictionary of Natural Hiſtory*. Mortified, and confounded, at not being able to find in the houſe of a woman (and that woman Madame *de Surville*) a book within my comprehenſion, I roſe from the deſk quite out of temper; when I caſt my eyes on a ſmall piece of ſculpture, which ſtood on one ſide of me; it was an altar, raiſed to *Benevolence*, and ornamented with verſes on that ſubject, which appeared to be full of ſentiment.

Turning about, I perceived another group of figures in marble, ſtill more intereſting; it was an altar to *Friendſhip*; and one of the figures, which I knew to be Madame *de Surville*, was placing a Crown upon it. Oh, my God! cried I, how little did I know Madame *de Surville!* I was far from thinking her ſo ſenſible, ſo learned, ſo wiſe. It is her modeſty then which makes her conceal ſo many amiable qualities, for who that ſees, or hears her, would ſuſpect her of poſſeſſing them! As I

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ended this exclamation, the door opened, and in came a large man in black, whom I had obſerved at the reading, and who, I remarked, was the only one who had neither wept, nor extolled the performance. He had an air of chagrin and moroſeneſs; but we entered into converſation notwithſtanding.

This is a charming room, ſaid I, and the more ſo, as it gives one ſuch ideas of the perſon to whom it belongs. The black man ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, ſaying, from whence do you come Sir? from Moſcow, Sir . . . From Moſcow! Oh then you are my man, I will inſtruct you. This apartment, which you kindly imagine to be a Temple conſecrated to Friendſhip, to Study, and Meditation, is only a room for parade; all theſe books ſpread on the deſk are merely deſigned for ornament, like china on a chimney-piece. *Moliere* has ridiculed the learned women of his age, who were to be ſure very abſurd, but at leaſt they knew ſomething: inſtead of which, ours, at this time, pretend to great knowledge, when they labour under the moſt profound ignorance. By this diſcourſe I ſuſpected the man to be an original, a kind of ſatirical, whimſical jeſter; and I was not deceived in my opinion. But, Sir, anſwered I, the Ladies of our time, though it is true they cultivate the Sciences, yet they cannot be accuſed of pedantry; they make uſe of no learned expreſſions; they do not make a parade of what they know . . . . But, Sir, I ſay once more, they know nothing; that ſort of pedantry, of which you are ſpeaking, at leaſt ſuppoſes ſome degree of knowledge: but none is neceſſary to go and ſee experiments in Electricity, to attend a courſe of Chymical Lectures, and

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to be infinitely amuſed by it: in ſhort, to liſten with an appearance of underſtanding, and at the ſame time by now and then putting in a word, to diſcover their total ignorance. They have in general received very indifferent educations; and, as ſoon as they are their own miſtreſſes, they read nothing but fooliſh pamphlets and plays, which completes the corruption of their taſte; they lead the moſt diſſipated lives, and pretend to univerſal knowledge; they affect to underſtand painting and architecture; they ſuppoſe themſelves judges of the principal Opera-ſingers, or performers, without knowing a note of muſic; they go to Court, ride on horſeback, play at billiards, go out hunting, drive about in their carriages, ſpend the night at aſſemblies, or playing at *Pharo*, write at leaſt ten billets in a day, receive a hundred viſits, and ſhew themſelves every-where in the ſpace of twelve hours; at Verſailles, at Paris, at the Milliner's, the Miniſters's levee, the public walks, at the ſhop of a ſtatuary, at the market, the academies, the opera, and the rope-dancers; equally delighted with, and applauding *Preville*, and *Jeannot*; *d'Auberville*, and the Little Devil. Doing ſo many things, purſued he, how would you have them ſucceed in any one? Nevertheleſs they are peremptory in their deciſions, and particularly Madame *de Surville*, who knows not the meaſure of a verſe; and is even ignorant of grammar, or ſpelling; yet ſhe gives her opinion on works of literature; and is vain enough to imagine, the letters ſhe writes to her friends will deſcend to poſterity, like thoſe of Madame *de Sevigny*.

With regard to their ſenſibility, it is true, they have ornaments made with their friends hair; they have galleries with their pictures; they have altars

and odes dedicated to Friendſhip; they are continually embroidering cyphers, they talk only of love, friendſhip, gratitude, and the charms of ſolitude, &c. and they are every one of them Free-thinkers.

But do they employ themſelves more in the education of their children? Do they live more retired lives than the women of former times, are they more uſeful, more ſenſible, or more amiable, than the *Deſhoulieres*, the *Sevignys*, the *Graſignys?* Have they fewer whims, or are they leſs extravagant, ſince they are become ſo benevolent and ſo learned? You may compare the irregularities of their conduct to thoſe hypocritical devotees, whoſe religion conſiſts only in outſide ſhew, who keep an oratory, and relicks, and pray to the Saints, without any love for the Divine Being; who preach to others without correcting their own faults, and blame with great ſeverity thoſe who do not imitate their examples.

During this converſation I ſtood immoveable, ſtruck with indignation and aſtoniſhment, but at laſt broke ſilence, and ſaid with an ironical air, The Ladies, Sir, are much to be pitied, having ſo eloquent and ſo dangerous an enemy in you. I their enemy! replied he with eagerneſs; how ill you judge of me! I naturally eſteem and love them. You love them, Sir! I ſhould not have ſuſpected it. Yes, I do love them, and much more than thoſe who flatter and praiſe them.

In truth, Sir, replied I, they cannot accuſe you of flattery or of indifference towards them. I only hate in them, replied he, that which does not belong to them. I would run the riſk of pleaſing them, to be able to inform them of their real intereſt.

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They are formed by Nature to ſeduce, to intereſt, and to charm us; and they owe to her thoſe innocent and affecting graces which are embelliſhed with a delicacy of wit and ſentiment far ſuperior to ours. If they would give themſelves time to reflect, and not prefer to ſuch eſtimable and natural qualities theſe vain and ridiculous pretenſions, their ſociety would be preferred to any other; they would be able to give their opinions on works of taſte; and their approbation would reward the Author for his labours.

May I venture, Sir, to aſk you one queſtion? You ſay you are a zealous friend to the women, and yet you inveigh bitterly againſt them. It appears to me, in the firſt part of your diſcourſe you ſpoke againſt Plays: but perhaps you may not like them the leſs for what you ſaid. That is quite another matter, ſaid he; for I am out of all patience with theatrical performances; and have been ſo for theſe laſt two or three years. Before that time, I uſed to go to the Theatre on thoſe nights when they acted good pieces; but now the Drama purſues one every-where. I meet with it abroad in the world, in all private aſſemblies, and even in my own family; for every body thinks himſelf able to form a dialogue out of any novel, or even out of a common anecdote: nor ſuppoſes it at all requiſite, that he ſhould poſſeſs any ſuperior talents, or knowledge of the human heart, or even of the Theatre itſelf; in ſhort, every body is employed in this way; and I have two ſiſters, who at this time compoſe Comedies with the ſame eaſe, with which two years ago they made purſes. I thought, ſaid I, that *plays* were rather out of faſhion ..... Not at all! but, as they have been much ridiculed, the title is baniſhed:

but as that ſpecies of writing is convenient, they will always ſubſiſt, and are compoſed more than ever; only they call them by the old name, Comedy, which indeed promiſes ſomething much better.

What, Sir, was this then a Play, which was read to us to-day? Why, now do you think, replied he, that a man of the world, who has the duties of his ſtation to attend to, who has neither renounced gallantry, ambition, play, nor amuſements, can find time to compoſe a Play that is tolerable? Why had not people in *Moliere*'s time this paſſion for writing? Becauſe this dramatic taſte was not then in exiſtence, and becauſe it was thought neceſſary to have genius, united with deep ſtudy, in order to produce a good Comedy; and neither the one, or the other, are now made uſe of to produce an unformed collection of little romantic facts, full of repetitions, without plot, without character, and wholly void of probability. In ſhort, if *Moliere* had been either a ſoldier, a magiſtrate, or a courtier, he would not have preſented the world with his Theatrical Works; or, if he had taken up that employment, notwithſtanding all his genius, he would not have produced his Tartuffe, or his Miſanthrope. What cauſes this univerſal pretenſion to wit, which we have all acquired? One half of the world write, and read their Works to the other half, who, pleaſed by this confidence, blindly beſtow their approbation. We are to conclude all theſe Works are perfect; for I have never ſeen one of them, which fell under the hands of criticiſm; the hearers are always ſatisfied; and the ſucceſs of theſe readings is certain. Men in theſe times judge only of living Authors, and ſcarcely approve of any other, but thoſe whom they can imitate, which inſenſibly vitiates their taſte. This

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is ſo true, that the greateſt part of thoſe valuable Works which were written in the age of *Louis le Grand*, are no longer eſteemed; and if Telemachus, or the Poems of Madame *Deſhoulieres* were new productions, they would be found very inſipid. We can no longer perceive the beauties of a deep, though ſimple plot, of a ſtyle pure and natural; and verſes, full of harmony, ſoftneſs, and ſenſibility; but, devoid of points and metaphyſics, appear inſipid, and tireſome.

Out of all patience, my dear Baron, with theſe fooliſh declamations, I again interrupted my ſevere critic, and ſaid to him, with ſome earneſtneſs, What ſignifies the Sheep, or the Paſtorals of Madame *des Houlieres?* Let us come back to the preſent times: tell me, if you pleaſe, what you think of the Viſcount's Play? I can only, ſaid he, ſpeak about the firſt act, as the other four drew me into the ſweeteſt ſleep I ever had in my life. Sir, ſaid I, in an ironical tone, this is a new, and remarkable method of criticiſing indeed —Alas! it is no criticiſm; it is the real truth, I aſſure you. I ſhall depend much on your opinion, replied I; when I ſaw ſixty people in raptures, and bathed in tears, and you the only perſon diſſatisfied with the performance: you muſt permit me to conclude your judgment none of the beſt: beſides, I flatter myſelf that the Viſcount will ſoon have his book printed, and then perhaps the opinion of the Public . . . . . Have it printed? interrupted he; Do you think a man of his rank would have his Work printed? Oh fie! this would indeed be ſetting himſelf up to ridicule. . . . But, Sir, when a perſon reads his performance to an audience of ſixty perſons, he muſt be above theſe prejudices . . . I have the honour

to inform you, Sir, that, ſhould he be fooliſh enough to read them to a hundred of his friends, he would not be prevailed on to print them.—But why, Sir? ſaid I.—Ah, why! ſaid he ſmiling: it is becauſe we always have a ſecret inſtinct in our hearts, which, in ſpite of falſe opinions and unjuſt flattery, tells us when we have done wrong; and this ſentiment the Viſcount feels too ſtrongly to ſuffer his Works to be printed.

As he finiſhed theſe words, I found myſelf out of all patience; and quitting him very abruptly, I went to rejoin Madame *de Surville*, whom I found alone, and at her toilet. She thought I was gone home, and was ſurpriſed to ſee me: I told her all that had happened to me; and you will naturally ſuppoſe, I did not ſpare the unmerciful critic, who had provoked me ſo long. He is a Miſanthrope, ſaid Madame *de Surville*, and tires one to death; he is dull, tedious, obſtinate, full of whims, and beſides has not common ſenſe: but, added ſhe, riſing, I muſt go out; when ſhall I ſee you again?—To-morrow morning, if you will give me leave.—Ah, to-morrow! that is not poſſible, I am going to the academy, to hear my brother's ſpeech on his reception there.—How, the Marquis *de Solanges* received into the French academy!—Yes; and I aſſure you he has not ſolicited this honour: you know his diſpoſition; no one will accuſe him of having unreaſonable pretenſions; he is ſimplicity itſelf. I think you will be very well pleaſed with his ſpeech.—Well then, Madame, to-morrow afternoon, replied I, leading her out ..... No, ſaid ſhe; I ſhall then have my Engliſh maſter; Wedneſday, the Author of a new Play, has deſired me to be preſent at the rehearſal; Thurſday, I go to Greuſe's,

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to ſee his Danaë; Friday, I attend ſome experiments on fixed air; but on Saturday I ſhall be at liberty.—After having given me this invitation, ſhe got into her carriage; and I returned home, amazed and confounded at every thing I had this day met with, in order that I might reflect on it at my leiſure.

At ſeven o'clock I went to the French Comedy; I was in Madame *de Semur*'s box, whom I found juſt going out, as the fifth act of Rodugune was beginning; ſhe told me ſhe was going to ſee acted *Les Battus payent l'Amende*, as were alſo three or four perſons who were with her. I aſked if it was a Play; at this queſtion they all cried out, What, do you not know *Les Battus payent l'Amende!* Come with us, you will be charmed with it. At theſe words, they took me with them, and conducted me to a horrid kind of Theatre; but, where the beſt company in Paris were aſſembled. They played a little Farce, which was agreeable enough, and was called *Le Caffé des Halles*; I confeſs I could not enjoy all its pleaſantries, becauſe the language was entirely new to me. Yet I found that the actreſs, who perſonated the principal low character, performed it in a very ſuperior manner: but the *Battus payent l'Amende*, quite confounded me. The contents of a certain utenſil thrown on the head of *Jeannot*, the hero of the Piece, produced the moſt ſtriking effects I ever ſaw; and the moment when *Jeannot* ſmells his ſleeve, and ſays, *'tis ſo*, is not poſſible for me to deſcribe, as it excited tranſports and applauſe for near a quarter of an hour. This Piece has already been acted a hundred and fifty times, and is now as much crouded as on the firſt day. Let them after this, ſay the French are changeable. I have many

other things, my dear Baron, to tell you; but I reſerve them till I have the pleaſure of paying you a viſit; and believe me, they are not leſs intereſting or curious, than thoſe I have already related; but I think it not prudent to truſt them by the poſt.

LETTER XXXIV.

Baroneſs d'Almane to the Viſcounteſs.

CECILIA arrived here yeſterday; I found her exactly what you deſcribed, amiable and intereſting beyond all expreſſion; and it is very true that her nephew *Charles* is extremely like her; the whole family are come hither to ſtay a week with us. I was very deſirous of being preſent at the firſt interview between her and her father; and I never ſaw any thing which affected me more. Monſ. *d'Aimeri* wiſhed for, yet dreaded the moment. He roſe yeſterday before day-light; and when he came to our houſe, I could eaſily perceive by his countenance what a dreadful night he had paſſed. After dinner, we got into our carriage, Madame *de Valmont*, Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, and I, in order to meet *Cecilia*. Monſ. *d'Aimeri* was pale and trembling, he appeared to labour under the moſt cruel conſtraints; he avoided our looks, and ſeemed to wiſh to conceal the dreadful emotions which tore him to pieces. I ſaw he dreaded the impreſſion which he feared the affecting ſight of his poor victim would make upon us; and that he feared the preſence of *Cecilia* would deſtroy all the compaſſion we had felt for him. As long as a perſon can flatter himſelf with

with our being deeply intereſted in his ſufferings, he ſpeaks of them very freely; but, having loſt this hope, he endeavours to diſſemble; perſuading himſelf that, in hiding his remorſe, he can conceal ſome part of his fault. We had ſcarce gone two leagues, when Madame *de Valmont*, on ſeeing a carriage, cried out, "Here comes my ſiſter" Monſ. *d'Aimeri* alternately turned pale and red; and, ſeeing that Madame *de Valmont* wept, he ſaid to her, with a very angry and tremulous voice, *What, Madam, are you going to act a ſcene in a Tragedy?* Surprized at the manner in which he ſpoke, and more ſo with the wild, fierce, and gloomy air of his countenance, Madame *de Valmont* wiped away her tears, without being able to account for his ſudden ill humour. By this time the other coach had ſtopped; I immediately drew the check-ſtring of mine; Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, who was ſcarce able to ſtand, got out; and at that inſtant I heard a moſt affecting ſcream, which undoubtedly muſt have pierced the heart of Monſ. *d'Aimeri*. *Cecilia*, the lovely *Cecilia*, had thrown herſelf into her father's arms, and fell fainting on his neck. At this ſight Monſ. *d'Aimeri* ſaw nothing but *Cecilia*; he even forgot his grief; Nature reſumed all her powers over his mind, a flood of tears fell to relieve him. He called his daughter by the moſt tender names; he preſſed her to his boſom; his knees trembled, and bent under him; he almoſt loſt the uſe of his ſenſes. Madame *de Valmont* and I would have aſſiſted him in ſupporting *Cecilia*; he puſhed us away; he ſnatched a ſmelling-bottle out of Madame *de Valmont*'s hand which ſhe held to her ſiſter for her to ſmell to; he would take the whole care of her himſelf; he watched for the moment when

ſhe would open her eyes; he ſent every one from her who came near her: in ſhort, he ſeemed afraid any one ſhould rob him of her firſt look . . . I cannot undertake to paint to you the affecting ſcene which followed on *Cecilia*'s recovering her ſenſes; and you will much better imagine than I can deſcribe her joy and tranſport, in finding herſelf in the arms of her father and ſiſter; the painful and melting ſorrow which oppreſſed her father, the tenderneſs of Madame *de Valmont*, the ſhare I took in every thing that concerned them all three, and the curioſity with which I obſerved their emotions. Above all, I admired the delicacy of our amiable *Cecilia*; ſhe ſaw the remorſe which rent her father's heart; and ſhe took the utmoſt pains to leſſen it, by affecting to appear chearful, by ſpeaking of her taſte for ſolitude, which ſhe ſays is much increaſed by the little ſhe has been able to judge of the world: in ſhort, by praiſing her Convent, and the friends ſhe has there. Monſ. *d'Aimeri* eagerly liſtens to her converſation; it is eaſy to perceive he tries to perſuade himſelf ſhe is ſincere in what ſhe ſays; and he then ſeems to be a thouſand times more affectionate, as if he wiſhed to ſhew his gratitude to her, for endeavouring to juſtify his conduct in our eyes, as well as in his own.

For my part, I am convinced *Cecilia* has made up her mind, and that ſhe is entirely reſigned to her fate; yet ſhe is only ſeven-and-twenty years old: ſo beautiful, and ſtill ſo young, with a heart ſo tender, and an imagination ſo lively, how can one hope ſhe will be entirely free from every kind of regret?—I walked with her a little while alone this morning; we talked of indifferent things, among others of the beauty of the preſent month:

ſhe ſighed, and ſaid, to-day is the ſixteenth of May; it is juſt ten years ſince I took the vows. Theſe words were accompanied with a look which penetrated my heart, eſpecially the words *ſixteenth of May*, on which ſhe laid ſuch an emphaſis. There was ſomething in her manner which was truly affecting! However, ſhe ſoon changed the converſation, and ſeemed to reſume her accuſtomed tranquility. Madame *de Valmont* and I agreed it would be right, if poſſible, to procure her ſome kind of amuſement for the reſt of the day, in order to baniſh from her mind the dreadful remembrance of the *ſixteenth of May*. In conſequence of this, we are all to go, after dinner, to the houſe of *Nicole*, the young farmer's wife, of whom I have ſpoke to you ſo frequently. This is one of our favourite airings; the houſe is really delightful, both from its ſituation, and the particular neatneſs with which it is kept; and the garden is well worth ſeeing at this ſeaſon. You who love natural rivulets, flowers, and graſs walks, would find it a thouſand times more agreeable than all thoſe gardens formed after the Engliſh faſhion, which are found within the walls of Paris.

My children are both very proud of the compliments you pay to their drawings; and you may be very ſure neither of the heads they ſent you were ever retouched by their maſter. We have eſtabliſhed a little kind of drawing academy here, which greatly excites emulation in *Adelaide* and *Theodore*: one of our neighbours, who lives only half a league from hence, ſends his three children here every day, and *Dainville* teaches them to draw. A granddaughter of one of our ſervants learns alſo; and *Charles* attends our little academy at leaſt three times a week. They all meet together in a room appro-

priated for the purpoſe, and with *Adelaide* and *Theodore* all receive inſtruction in this art from *Dainville*, who takes great pains to improve them. We call it our academy, and I am the Preſident of it; and have inſtituted rules which are to inforce application, attention, and ſilence. This aſſembly is open to every body who has any inclination to ſee them at their work; but it is expreſly forbid that any one of the pupils ſhould either look at, or ſpeak a ſingle word to thoſe who enter into it.

Adelaide does not accompany us to-day in our viſit to Nicole; ſhe is doing penance, and I will tell you the cauſe. *Dainville* has taken it into his head, that Miſs *Bridget* is like the Emperor *Veſpaſian*, one of the medallions in the ſaloon, where the Roman Hiſtory is repreſented. In fact there is a ſtriking reſemblance; but Miſs *Bridget* did not approve this compariſon, and is very angry with *Dainville*, who, to revenge himſelf, has made a copy of the Emperor, and placed upon his head a large cap, which has made the picture ſo exceedingly like Miſs *Bridget*, that it was known by every body in the houſe. *Adelaide* aſked for this drawing, and fixed it againſt her hanging. Miſs *Bridget*, coming into *Adelaide's* room this morning, ſaw this unfortunate profile, which ſhe immediately tore in a thouſand pieces; and, taking *Adelaide* by the hand, brought her to me. She was in ſo great a paſſion, and ſtammered in ſo ſtrange a manner, that ſhe could, neither in French nor Engliſh, make me comprehend the cauſe of her anger. I begged her to leave me alone with my daughter, and then *Adelaide* explained the whole affair. When ſhe had finiſhed, I ſaid to her, "Is it out of regard to Miſs "*Bridget* that you have placed this drawing in your

"own

"own chamber?" At this queſtion *Adelaide* bluſhed, caſt down her eyes, and ſaid very ſoftly, "No, "mamma."—Then you did it out of ill-nature?—But why ſhould Miſs *Bridget* be ſo angry that ſhe reſembles *Veſpaſian*, who was ſo good an Emperor? You have told me, mamma, that we ought never to mind what people ſay about our perſons.—But, if Miſs *Bridget* ſhould have this weakneſs, ought you to let her ſee you ridicule her? I think M. *Dainville* much to blame for having continued a joke that was ſo diſagreeable to Miſs *Bridget*; for Madame *de Lambert*, in her Advice from a Mother to a Son, has ſaid very juſtly, "That the perſon we "attack has the ſole right of judging whether we "are in jeſt; as ſoon as one feels one's ſelf wound-"ed, it is no longer raillery, it is offence." No joke can be innocent that is offenſive. Therefore M. *Dainville* is much to blame; but can his fault be compared to your's? You, who owe friendſhip, reſpect, and gratitude to Miſs *Bridget*, *you* make her uneaſy, *you* laugh at that which gives her pain, and *you* wiſh to make her appear ridiculous. If you were a few years older, this fault, which is a very ſerious one, would prove at the ſame time that you had a bad heart, and that you wanted underſtanding. At theſe words *Adelaide* burſt into tears.—Ah, mamma, how ſhall I repair my fault!... In ſhewing Miſs *Bridget* a ſincere repentance: however, do not flatter yourſelf with gaining her pardon in one day; ſhe had a very ſincere affection for you; but you have juſt given her ſo bad a proof of your diſpoſition, that ſhe is well authorized to doubt whether you have any regard for her, and... Oh! ſhe knows very well that I love her... She cannot read it in your heart; ſhe can only judge from

from your actions; and you have treated her with ſo much ingratitude! . . . But I am only a child . . . So far ſhe will judge you as ſuch, and not without forgiveneſs; but ſhe will entertain doubts and ſuſpicions, which you may eaſily put an end to in time. And, if you were not a child, you would this day have loſt for ever the affection both of your mamma and Miſs *Bridget* too.—Oh, my dear mamma, you then have doubts of me? . . . I confeſs to you your behaviour has both ſurprized and afflicted me, I had an opinion ſo different of you! —I ſhould not have ſuppoſed Miſs *Bridget* would have been offended at *Dainville*'s pleaſantry, becauſe that which neither affects our character nor diſpotion ought never to make us angry; but as ſoon as I had ſeen it had had ſuch an effect on her, I ſhould have endeavoured to conceal it from every body; I ſhould have ſhared her uneaſineſs, though it was not well grounded; becauſe every body who thinks themſelves ill treated have a right to the compaſſion of good people; for inſtance, there are perſons who have been allowed, by the negligence of their parents, to take the moſt abſurd and uncommon prejudices; and I know a Lady who fainted away at the ſight of a cat! . . . A cat! . . . Yes, it was really true: and ſhe was much to be pitied, for two reaſons; firſt for the pain ſhe ſuffered, and next for having been ſo badly brought up. I have often thought, if I had had no better education than ſhe had, I ſhould have been guilty either of that, or of ſome ſimilar folly; and I was not weak enough to ſuppoſe I had more ſenſe than ſhe had; on the contrary, I thanked Heaven, who had given me parents that were attentive, ſenſible, and affectionate; and I pitied this poor Lady from my heart.

I ended

I ended this converſation, which I have greatly ſhortened, by telling *Adelaide* ſhe muſt not go with us to *Nicole*'s houſe, and that for three days ſhe muſt dine and ſup in her own chamber. She received this ſevere puniſhment with great compoſure and perfect ſubmiſſion; for ſhe well knew that the ſmalleſt murmur would prolong her puniſhment, therefore ſhe heard it with as much mildneſs as concern. I have ſettled it with Miſs *Bridget*, that it ſhall be at leaſt ſix weeks before ſhe treats *Adelaide* in the manner ſhe uſed to do; ſhe is to tell her, ſhe has no anger remaining againſt her; but that it is impoſſible to rely on the affection of a perſon who has treated her with ſo little regard. And I, on my part, ſhall tell the poor guilty, but repenting *Adelaide*, "You ſee what this giddineſs has coſt you." For the ſake of a joke, which could only afford you half an hour's diverſion, you have loſt the affection of a perſon who ought to be very dear to you; altered the opinion which I entertained of you; and in ſhort have rendered yourſelf ſuſpected by every body, and have brought on yourſelf a puniſhment, which is to laſt three days.

LETTER XXXV.

From the ſame to the ſame.

I HAVE been a long time, my dear friend, without writing to you; but, ſince my laſt letter, I have been witneſs to a moſt melancholy ſcene, the dreadful conſequences of which, affected me ſo much, that I have not been in a capacity to inform you of

of what you will be very anxious to hear, when I tell you it is relative to the unfortunate *Cecilia*. Alas! how much is ſhe to be pitied at this time! You ſhall judge, whether, at any time of her life, ſhe was more worthy of exciting your compaſſion. I told you in my laſt letter the expreſſion which eſcaped *Cecilia* on the ſubject of her profeſſion, which was made on the *ſixteenth of May* (a day, which has now proved itſelf doubly fatal to her repoſe!) and that we purpoſed, in order to divert her thoughts from this melancholy reflection, to carry her to the houſe of *Nicole*. We ſet out about five o'clock in the afternoon, Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, Monſ. and Madame *de Valmont*, *Cecilia*, M. *d'Almane*, *Charles*, *Theodore*, and myſelf, all in one carriage. I perceived *Cecilia* took very little ſhare in the converſation, but ſhe appeared to take great pleaſure in admiring the beauties of the country, and the different proſpects which offered themſelves to her view; a ſigh now and then eſcaped her, and ſeemed to ſay, how happy are thoſe who are not deprived of the liberty of contemplating ſo beautiful a ſight at all times.—When we came within a ſhort diſtance of *Nicole*'s houſe, Madame *de Valmont* propoſed our walking the reſt of the way, in order, ſhe ſaid, to ſurpriſe theſe good people in the midſt of their domeſtic employments. We got out of our carriage, and, having croſſed a large meadow, and paſſed through a double row of willows, we arrived at the houſe. This little habitation is thatched with ſtraw, and is ſituated in the midſt of a tolerably ſized garden, ſurrounded by a hedge of hawthorn in full bloom; the fruits were beautiful, the proſpect delightful, the air was perfumed with ſweets; little ſtreams of tranſparent and running water croſſed

croſſed in ſerpentine forms the walks of turf, which were full of violets and wild thyme: every thing conſpired to make this little country dwelling the moſt delightful habitation in the univerſe. When we got to the houſe, *Theodore* went forward and opened the door, and we all went in. We found the wife ſeated between her mother and her huſband, with her youngeſt child in her arms, her eldeſt girl was on her knees before her, careſſing her little brother, who was ſtanding with his face careleſsly leaning on his father's ſhoulder. We could have wiſhed for a few minutes to have continued viewing this delightful picture of conjugal love and happineſs: but as ſoon as the family perceived us, they roſe up; and the young woman ſent her huſband to gather us ſome flowers: the good old woman went to get ſome milk and cream, and to ſpread the table. Whilſt this was doing, we admired the order and neatneſs of the houſe, took notice of the children, and the farmer's wife talked to us of her happineſs and her affection for her family. Her huſband ſoon returned with a baſket filled with noſegays; they preſented us with fruits, flowers, and the produce of their dairy: and while theſe good people were anxiouſly and buſily employed about us, Monſ. *d'Aimeri* perceived that *Cecilia* was no longer ſeated near him: he found her retired to a diſtant corner of the room; he approached her; the unfortunate girl turned her head. He looked at her; ſhe was pale and trembling, and her face was bathed in tears; ſhe would have ſpoke, but her ſobs ſtifled her voice. Madame *de Valmont* ran to her; and *Cecilia*, in the utmoſt confuſion and deſpair, ſaid, as well as ſhe could, but in a voice ſcarcely intelligible: Oh, my ſiſter, take me from

from hence, or I ſhall die—Madame *de Valmont*, as much aſtoniſhed as afflicted, was wholly at a loſs to penetrate the cauſe of *Cecilia*'s preſent unhappy ſituation; her father had but too eaſily gueſſed the truth; and not being able to ſupport the dreadful ſight, he on a ſudden took *Charles* by the hand, and drawing him along with him, he went out of the houſe in great haſte. Meſſieurs *d'Almane* and *Valmont* followed him with the intention of overtaking him, and of returning back to the caſtle on foot. At length we took *Cecilia* from this houſe, which had proved ſo fatal to her, and got into our carriage; ſhe did not ſpeak a word the whole way, but reſted her head on her boſom, and her eyes were half cloſed. Penetrated with grief at her ſituation, I attempted to take her hand and kiſs it; but ſhe drew it back, with a gloomy penſive air, and remained motionleſs, without regarding me. One of the moſt fatal effects of deſpair is that of hardening the heart, and making it inſenſible of the compaſſion it inſpires: however, *Cecilia*'s is naturally ſo tender, that ſhe ſoon repented the indifference ſhe had juſt ſhewn me, and when we arrived at the caſtle, ſhe preſſed my hand, and embraced me with the greateſt tenderneſs. As ſoon as I left the two ſiſters alone, and at liberty to converſe with each other, *Cecilia*, gueſſing the curioſity of Madame *de Valmont*, threw herſelf into her arms; ſaying, "Learn, my "dear ſiſter, all that has paſſed in my heart, and "that it is pierced with a dart which death only "can remove!—I ſaw in that cottage the picture "of happineſs, which I could not keep myſelf "from envying; in that moment a vile ſentiment "of bitter jealouſy poiſoned my mind! I ſaw you "ſmiling at the felicity you were witneſs to: but "this

"this ſight, ſo pleaſing in your eyes, ſerved only "to make me more ſenſible of the horror of my "deſtiny, and to convince me ſtill more of the "extent of the cruel ſacrifice I have been forced to "make. Alas! this woman is in the midſt of her "children, in the arms of a tender mother and "beloved huſband! . . . And I, unhappy as I am, "was deprived of my mother almoſt at my birth, "baniſhed by my father, torn from all I loved, "condemned to oblivion, to ſlavery, and forced to "renounce the ſweeteſt ſentiments of Nature! . . . "Oh! my ſiſter, whither did you carry me? "Ought you to have ſhewn me this delightful "image of happineſs, which I am ſo wretched, that "I can never enjoy, or even hope for! . . . Ah! "why was I not born in an inferior rank, like this "happy woman?—I could alſo have loved . . . "This unfortunate heart would have been as inno- "cent, as it is affectionate; and then, remorſe, "frightful remorſe, would have been unknown to "me, and all thoſe ſentiments, which now deſtroy "me, would have contributed to my felicity!"

Madame *de Valmont* could only reply with her tears to theſe affecting and juſt complaints: but when ſhe ſaw *Cecilia* appear a little more calm, ſhe ſeized that moment to ſay every thing to her, which her underſtanding and her affection dictated. She heard her with mildneſs and attention, and expreſſed the moſt anxious fear of afflicting her father; ſhe promiſed to baniſh theſe dreadful reflections, if poſſible, from her mind, and endeavour to ſubmit to her deſtiny, with the reſolution and fortitude ſhe had hitherto ſhewn. When Monſ. *d'Aimeri* arrived, ſhe went to meet him, ſhe had even reſolution enough to talk to him, almoſt jokingly of the ſcene they

they had been witneſs to, and attributed it only to her being ſuddenly taken ill: Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, who was brought back by Monſ. *d'Almane* almoſt in deſpair, began to recover himſelf, and to believe that the impreſſion ſhe had received would ſoon go off again.

At night ſhe ſat down to ſupper, eat as uſual, and talked a great deal: ſhe put ſuch a conſtraint on herſelf, that every one, except myſelf, was deceived by her. I had much rather have ſeen her melancholy and ſilent, than ſo lively and animated; I was convinced ſhe did great violence to her feelings; and the redneſs which coloured her cheeks, the vivacity which appeared in her eyes, and a certain eagerneſs that I perceived in all her motions, made me certain ſhe was then in a fever. We went to bed ſoon after ſupper, and I had not been there above an hour, when I heard ſomebody knock gently at my door; I roſe inſtantly, and found it was Madame *de Valmont*, who, drowned in tears, told me her ſiſter had a violent fever, and was in a frightful delirium. I immediately ſent to Carcaſſonne for a phyſician; who did not arrive till five in the morning, at which time we called Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, not chuſing before to diſturb his reſt, and dreading the effect which the ſight of her in ſuch a ſituation would have on him: for, beſides her dangerous illneſs, the unhappy *Cecilia*, in her delirium, was continually repeating the name of the Chevalier *de Murville*, and with tears intreating him to come *once more to ſee her before ſhe died!* At other times, when ſhe ſeemed leſs diſtracted, ſhe aſked her ſiſter what was become of him: and obtaining only tears for anſwers, ſhe cried out in the greateſt terror, *He is dead, he has been killed, and, no doubt, my father has done*

done it! At theſe words, the moſt dreadful convulſions agitated and diſfigured her countenance, and ſeemed as if they would put an end to her miſerable life: in ſhort, while ſhe was under theſe ſhocking deliriums, ſhe diſcovered all the ſentiments and ideas which ſhe had concealed in her boſom for theſe ten years paſt. You may judge of the ſtate of her father on hearing them; it affected him ſo deeply, that he appeared quite inſenſible. Grief, when carried to the higheſt exceſs, ſeldom diſcovers itſelf by any outward appearances. It is ſilent, it overwhelms, it oppreſſes, and not hoping for conſolation, it avoids making complaint. At preſent the phyſician declares that *Cecilia* is in very great danger; and that it will be neceſſary, the moment ſhe recovers her ſenſes, for her to receive the Sacraments. On hearing this, Monſ. *d'Aimeri* turned pale, and cried out, *Recover her ſenſes!—And, if ſhe ſhould die without recovering them!* .... It is impoſſible to give you any idea of the horror and affliction which was painted on his countenance, when he repeated theſe words. The unhappy man, penetrated with the ſublime truths of religion, ſaw himſelf at this moment the author of his child's death, and perhaps the cauſe of her eternal condemnation! Terrified, and almoſt out of his ſenſes, he ſent for a Prieſt, and made him ſtay in an adjoining room. In the evening, *Cecilia* all at once became more calm, and by degrees perfectly recovered her ſenſes. Monſ. *d'Aimeri* approached, and embraced her; ſhe looked around with aſtoniſhment, and ſaid, I have been very ill—Am I out of danger?—We do not fear for your life, we only fear for your peace of mind, ſaid her father, and we have ſent for a Prieſt.—A Prieſt! Ah, am I in a ſituation! ....

No, I will not ſee him.—How, my child, reflect on your danger!—Ah, my father, if you knew my heart!—No! I have loſt all hopes of pardon. At theſe words, Monſ. *d'Aimeri* trembled; and looking at his daughter with a countenance, in which terror, aſtoniſhment, and tender affection were united: oh! my daughter, cried he, you pierce my very ſoul!—Alas, what have you to fear?—Be compoſed, God always pardons involuntary errors. —No; you have nothing to reproach yourſelf with. —You, alas! are an innocent victim, and I am the guilty!—Yes, continued he, throwing himſelf on his knees, thy unhappy father ought alone to experience ſuch terrors; it is he that will be puniſhed for every ſigh which eſcapes thee, and for the deſpair which fills thy broken heart; in ſhort, every error of thine will fall upon my guilty head. As he finiſhed theſe words, *Cecilia*, almoſt choaked with her tears, threw both her arms around her father's neck, and laid her face cloſe to his; oh, have done, ſaid ſhe, with this fatal diſcourſe; lament no more on my account. My father, my dear father, you love me; you have made amends for every thing; pardon a moment's diſtraction .... This heart, returned again to itſelf, ſhall be devoted only to God and to you.—The Prieſt ... where is he? Let him come ... Aſſure yourſelf, my father, he will find me full of confidence and reſignation.—It is upon this dear hand, my father's hand, that I now ſwear it.—Compoſe yourſelf ... If you will ſnatch me from death ... I will be content to live ... I will live for your ſake.—When *Cecilia* had ended theſe words, ſhe addreſſed herſelf to Madame *de Valmont*, to ſend her Confeſſor to her, and we all left the room. She received the Sacraments the

the ſame day; and the night after ſhe ſlept tolerably, and in four-and-twenty hours was out of danger; ſo that by the end of the week ſhe was able to return home to Madame *de Valmont*. She has now been gone a fortnight, in which time I have ſeen her frequently; ſhe is very much altered, and extremely thin: but ſhe ſays ſhe is very well. You can perceive no alteration in her diſpoſition; ſhe is perfectly chearful in company: but I know her reſolution, and the command ſhe has over herſelf ſo well, that I greatly fear ſhe is in a much more dangerous ſtate than people imagine. This cruel event, as you may well imagine, has for a long time diſturbed our pleaſures and interrupted our repreſentations; Monſ. *de Valmont* alone has recovered his chearfulneſs, ſince *Cecilia* has been growing better; not that he has an unfeeling heart, but becauſe he does not yet know the real cauſe of his ſiſter's illneſs, or the affliction of Monſ. *d'Aimeri*. He never ſuppoſed any other reaſon for *Cecilia*'s being ill at the cottage, than that ſhe had a violent pain in her ſtomach; and it will never enter into his head, that the preſence of *Nicole* could cauſe tears or give a fever. With this ſuperficial manner of viewing things, you may eaſily imagine, that there are many circumſtances in which he appears equally imprudent and troubleſome: ſo that, for this laſt fortnight, Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, Monſ. *d'Almane* and I, have been provoked with him a hundred times, without his ever being able to gueſs the cauſe. As to Madame *de Valmont*, ſhe never appears to take any notice of his folly; and I admire her conduct extremely in this reſpect. She takes the only method which a polite and ſenſible woman ought to follow, which is that of not appearing to be diſtreſſed,

treſſed, at what ſuch a huſband does that is wrong; in this caſe, diſſimulation is juſtifiable, and to appear blind is alſo a proof of merit, which demands reſpect: ſo that, though we often were very angry with Monſ. *de Valmont*, we never expreſſed it before his wife. Every body reſpects the good opinion ſhe appears to have of him, therefore ſhe never has the pain of ſeeing him ridiculed or ill treated; for doubtleſs, if ſhe appeared to ſuffer by his abſurdities, every body would take the liberty of laughing at him, and even before her face; and ſhe would every day be told how ridiculouſly he behaved. Thus it is, that women take away all their huſband's conſequence, and at the ſame time loſe great part of their own. Adieu, my dear friend! let me know if your daughter's marriage with Monſ. *de Valcy* is ſtill in agitation; from your laſt letter I flatter myſelf the treaty is at an end; for, if Monſ. *de Limours* promiſed to take time and reflect on it, I doubt not but you will eaſily prevail on him to renounce it.

LETTER XXII.

The Count de Roſeville to the Baron d'Almane.

I THANK you, my dear Baron, for the obliging reproaches you made me on my long ſilence; I have not been ill, nor have I had any particular buſineſs: but I wiſhed to write you a very long letter, and I have not had two hours at my own diſpoſal for theſe three months paſt. I neither rely on a Sub-governor nor

nor Preceptor, therefore never quit my pupil. It is true, I get up two hours before him, and I go to bed an hour after him; but in the morning I prepare his leſſons for the day, and in the evening I write a very exact journal of every thing he has done amiſs throughout the day, and enumerate every opportunity loſt or neglected, when he might have done a good action or have ſaid an obliging thing. As the greateſt part of his faults are committed before company, I very ſeldom take notice of them at the time, which makes him often flatter himſelf, not having been reproved throughout the day, that the journaliſt will have nothing to ſay. I leave him in this uncertainty when he goes to bed; ſo that he wiſhes for the morrow, that he may be ſatisfied. As ſoon as he gets up, and is dreſſed, which he is very little time about, as his curioſity makes him eager to hear, he comes into the room and aſks me for my journal; I give it him, and he reads it aloud, which I inſiſt on his doing from beginning to end, and without making any comments as he goes along; for it is a very right thing to accuſtom him to read an account of his own faults; I then read it a ſecond time, and we communicate to each other the reflections we have made upon it. Thus I not only familiarize him to hear the truth, but to deſire it, to like it, and to liſten to it quietly, without its having been at all diſguiſed. That you may judge of the manner in which it is preſented to him, I will tranſcribe the journal of the day before yeſterday. This is it:

"My Prince at dinner appeared abſent, and em-
"barraſſed with the perſons who made their court
"to him; he contented himſelf with aſking them
"two or three queſtions, without waiting for their

" anſwers. The Prince imagines, that the mo-
" ment he ſmiles every body muſt be delighted with
" him: but an affected ſmile, which is nothing
" more than grimace, to which he has uſed himſelf,
" would become very pleaſing and agreeable, if he
" had really the deſire of being ſo, and wiſhed to
" make himſelf beloved, without which it appears
" childiſh and ridiculous. The Prince had forbid-
" den *Roland*, the ſon of one of his valets, to touch
" any of the books which are in our Study, and
" this morning, walking on the terrace, we ſaw
" young *Roland* reading very attentively a large
" book bound in red Morocco; the Prince ſaid to
" me, I will lay a wager that *Roland* has got the
" book of your writing which you gave me yeſter-
" day; I am ſure I know it again. Do not judge
" too raſhly, I replied; let us be certain of it be-
" fore we accuſe him; remember, that in loſing
" your favour this man will loſe his fortune, and
" conſequently you would be equally cruel and un-
" juſt, were you to judge him merely by appear-
" ances. The Prince on going home looked for
" this book, and could not find it; he ſent for
" *Roland*, and queſtioned him about it. *Roland*
" bluſhed, turned pale, and was confuſed: how-
" ever, he proteſted he had not touched the Prince's
" book, and that which he had been reading was
" ſent him by a relation, to whom he had juſt re-
" turned it, as he was then going back to his own
" province. This account appeared to the Prince
" to be nothing more than a made-up ſtory; *Ro-*
" *land* was treated as a deceiver, and was baniſhed
" the apartments: I ſuffered this ſentence to paſs
" in order to convince the Prince of the conſe-
" quences of his petulance and raſhneſs: but now

" I in-

"I inform him, that the poor diſgraced, baniſhed, "deſpairing *Roland*, is entirely innocent; every "thing he ſaid is exactly true; it was I, who this "morning took the book, in order to add ſome "notes to it: ſo that the Prince has cruelly and "falſely accuſed the unfortunate *Roland*. It is "true, that appearances were againſt him, but "when the happineſs of a man is in queſtion, "ought one to judge by appearances? Before he "had determined on any thing, he ſhould have en-"quired the name of his relation; he ſhould have "ſent into the country, and have written to him. "In ſhort, reaſon, equity, and humanity, ought to "have put the Prince on making the moſt parti-"cular enquiries into the truth of this affair *."

I promiſed you in my laſt letter to give you my opinion, what are the firſt principles which ought to be inſtilled into the mind of a Prince, and what are the chief qualities he ought to be poſſeſſed of. I think one cannot too ſoon inſpire him with ſentiments of true religion, of the moſt tender huma-

* One ought to conſider, ſays the Author of *the Education of a Prince*, that it is almoſt only in the time of youth that Truth preſents herſelf to Princes with any liberty; ſhe avoids them all the reſt of their lives. All who ſurround them concur to deceive them; becauſe it is their intereſt to pleaſe them, and they know that telling them the truth is not the way to do it: ſo that their life is commonly no more than a dream, in which they ſee nothing but falſe objects, and deceitful viſions. The perſon, therefore, who is charged with the education of a Prince, ſhould often recollect that the child, committed to his care, is very ſoon to plunge into a kind of night, in which Truth will abandon him, and that therefore he muſt make haſte to inform him, and to impreſs upon his mind whatever is moſt neceſſary for him to know, that he may be able to conduct himſelf, in that obſcurity, to which his rank, in ſome ſort, neceſſarily expoſes him.

The *Education of a Prince, by Chantereſne.*

nity towards his people †, an averſion from flattery, and an inclination to truth; and that it is eſſentially neceſſary to make him early accuſtomed to application; and never to judge lightly, or in a hurry, either of good or bad actions.

Yeſterday, when the Prince had turned away *Roland*, he told me he had a great deſire to put another young man named *Juſtin* in his place; and he added, that he was certain of his being perfectly ſteady, exact, and prudent, "And how have you "acquired this certainty? Have you ſtudied the "character of this young man? Have you put him "to any proofs? . . . Oh, no, but . . . But pray "then do not ſay *you are certain*, ſince you cannot "bring any proofs; this is talking like a child.— "You do not then believe the good qualifications "of *Juſtin?*—Who, I? I did not ſay that; I "know nothing of him; I never obſerved him; I "am entirely ignorant whether he is worthy or "unworthy of your confidence; for, as I am not "weak, nor a child, I never form an opinion of "perſons I do not know.—But every body ſpeaks "well of *Juſtin*.—One ought certainly to be pre-"judiced in favour of a perſon who is ſo univerſally "well ſpoken of, and that of itſelf is a ſufficient "foundation for your eſteem; yet it would be ab-"ſurd to depend on that, and to grant him your "entire confidence merely from report. No man "of ſenſe will do this, till he has proved it by his "own particular obſervation. Never ſay then, my

† When a Prince loves his people, ſays the Abbé Duguet, ſcarce any thing need be ſaid to him concerning his other duties Love has no need of precepts. Love is the conſummation of every thing. It may be allowed to do what it will, ſince it can do nothing but good.

"Prince,

"Prince, I believe, or I do not believe ſuch a "thing, becauſe I have been told ſo, or becauſe it "is probable; which is only the language of cre- "dulous, trifling, and ignorant people. Always "learn to judge for yourſelf, and never depend on "the opinion of others."

It is impoſſible that a Prince, thus accuſtomed from his infancy to examine into the truth of every thing, and not to believe common report, ſhould not acquire at the ſame time a juſt way of thinking and acting, together with that kind of judgment which is ſo neceſſary to our gaining a knowledge of the human heart. Thus you ſee how important this principle is; yet it can be of no uſe to a Prince who is indolent, and will not learn to think for himſelf. Idleneſs produces more errors in judgment than even ill-nature, or want of underſtanding. It is therefore an eſſential point to uſe every means to preſerve a young Prince from ſo dangerous and common a fault, by accuſtoming him very ſoon to application, and to examine into every thing himſelf; for it would be a thouſand times better he ſhould be diſtruſtful, and have an active mind, than be credulous and indolent. I alſo uſe my utmoſt endeavours to cure him of that baſhfulneſs and fear which are but too frequently obſerved in perſons of his rank, and which can only be conquered by appearing and ſpeaking frequently in public, and by a deſire of appearing amiable. The Prince receives viſits twice a day; I never direct him what to ſay: but, during the time which his company are with him, I fix my eyes on him, and obſerve him ſtrictly, in order to familiarize him to it. If he ſpeaks ungracefully, or makes uſe of improper expreſſions, I reprove him gently, either

when we are alone, or in his journal: but, if he does not ſpeak at all, I ſhame him before every body, and ridicule him in the moſt ſtriking manner. By this means I engrave a very good principle in his mind, that it is much better to treat your friends with civility, though you do it in an aukward manner, than not to take any notice of them; becauſe the *intention* to oblige is always well received. I have obſerved that Courtiers are afraid to ſhew their affability, for fear of appearing to want eaſe and grace in their manner, and had rather paſs for unpolite, abſent, or proud, than be accuſed of aukwardneſs: nevertheleſs, nothing can be more aukward than this way of acting; for, if one tried for ſix months only to get the better of this baſhfulneſs, one might very eaſily acquire thoſe graces which are ſo highly valued; we ſhould gain the reputation of being as obliging as amiable; and we ſhould obtain the eſteem of every body. "Few Princes," ſays the Abbé *Duguet*, "know what may be done "by a kind word, a look, an air of complacency; "and few are acquainted with the effects of the "ſlighteſt marks of inattention, indifference, or "coldneſs: but a wiſe Prince will know how to "diſtinguiſh *both*, and will never miſtake in the uſe "he means to put them to; he will give to his "people every mark of affection and goodneſs. "But, beſides this general method of treating them, "he has another, which he muſt proportion to their "birth, their employment, their ſervices, and their "merit. He does not beſtow his favours at ran"dom: he is not laviſh of what ſhould be con"ſidered as a reward; nor does he render cheap, "what ſhould be looked upon as a mark of diſtinc"tion."

The

The ſame Author ſays, "It were to be wiſhed "that a Prince ſhould be eloquent. Virtue and "truth, ſays he, would receive new luſtre from it; "it would ſupport a juſt ſentiment; it would per- "ſuade, inſtead of commanding; it would render "every thing amiable which he propoſed; and he "would be liſtened to in his Councils with admi- "ration, &c."

Nothing can be more true than this; but if your ſcholar be abſolutely without underſtanding, do not aim at making him eloquent, for you will only render him pedantic, talkative, and abſurd. As to mine, he ſhews as much ſenſe as it is poſſible for a boy of ten years of age to have, and I already exerciſe him in ſpeaking in his turn without preparation. Every day, after dinner, the perſons employed in his education meet together in his apartment, and every one is obliged to repeat two hiſtories: one of Invention, the other is either taken from Ancient or Modern Hiſtory. Every fault in the language or pronunciation is a forfeit, and draws on a puniſhment which makes this an amuſing play to the Prince, eſpecially as the ſub-governor and myſelf are never ſpared. We never ſpare ourſelves; if I let fall a ſingle note, or a reflection which is not perfectly juſt, the attentive preceptor immediately interrupts me, and with great politeneſs makes me remark my error. Sometimes I do not ſubmit at the firſt word, but defend myſelf with mildneſs, give them my reaſons, and explain myſelf. The Prince liſtens attentively to this diſpute, which is very intereſting to him, as he is at a loſs to know whether I ſhall be puniſhed or not; and at the ſame time he profits by the argument, and ſees at the ſame time a perfect model of the manner in which

one ought to diſpute; for we always keep our temper, and argue with great politeneſs. In ſhort, we ſupport our opinions as long as we can, and when we find they are no longer defenſible, we give them up with great good humour and freedom, which pleaſes every body preſent. The Prince for theſe three months paſt has preferred this diverſion to any other; and he reaps all the advantage from it we can deſire; he has learned to expreſs himſelf much more fluently, and he relates his two hiſtories in a ſurpriſing manner, conſidering his age. With regard to the kind of inſtruction a Prince ſhould receive, I think he ought to have a general knowledge of Hiſtory, and particularly that he ſhould underſtand that of his own country; he ſhould have a clear and diſtinct idea of the Conſtitution of the State which he is to govern, that he may know the extent of his rights, to the end that he may ſupport them, and not uſurp others. I would have him acquainted with every part of Adminiſtration; that, when his education was finiſhed, he ſhould know as much of the Military Art, as Books and Maſters could teach him; and that he ſhould not content himſelf with only ſuperficial notions of Navigation or Sea Engagements: in ſhort, I would have him well acquainted with the riches and reſources, the neceſſities and the ſtrength of his kingdom. This you will tell me is requiring a great deal: however, I am of opinion there is nothing ſuperfluous in all this. But it is true, that, if we join to it all the different ſtudies of muſic, drawing, and ten years of Latin, what I propoſe would be impoſſible. With regard to languages, I have adopted your method; he learns the living ones by cuſtom; and will only be taught Latin from twelve

or thirteen to fifteen or ſixteen years old. He ſhall learn enough of drawing and geometry to enable him to make plans: but he ſhall never learn a note of muſic. I would not have him without learning, becauſe it will be right for him one day or other to protect and countenance men of letters; but books of Morality and Hiſtory will form our principal and moſt ſerious ſtudy.

I am quite of your opinion, that it is important to inſpire Princes with ſentiments of benevolence and compaſſion for the unhappy. All you ſay on the ſubject is as true as it is affecting; but as you obſerve, one cannot teach one's ſcholar to be charitable by leſſons or phraſes, it is in this matter above all, that one ſhould convince them by producing examples. My young Prince has not a bad heart, but he has no great ſenſibility; beſides, the words *poverty* and *miſerable* are ſcarce underſtood by him, becauſe he is too young and too giddy to have any idea of things ſo melancholy, and which he has never been witneſs to. But he has underſtanding, ſelf-love, a lively imagination, and a good temper. It is requiſite therefore that his vanity ſhould be directed to objects worthy his attention, and to make him feel compaſſion, which is a ſentiment he is almoſt a ſtranger to, merely becauſe it has never been awakened in his heart, by preſenting to him affecting pictures of diſtreſs which will excite it. I have been ſome time preparing a ſcene of this kind for him as new as it is affecting; and which I am certain will never be effaced from his memory. You ſhall have the particulars of it in my next letter; for even to you I have reſerved the pleaſure of a ſurpriſe. Adieu, my dear Baron! I have no journal to write this evening, my young

Prince has behaved admirably all this day; and I have received double pleaſure from it, as it has procured me the pleaſure of converſing with you.

LETTER XXXVII.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

IT is true, my dear friend, as you imagined, your letter has ſurprized me; your daughter's marriage with Monſ. *de Valcy* is not concluded; but I ſee clearly it will be. Monſ. *de Valcy* has got a title . . . And ſo you conſent to receive him at your houſe, and you want to be acquainted with him, although you know already he is a gameſter and a coxcomb, which appears to me to be ſufficient knowledge of him: in ſhort, you are almoſt reconciled to Madame *de Gerville*, who you ſay has behaved very well on this occaſion, by making Monſ. *de Limours* treat you with reſpect and attention . . . But cannot you ſee that theſe pretended regards are only ſhewn with the deſire and even certainty of winning you over to their party? This marriage will be diſapproved, becauſe your daughter, with the name ſhe bears, and the fortune ſhe will have, ought not to be dazzled with a title; and, beſides, it is very ſhocking to give your daughter to the ſon of a woman of bad character, and who is himſelf but a very inferior kind of man. I know very well that Monſ. *de Limours* is maſter; but with prudence and reſolution you might have diſſuaded him from his purpoſe; or at leaſt, if he had perſiſted in his deſign, by yielding with repugnance and

and concern, you would have made Madame *de Gerville*'s part appear truly odious; you would have had a right never to admit her to your houſe; and you would have diſcovered her behaviour to the world in general; and no one could have reproached you with having ſacrificed your daughter through vanity or weakneſs.

Though you have told me that for ſome time paſt you are infinitely more ſatisfied with *Flora* than you uſed to be, yet I cannot conceal from you that the deſcription you give me of her diſpoſition afflicts me much. You allow that ſhe might have had a better education: but that which comforts *you*, is exactly that which gives *me* moſt concern. She has no ſuperior qualities, nor any very great faults, except that of extreme vanity; and you are ſure ſhe has no ſtrong paſſions. Ah! how eaſy and frequent it is for people to be led aſtray without having violent paſſions! and this it is which diſgraces us moſt. Believe me, in general, the vanity of little minds cauſes as much ill conduct, as is frequently attributed to thoſe who are poſſeſſed of the ſtrongeſt paſſions. A woman, prepoſſeſſed of the ridiculous idea that the happineſs of her life conſiſts in ſurpaſſing all others in charms and in beauty, ſacrifices every thing to this extravagant fancy; at firſt her delicacy, and afterwards her honour; you will ſee in her all the fury of jealouſy, the height of rage; and, in ſhort, you will think ſhe is agitated by a violent paſſion; but theſe are great events produced by little cauſes. There is nothing of all this comes from the heart; all the evil ariſes from the idea which ſolely employs her thoughts, that the felicity of a woman conſiſts in being beautiful and admired. You will often meet with this principle. You

know the Count *d'Orgeval*, he is ſaid to have violent fiery paſſions, which education has not been able to conquer, or even moderate; the world believes him wicked, dangerous, and an Atheiſt. Nothing of this is true: he has very little ſenſe, though he knows how to expreſs himſelf with tolerable eaſe and grace; he has ſpent his youth in bad company, ſurrounded by vile flatterers, whoſe intereſt it was to corrupt him; they praiſed him for the facility they pretended he had of ſaying *bon mots*; this made him impudent. They praiſed his good fortune and inclination for gallantry; and this made him a coxcomb and a debauchee. They admired the ſtrength of his mind; and this made him ſet up for an Atheiſt. The truth is, that he is vain, weak, and confined in his notions, and the deſire of being celebrated has ruined him. This deſire is only dangerous to fools and people of moderate underſtandings: but happy is the noble and ſenſible heart that is inflamed by ſuch a ſentiment! It then changes the name as well as the motive; it is no longer vanity or ſelf-love; it is an enthuſiaſtic paſſion for glory; it is, however, founded on the ſame principle, but the one produces nothing but vices, the other heroiſm and virtue. *Flora* now approaches her ſixteenth year, and ſo young, ſo little formed, you are going to marry her, and to give her in your place as a mother, a woman you have ſo much reaſon to deſpiſe!—Ah, my dear friend! at leaſt wait a little; think how much the virtue, the happineſs, and the fate of your daughter depends on this choice, which you are going to make. What a terrible and affecting day is that in which a mother conducts her child to the altar to put her into the hands of a ſtranger, and give her a maſter, who

perhaps knows the right he has over her only to make an ill uſe of it. In ſhort, if he becomes a tyrant inſtead of a friend and protector, or, if wholly neglecting the mild and ſacred authority her parents have given him over her, he abandons to herſelf her whom he ought to lead, to adviſe, and to govern; the parents alone are anſwerable for the misfortunes and ill conduct which may reſult from ſuch an ill-concerted union. But you will ſay, with ſuch fears one may heſitate for ever, and never be able to eſtabliſh one's daughter. Ah! do not marry her to get rid of her, nor for intereſt nor ambition; and be firſt certain that the choice you will make will inſure her happineſs.

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

YOUR letter has affected me exceedingly; I am perfectly convinced of the ſtrength of a part of your arguments; I will delay as long as I poſſibly can the ſettling of *Flora*; and I flatter myſelf the choice I ſhall make will render her happy. But I muſt confeſs the manner in which you have deſcribed marriages makes me regard it as a cruel and heavy bondage. I ſhould fear to let her ſee it in ſuch a light; I ſhould alſo fear to deceive her, by pointing out to her ſuch ſevere duties of obedience as do not exiſt. But, to grant you ſomething, I will acknowledge ſhe ſhould not aſpire to the government of her huſband; let them, however, at leaſt, be on an equal footing. Love, which is capable of uniting

uniting all ſtates and conditions, can never admit of thoſe ſhocking diſtractions which you wiſh to make, and which would abſolutely deſtroy the ſentiment. I would have *Flora*'s huſband her lover at the ſame time, and then ſhe will never experience thoſe uneaſineſſes under which I have always laboured; ſhe will have no maſter to fear. I would have him amiable, becauſe it is neceſſary ſhe ſhould love him, and that ſhe ſhould do her duty at the ſame time that ſhe follows the dictates of her own heart. For theſe two months paſt I have had many converſations with her on this ſubject; and have endeavoured to convince her, that marriage is an engagement which ought to be as delightful as it is ſacred; and to this idea ſhe liſtens with great pleaſure, as I tell her continually, that the greateſt happineſs ſhe can enjoy is to find in her huſband the object of her tendereſt affection. I alſo repreſent to her the dangers ſhe will meet with in the world, and the rocks ſhe may chance to encounter; and here perhaps I may exaggerate a little, in order that ſhe may have ſome diſtruſt of it; and that this diſtruſt may give her that pleaſing timidity ſo neceſſary and ſo agreeable in all young perſons to preſerve them from the heedleſſneſs and imprudence of acting improperly. This is my ſyſtem, it is plain perhaps, and well known; but if it be a good one, why ſhould we ſeek to refine upon it? I have always thought the plaineſt path was the moſt eligible. I conjure you, my dear friend, to read my letter attentively, and to anſwer me very minutely. I make objections to your opinions, and lay my doubts before you; but my confidence in your judgment is not in the ſmalleſt degree leſſened.

Madame

Madame *d'Oſtalis* has at laſt determined to accept the employment her huſband has ſo long wiſhed her to take; and I fancy you are the perſon who has prevailed on her. She has been the more fearful of attaching herſelf to a Princeſs, leſt ſhe ſhould not acquit herſelf to her own ſatisfaction, or take on herſelf a taſk which ſhe was afraid of not diſcharging with propriety. Adieu, my dear friend, ſend me an account of *Cecilia*. She writes to me frequently, but ſhe ſays not a word of her health, which I am very uneaſy about.

LETTER XXXIX.

Anſwer from the Baroneſs.

IF I am not able to convince you of the truth of my arguments, I ſhall at leaſt fulfil the duty of a ſincere and affectionate friend in telling you all my thoughts. Perhaps I may not have done well in ſtraying from the *beaten path*; but I am ſincere, and, if I have gone a little way from my point, it is becauſe I thought I ſhould the more certainly arrive at it. *Love*, you ſay, *puts every thing on an equality*; yes, that momentary paſſion, which is diſapproved and deſtroyed by reaſon; but that ſentiment of reflection, which is founded on eſteem and confidence, conforms itſelf to the laws of ſociety, which are formed by Nature; and theſe give to the men the power and authority. You have given your daughter a very unjuſt and dangerous repreſentation of this matter; you have deſcribed love to her in ſuch a manner, that now ſhe wiſhes to have a lover,

lover, or, to expreſs myſelf better, ſhe wants to govern, and will eſteem him a tyrant who will not ſubmit to be her ſlave; and if ſhe ſhould not have ſuch a huſband, as you have given her the idea of, if he ſhould not anſwer thoſe expectations, do you think ſhe could content herſelf with regarding him as a friend? When a wife fulfils her duty, and knows her dependance, if her huſband has the leaſt delicacy, even without a violent affection for her, he will never treat her with ſo much ſeverity or oppoſition, as to make her feel her inferiority. We are jealous only of the rights which are diſputed with us, the more is granted us, the more generous we are: and where is the heart which has not experienced this truth? I muſt alſo confeſs to you, that I do not better approve what you have ſaid to your daughter concerning the dangers ſhe may meet with in the world. I know it is generally the firſt thing young women are taught, and by hearing it often repeated they believe it; and, when they firſt go into the world, they are ſo ill able to defend themſelves againſt theſe ideal dangers, which have been deſcribed to them in ſo dreadful a light, that they muſt be above human nature, to be able to overcome them. Let us ſuppoſe, a beautiful and amiable young woman, without experience or advice, making her firſt appearance in the world; we will ſuppoſe, likewiſe, that ſhe is placed about the court, and that ſhe is married to a man ſhe does not love: here is every ſort of danger united together. I only wiſh, in order to preſerve her from them, that ſhe ſhould have good ſenſe, a little penetration and reflection; and, with this diſpoſition, ſhe will begin to make obſervations, ſhe will ſee with what reſpect and attention

women are treated whoſe characters are without ſpot; ſhe will even ſee, that vice itſelf does homage to virtue; or at leaſt that it never ridicules or ſpeaks ill of it, but when it is thought to be only pretended; ſhe will ſee coquettes in the midſt of their triumphs meeting with the contempt which is due to them; ſhe will be ſtruck with the humiliating part a woman of forty is obliged to act, when ſhe has loſt her reputation; ſhe will be obliged to liſten to the ſtories of her youthful miſconduct, which are related with reproach and infamy: ſhe will ſee the contraſt of ſo diſguſting a picture, and from this moment her reſolution is fixed. You will perhaps tell me, that in firſt coming into the world, it is almoſt impoſſible for a young perſon, intoxicated with diſſipation, to obſerve or reflect: but, however, it appears to me to be very eaſy to look round and obſerve with attention things which are quite new to us, and to form our opinions from theſe obſervations. The world does not charm us at the firſt ſight; every thing appears too ſtrange to afford us amuſement, and the fear and diffidence we carry with us prevents us from taking pleaſure in it; ſo that the firſt year is always tedious, diſagreeable, and fatiguing. This is the time I aſk; how uſefully may it be employed, while the head is cool, the manners ſimple, and the heart innocent! Wretched will thoſe be who ſuffer this precious moment to eſcape them, without reaping the advantages it offers. But you muſt be ſenſible, my dear friend, that if your ſcholar has only had a common education; if her inclinations are confined to a ball, or the choice of a new gown; if you marry her at fifteen; or if, before that, you introduce her too ſoon into company; if ſhe has, in ſhort, ſeen every thing

thing before ſhe was capable of forming a right opinion, her reaſon will never be able to make any new diſcovery; nothing will ſurpriſe or affect her; and ſhe will conſequently follow the ſtream. Adieu, my dear friend. It is with real concern I make theſe melancholy reflections with reſpect to a child, who I aſſure you is as dear to me as yourſelf: the affectionate intereſt I take in her may perhaps make the danger appear greater than it really is. But I have laid my heart entirely open to you, and have diſguiſed nothing from you.

Cecilia's health continues much the ſame; but her tranquillity ſeems quite reſtored, and ſhe never appeared more calm and eaſy. The Phyſician from Carcaſſonne, who is a man of great merit, came yeſterday to ſee her, and ſpent an hour with her in her apartment. When he came from her, his countenance really terrified us, as it appeared he had been weeping. However, he aſſured Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, *Cecilia* was *then* very well, and that he had no fears on her account: but I muſt own I have a great many, and I ſhall never be free from them till the Autumn is over.

LETTER XL.

The ſame to the ſame.

YOU ſtill have ſome doubts, my dear friend; and you think it would be uſeful to give a young and beautiful woman ſome idea of the number of lovers ſhe is likely to meet with on her entrance into the world. They are neither graces nor beau-

ty,

ty, which attract the croud you ſpeak of; it is merely coquetry which allures them. You remember Madame *de Clarcy*, the moſt beautiful woman in our time, and without doubt one of the moſt amiable: did you ever hear of any one's being in love with her? Every one admired and reſpected her, but nobody followed her; becauſe ſhe was truly virtuous, modeſt, and reſerved: while her couſin Madame *de Clevaux*, with a very indifferent perſon, was continually ſurrounded by all young men of faſhion. Love never can ſubſiſt without hope; and, let a woman be ever ſo charming, you may be ſure, if ſhe inſpires any one with a ſerious paſſion, that ſhe meant to do ſo; and that ſhe is not entirely free from coquetry. A man of ſenſibility never loves paſſionately, but when he thinks he is beloved again; and a vain man would never ſubject his vanity to the contempt he might meet with; his object is ſucceſs; why then ſhould he run the hazard of being humbled? Examine your heart thoroughly, my dear friend, and you will perhaps acknowledge I am in the right. Do you remember the poor Chevalier *de Herbain*, whoſe brain you almoſt turned, and to whom you was for ever ſaying, *Indeed, I can never feel a mutual affection for you, and I muſt abſolutely put an end to your addreſſes*, but you continued to receive them; you ſuffered him to entertain you with his paſſion a thouſand different ways, and you allowed him to follow you every where, ſo that you took up all his attention: was not this giving him encouragement? You are ſenſible how this conduct hurts your character, and that, when I ſpoke to you ſo ſeriouſly about it, you ſaid *it was not in your power to cure him of his folly*; I undertook the cure myſelf, provided you would only

only ſecond me; and in one ſingle converſation we convinced him, he had not common ſenſe in loving you ſo tenderly. You may not perhaps have forgot, that he told you, a little angrily, your explanation came rather too late; and that, if you had talked to him in that manner ſix months ſooner, he ſhould never have been ſo much in love with you. He ſpoke truth, and you would have been much more ſenſible of your fault, if he had been a vain, impertinent coxcomb, inſtead of being a virtuous and good man; for then he would have revenged himſelf by ſpeaking ill of you; and be aſſured, after ſuch conduct, however innocent you might be, many people would have given credit to his aſſertions.

We will now come to what you ſay with regard to love. You ſeem to think a woman, who has no affection for her huſband, can ſcarce live without having a lover; if this is not exactly your expreſſion, it is at leaſt the meaning of it. You repeat, "*The heart is made for love:*" I agree, that there muſt be a paſſion to agitate and employ it: but why muſt that paſſion be love? It is a general notion, that every body in the courſe of their lives are under the impulſe of a violent affection; and there are ſcarcely any young perſons, who have not admitted this abſurd idea. Formerly, young people were told ridiculous ſtories with good intentions, which were liſtened to with credulous ſimplicity: but now their minds are more enlightened; it is not the mind, but it is the heart which is deceived. By talking upon ſentiment they have formed a falſe definition of it, as far from Nature as it is contrary to reaſon. The language of men and women are quite contradictory on this ſubject; one party exhauſt

exhauſt themſelves in making diſſertations on the violence of their paſſions, while the other, when among themſelves, deny its exiſtence; on one ſide it is the moſt ſublime philoſophy, and on the other the direct contrary. One may conclude from hence, that one ought equally to diſtruſt a pompous diſplay of extravagant ſentiments, and the affectation of a vain boaſter. In the preſent mode of education, a mother thinks ſhe does quite right in ſuffering her daughter to read what are called moral novels or romances. For inſtance, the Princeſs of *Cleves*, where they ſay you will find ſuch beautiful examples of virtue; where the heroine reſiſts with ſo much ſtrength and reſolution a moſt violent paſſion. In ſeeing the exceſs of the affection which governs her, and the dreadful ſtruggles ſhe has with herſelf, if one is to believe this a faithful repreſentation of the human heart, we muſt alſo believe, that love is totally independent of our will; that it is uſeleſs to oppoſe it in its progreſs; and that virtue is only a torment to us. This is a very moral and ſatisfactory concluſion! A young woman, inſtructed in ſuch reading, married to a man ſhe does not love, but fancying that ſhe is to be violently in love ſome time or other, waits for the fatal moment with anxiety; it ſoon arrives: the firſt perſon who ſpeaks of love is exactly him with whom Heaven has *predeſtined to inſpire her with a ſentiment, which is to be the torment of her life.* No more repoſe, no more ſleep, *ſweet liberty* is gone for ever; a *gloomy melancholy* ſucceeds to all her chearfulneſs; in ſhort, ſhe is herſelf the Princeſs of *Cleves*; and ſhe then begins to think ſhe loves ſtill more than the Princeſs, or that the Author perhaps exceeded the truth, in the account he gives of her reſiſtance, which indeed

ſhe

ſhe had before ſuſpected. A tender and ardent lover at length obtains from her the confeſſion which he ſolicits; in the firſt moments of this weakneſs, which is new to her, ſhe afflicts herſelf, ſighs, and ſhe ſubmits to it as her deſtiny; but as ſoon as the veil is fallen aſide, theſe romantic notions grow weaker: the Heroine perceives with ſurprize, that ſhe loves no longer, or rather that ſhe never has loved: ſhe finds herſelf deceived, and that ſhe has not found this ideal object, which was to inſpire her with ſo tender a paſſion. At firſt ſhe waited for the moment to arrive: but now ſhe ſeeks for it without being happier, and will not be diſcouraged, till amidſt repeated errors the pleaſing days of her youth are vaniſhed like a tireſome dream, which only leaves behind it confuſed and vague ideas of a thouſand follies as ſtrange as they are abſurd. It is then ſhe makes bitter reflections; the paſt humbles, the future terrifies her; the illuſion is totally deſtroyed! Abandoned by the croud of flatterers who ſurrounded her, ſhe finds herſelf neglected, and a ſtranger in the midſt of her family and children; ſhe reads in their faces the frightful ſentence which condemns her; contempt purſues her; ſorrow and repentance conſume her, and, to compleat her misfortunes, her race is not yet half run. I believe it is infinitely more eaſy to find a woman who never had a lover, than to meet with one who never had but one. The firſt ſtep is the moſt difficult, when that is paſſed, the reſt of the way is very ſmooth; nevertheleſs, I know there have been inſtances, but they are ſo rare they can only be mentioned as exceptions. Love at the beginning is never very ardent; it is at firſt only a ſentiment of preference, of which it is very eaſy to ſtop the progreſs, by ceaſing

ceaſing to ſee the object who has inſpired it. This is the moſt certain means; and the remembrance will be effaced with very little trouble. But if a woman heſitates, if ſhe will blind herſelf with regard to the nature of the attachment ſhe has formed; or if ſhe will exaggerate the degree of it, reſiſtance will become more painful and victory more difficult. There is no woman of ſenſibility who has yielded to this weakneſs, but has for a long time foreſeen her defeat; ſhe who maintains her cauſe in earneſt, will never be conquered: the determinations of a virtuous and ſerious mind cannot be deſtroyed in a moment; in that caſe virtue would only be a vain and chimerical idea. In ſuch a caſe it is that you muſt examine the very bottom of your heart; queſtion it, and its anſwer will be worth more than a treatiſe on morality. —A ſingular reflection is juſt come into my head. Paris is the center of tumult and diſſipation; the confuſion of ideas which ariſe from ſo many different objects muſt ill agree with love; which is always deſcribed as preferring concealment and ſolitude; and yet it always appears here under many and various forms; whilſt in the country, far from noiſe and buſtle, we ſee no woman retired to her country-ſeat, who falls deſperately in love with her neighbours: in general, ſhe is attached to her huſband, and the life ſhe leads prevents her from entertaining romantic ideas. In coming ſtill nearer to Nature, we do not ſee among the peaſants any other than moderate ſentiments, which can ſcarcely be called paſſions, although they are affectionately attached to their parents, their wives and their children. Ought we to believe, that our improved underſtandings are the cauſe of theſe contrary effects? Ought we not rather to ſearch for them in our hearts?

Adieu,

Adieu, my dear friend! *Cecilia*, to whom I have given your laſt letter, has anſwered it, as you will ſee. She is truly affected with the proofs of friendſhip you give her; we talk of you continually; and if ſhe had no other merit than that of knowing how to value you, I find it would be impoſſible for me not to love her with the greateſt tenderneſs.

LETTER XLI.

Same to the ſame.

AT length, you ſay, *your daughter's heart is engaged*; ſhe loves Monſ. *de Valcy*, and prefers him to every other man; you have therefore given your conſent. You are to blame, my dear friend, any longer to fear my cenſure; it is very natural to make reflections, when one fancies they may be of uſe; but it would be very abſurd to perſevere in condemning an affair which is determined on; that would be merely to ſhew my opinion without proving my friendſhip: I beg therefore you will be aſſured I am greatly intereſted for Monſ. *de Valcy*; and that in future I will only look forward to the advantages which may ariſe from this union. Your daughter is not to leave you; ſhe will live with you; this is a very lucky circumſtance. You may watch over her actions, and gain the confidence and friendſhip of her huſband, and, at the ſame time, keep her from the counſels of her mother-in-law. In ſhort, ſhe will be under your eye, and I ſhall have no more fears for her ſafety.

You

You think, what I ſaid in my laſt letter upon the ſubject of reading novels is too ſevere; you think forbidding young people to read them is the only way to make them more earneſt to get at them. I am of the ſame opinion; for, as ſoon as ever a young woman comes to be her own miſtreſs, ſhe will make herſelf amends for the conſtraint ſhe had laboured under, and ſhe will read every novel ſhe can lay her hands on. What I object to is their being allowed to read novels, juſt at the time when they are moſt likely to make impreſſions on them; that is, when they are about ſixteen or ſeventeen. I know but of three novels which have any morality in them; *Clariſſa*, which is the beſt, *Grandiſon*, and *Pamela*. My daughter ſhall read them in Engliſh, when ſhe comes to be eighteen; as to the generality of all the reſt, I ſhall begin to let her read them a little earlier; by the time ſhe is thirteen, ſhe will read a very ſmall number of theſe Works, the beſt of their kind; and reading them with me, at that age, will do her no kind of harm, but on the contrary will help to form her judgment, in letting her ſee the faults and inconſiſtencies, as well as the improbability of the greateſt part of theſe books, even of thoſe that we reckon the beſt. After this time ſhe will never ſee me read them; ſhe will not even meet with them in my library; and ſhe will never hear me ſpeak of them without contempt. With theſe precautions, I am very certain, when ſhe is twenty years old, ſhe will never have an inclination to amuſe herſelf in ſo trifling a way with books, which are only calculated to corrupt the heart, as well as miſlead the judgment.

You deſire me to be very particular in my account of *Adelaide*'s improvements. She can draw

a head very prettily; ſhe knows all our Hiſtorical Pictures by heart; the copies, from which ſhe writes, have made her acquainted with the Scriptures; ſhe ſpeaks Engliſh as well as Miſs *Bridget*; ſhe begins to read very well; ſhe underſtands ſinging tolerably; and ſhe can perform the moſt difficult leſſons on the harp in a very pleaſing manner: ſhe has at preſent learned only the firſt rules of Arithmetic, but ſhe can caſt up amazingly well; for her writing and ſpelling you yourſelf can judge; and I think, in this reſpect, very few, if any, children exceed her. As ſhe will be eight years old the tenth of next October, which is three weeks hence; I intend to make her read an Hiſtorical Work, which I have written for her, and which is called *Annals of Virtue*, and is written in ſix volumes. It contains a particular account of all the great actions, together with the ſingular and memorable events, taken from the public and private Hiſtory of People of all Nations, from the Creation down to the preſent time, in Chronological order; and contains alſo an abſtract of the beſt laws made uſe of in different Governments; extracts from the ſentiments and morality of the moſt celebrated Philoſophers; and a ſhort, though tolerably exact account of the manners and cuſtoms of the Ancients. I have placed each Hiſtory according to its degree of antiquity, or rather according to the connection between countries, as China and Japan, France and England, *&c. &c.* Each Hiſtory begins by a Chronological abridgment, which precedes the ſeparate events; and to this abridgment I have added a ſhort Geographical Deſcription of each country, its extent, ſituation, *&c. &c.* As I wrote this Work for the uſe of children, I was particularly deſirous

deſirous it ſhould improve their underſtanding and their hearts at the ſame time. Children, from eight years old to twelve, are not capable of making reflections unleſs they are aſſiſted, and, even then, I think it is dangerous for them to read thoſe Hiſtories which we eſteem the beſt. Theſe Hiſtories, ſo proper for us to read, becauſe we can underſtand and reflect upon them, are uſeleſs to children, who, by being dazzled by every appearance of grandeur, do not perceive the cruelty or injuſtice of an action which appears glorious, and is attended with ſucceſs. How many young Princes' heads have been turned by reading the life of Alexander the Great! It is well known, what an effect it had on the mind of Charles the Twelfth, when a child. The chief point, which I have kept to in this book, is not to judge of perſons and things, but as they really deſerve; never to praiſe thoſe who do not deſerve praiſe; and, in ſhort, to make ſuch reflections on each character and event as may enable *Adelaide* to form a right judgment of them, by the time ſhe comes to read our beſt Hiſtories.

LETTER XLII.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

OH, my dear friend! What a day is this, which has juſt paſt!—It is done! *Flora* is married . . . At length ſhe has pronounced the dreadful word which engages her for ever.—Her fate is fixed, independent of me, for the future . . . and it is for ever! . . . There are circumſtances, without which

we ſhould not know the exceſs of our ſenſibility. She who has never ſeen her daughter married, or at the point of death, can have no perfect idea what it is to be a mother.—I cannot deſcribe to you all that has paſſed in my mind ſince yeſterday; certainly I ſee with different eyes, I have a different heart and another way of thinking; I am no longer the ſame perſon!—In one moment I have diſcovered my daughter dearer to me than any thing on earth, and that all my happineſs depends on her future fortune. I have no idea how it ſhould happen, that her education has not always been the principal concern of my life; I am continually reproaching myſelf for having neglected it, and for ſuffering her to marry ſo young; and above all, with having made a choice, which at this time appears to me full of inconveniencies. The conduct of her mother-in-law comes back to my memory under the moſt odious colours. I bluſh to hear my daughter call her mother . . . If I had been my own miſtreſs this morning . . . if I could have broke the engagement, my child ſhould have been free; ſhe ſhould ſtill have been mine . . . Monſ. *de Valcy* appears to me nothing more than a coxcomb, without ſenſe, and without character.—Add to all theſe painful ideas, the preſence of Madame *de Gerville*, who has been here all day, and who triumphs in her own power, and the vexation ſhe has given me.—Ah! it is at this moment that I feel, in the anguiſh of my heart, how happy I might have been, had I followed your advice! I ſhould then have gained the confidence of Monſ. *de Limours*. My daughter would have had a proper education. Vanity and folly would never have led me into ſuch imprudences; and I ſhould not now be a prey to uſeleſs remorſe!

remorſe!—For theſe four-and-twenty hours I have not had a moment's peace; it is now one in the morning. The company are in the ſaloon; they are all at cards; and I at this hour of midnight have eſcaped from them to ſhut myſelf up with you! ... With you!—I may ſay ſo; but, alas! you are two hundred leagues from me!—My dear friend, you have forſaken me ... But I have ſtill ſome friends left who ſee my grief, and pity me; though their compaſſion humbles rather than comforts me: it appears as an indirect reproach on my conduct, ſince it is but too true I am made unhappy by my own fault; and this kind of pity is always mixed with a contempt which makes it inſupportable; I want none but yours; whatever it may be, it is neceſſary and valuable to me; ah, do not refuſe it! I weep while I am writing.... Never, never have I been ſo deeply afflicted ... ſo melancholy, ſo apprehenſive! ... And on the day on which I have married my daughter! the day which ought to be the happieſt of my life!—But it appears to me as if I were a ſtranger in my own houſe! ... Only think of Monſ. *de Limours!* he has not for theſe two days had a wiſh to ſee me alone, that he might ſpeak to me of his daughter. This evening they were talking of her being preſented: her mother-in-law was for having it done the day after to-morrow, or this evening at eight, leaving Monſ. *de Limours* to determine. I told them I ſhould have preferred a more diſtant day; but Monſ. *de Limours* did not ſeem to hear me, and fixed it for the neareſt. A thouſand other little things of this kind have contradicted and vexed me perhaps to an unreaſonable degree: but you know my violence, and that I am extreme in every thing; *I have no*

patience, no conſideration. I am not apt to fancy grievances, thoſe I fear are actually before my face; I do not concern myſelf in a moderate way; I am abſolutely in deſpair. Adieu, my dear friend, adieu! Pity me, love me, write to me, and remember that you only can conſole me, or at leaſt mitigate my ſorrows! I have a dreadful head-ach; I almoſt wiſh it was a dangerous illneſs; I ſhould hope then you would return hither to take care of me. As for any thing elſe, I aſſure you I ſhould leave this world very willingly; for there is nothing in it very agreeable to me.

LETTER XLIII.

Madame d'Oſtalis to the Baroneſs.

DO not alarm yourſelf, my dear aunt, for Madame *de Limours.* I am not at all ſurprized, that, having wrote to you on the day of her daughter's marriage, ſhe ſhall have made you ſo uneaſy, for ſhe was in a dreadful ſituation; but, happily for her, ſhe is as eaſily calmed as ſhe is irritated. The morning after the wedding I went to ſee her, and found her ſpirits extremely low. Going out of her apartment, and knowing Monſ. *de Limours* was alone in his, Monſ. *d'Oſtalis* and I went to ſee him; we both ſpoke to him on his behaviour to Madame *de Limours.* He ſmiled, and aſked me if you had appointed me your deputy to preach to him. I told him I ſhould never have ſenſe enough to be able to take your place; and that I was much too young to venture to give advice, if the tendereſt friendſhip did

did not allow me ſuch a liberty. At theſe words he quitted the tone of raillery, and we entered into a ſerious explanation. He complained with ſome reaſon of Madame *de Limours*'s capricious temper, but he did juſtice to the reſt of her amiable qualities; and when I informed him ſhe was really ill, he appeared diſpoſed to do every thing which I ſhould judge neceſſary to make her mind eaſy; and he intreated me to return to dinner, in order, as he ſaid, that I might judge of his behaviour. And indeed he treated her with the utmoſt kindneſs, which made the more impreſſion on Madame *de Limours*, as there were forty people at dinner. By degrees ſhe grew chearful; ſhe forgot her head-ach and her nervous complaints; and never was more amiable in her life. You know, my dear aunt, how charming ſhe is when ſhe wiſhes to pleaſe; ſo that, in ſhort, ſhe gains the attention of every body, as if they had never ſeen her before. And the Chevalier *d'Herbain* is in the right, when he ſays, that, *when ſhe chuſes to make herſelf agreeable, it is impoſſible any other perſon can be taken notice of:* although one of her accompliſhments conſiſts in this; that ſhe never talks of herſelf, and always endeavours to exalt the merit of others. Madame *de Gerville* was there at dinner, and made but a poor figure; for all her ſmart, ſtudied, little expreſſions, appeared very inſipid, compared with the natural wit of Madame *de Limours*; who, never more generous than when ſhe conquers, tried all in her power to keep her in good humour, and ſatisfied with herſelf: but Madame *de Gerville*, governed only by her malicious ſpirit, received all her attentions with ſuch a ridiculous coldneſs, that Monſ. *de Limours* himſelf was ſhocked at it, and treated her with that kind of

raillery of which you know he is capable. Madame *de Gerville*, enraged, and diſconcerted, would have acted a curious ſcene, if Madame *de Limours* had not taken her part; and with a chearfulneſs and grace which it is impoſſible to deſcribe to you, turned every thing which had been ſaid into pleaſantry. What a pity that, with ſo many charms, ſo much wit and liberality of ſentiment, Madame *de Limours* has not her ideas better connected, and more ſteadineſs of opinion! However, ſhe is at preſent perfectly ſatisfied, delighted with Monſ. *de Limours*, charmed with her daughter, her ſon-in-law, and even Madame *de Valcy*. You aſk me, my dear aunt, to give you an account of *Flora*, or, to ſpeak more properly, Madame the Marchioneſs *de Valcy*; I will tell you freely what I think of her. She has grown very much ſince you ſaw her; ſhe has a very good ſhape, becauſe ſhe is laced very tight, which makes her waiſt appear ſlender; ſhe has not a good complexion; but her eyes are almoſt as beautiful as Madame *de Limours'*, though ſhe has not her lovely countenance or her graces. The fear of diſordering her head-dreſs, or rumpling her gown, gives ſuch a ſtiffneſs to her motions, that it makes her quite diſagreeable. As to her talents, or other qualifications, one word expreſſes the whole; *ſhe dances perfectly well.* In ſhort, I think ſhe has very little underſtanding, and, what is much worſe for her, I fear ſhe has not a good heart; and I am ſure ſhe has a great deal of cunning. For example, ſhe affects to be artleſs and innocent, with ſuch a degree of cunning as quite ſhocks me, who have known her from infancy; but deceives many other people, particularly the Chevalier *d'Herbain*, who has a collection of her in-

innocent ſayings, which he repeats with a ſatisfaction that always puts me out of temper. Upon the whole ſhe is pretty; her youth makes her pleaſing, and ſhe is generally admired. As for Monſ. *de Valcy*, he is a mere nothing. He gives himſelf many airs, and has not one ſingle idea; he pretends to be inattentive and abſent, and his converſation conſiſts only in repeating with an affected air what others have juſt ſaid; he has no opinion of his own: he is equally troubleſome, free, and talkative; beſides this, he has the *Anglo-manie* to a great degree. He unfortunately ſpent fourteen days in London, and ſpeaks of it inceſſantly; is always boaſting of the learning and genius of the Engliſh; he deſpiſes the French from his heart; he keeps Engliſh horſes, reads the Engliſh newſpapers, makes his morning viſits with boots and ſpurs, drinks tea twice a-day, and thinks himſelf as wiſe as Newton or Locke.

Now, my dear aunt, allow me to talk to you of my own affairs: I have left my little twins for a twelvemonth with my mother-in-law. As ſoon as they are five years old, I ſhall take them with me. I am told this is a very abſurd ſcheme, and that, being wholly employed in my attentions on the Princeſs, it will be impoſſible to educate my children. It is very true, the excurſions of the Court will carry me from Paris for near two months in the ſummer, which will prevent me from taking care of them for that time; but then I ſhall intruſt the children to a Governeſs on whoſe fidelity I can depend; and, when they are older, I ſhall ſend them to a Convent for thoſe two months. In ſhort, I ſhall make fewer viſits; I ſhall not go to balls or any public places, but when I am obliged

to attend the Princeſs; and I am certain I ſhall find time enough to fulfil all my duty towards her, and at the ſame time attend to the education of my children. The only concern I have is the thoughts of not being able to come to Languedoc; and, when I reflect that it will ſtill be eighteen months before I ſhall ſee you, I am then convinced that Prudence herſelf does not make us amends for the ſacrifices ſhe requires of us. Adieu, my dear aunt! Do me the favour to ſend me the little Tales, and other Papers relative to Education, which you have promiſed me; for what can I do without you? . . .

LETTER XLIV.

Anſwer from the Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

I AM entirely of your opinion, my dear child. When we make a point of doing our duty, there is no ſituation in which we are unable to attend to it; and when the inclination leads us, we ſhall always find time.

I am told, ſince your laſt lying-in, you have learned to ride on horſeback. I muſt own I have very little right to condemn this exerciſe, which I have been very fond of. But, however, you are ſenſible I renounced it entirely, when my attentions to you became really of uſe. I do not know an amuſement more dangerous in every reſpect for women than this is, or which leads them to waſte their time more. In the different rides about Paris you

you meet all the young men of faſhion, and you know how often thoſe meetings have been taken for aſſignations, and that this very circumſtance ruined the character of Madame *de Tervure*. Beſides, how is it poſſible you can employ yourſelf with your children, improve your underſtanding, or fulfil the duties of your ſtation, if you ride on horſeback three or four times a-week? That is to ſay, if you paſs thoſe three days in the *Bois de Boulogne*, and in dreſſing and undreſſing yourſelf. I cannot finiſh this letter without adding ſome remarks on the manner in which you ought to conduct yourſelf in your new ſituation. Firſt, you muſt never forget that your family deſired and ſolicited this place for you; and this remembrance will preſerve you from the abſurd cuſtom of complaining of the duty impoſed on you. It is a piece of affectation much in vogue to appear diſſatisfied with the ſociety of Princes, and to complain of the obligation we are under to go to Verſailles: although, by an inconſiſtency as ſtriking as it is abſurd, people would be in deſpair, were they to give up this taſk, which they pretend to be irkſome, for that liberty which they boaſt of with ſo much emphaſis. Beſides, remember that every chain which it is poſſible to break becomes diſgraceful, when thoſe who carry it appear to do it with regret, which is ſaying in plain terms, I ſacrifice my pleaſures, my inclinations, the happineſs of my life, to my intereſt and ambition! For you, my dear child, I hope that you have ſentiments too noble to ſuffer yourſelf to be miſled by ſuch examples. Never allow yourſelf to make the ſmalleſt complaint on this ſubject; and as affection alone will make every thing appear in a more dignified light, love the Princeſs ſincerely to

whom you are attached, as ſhe merits your affection by the qualities ſhe poſſeſſes. I am certain ſhe will very ſoon diſtinguiſh you. When ſhe learns the integrity of your mind, and the goodneſs of your heart, then you will be ſo much the more to be envied, as you are young, beautiful, engaging, and have a character without blemiſh. Many efforts will be made to injure you with the Princeſs; every body will ſpeak ill of you, ſome openly, and others with more art and fineſſe. To all this make no other oppoſition but that of innocence and generoſity; be always open, true, and diſintereſted; never employ your own credit to hurt that of your enemies; appear to know them, but at the ſame time do juſtice to their good qualities, and never complain of them: on the contrary, if the Princeſs ſhould be angry with them for their baſe endeavours to hurt you, try all in your power to ſoften her; and, if they ſhould afterwards aſk a favour which ſhe ſeems unwilling to grant them, intreat her with earneſtneſs, and enjoy the noble pleaſure of obtaining it for them. This, my dear child, is an art infinitely ſuperior to intrigue; an art of which common minds are ignorant, which will revenge you even of your moſt dangerous enemies, and will give you a triumph over even envy itſelf. Adieu, my child! I ſend you all the papers you deſire, and I expect with impatience the miniatures you promiſed me. I am told, that, ſince my departure, you have made an aſtoniſhing progreſs, and that you are quite a proficient in painting. Adieu! Cultivate your genius, and remember your ſucceſs in every particular will contribute to the pleaſure and happineſs of my life.

LETTER XLV.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

AT length, my dear friend, there are no longer any hopes of our amiable *Cecilia*; ſhe is nearly arrived at the end of her long ſufferings, and, in a few days, will perhaps be no longer in exiſtence. It is now two months ſince ſhe has known her danger; ſhe obliged Monſ. *Lambert*, the Phyſician from Carcaſſonne, to inform her of the truth, at the ſame time forbidding him to acquaint her family with her real ſituation. Yeſterday morning I received a note written by herſelf, deſiring me, if poſſible, to come and ſee her immediately; I obeyed her ſummons, and found her alone in the caſtle, as Monſ. *d'Aimeri* and Madame *de Valmont* were gone to make a viſit in the neighbourhood: ſhe was ſeated in a great chair, for as yet ſhe has not kept her bed a ſingle day. I was ſhocked at ſeeing her ſo pale and weak; nevertheleſs ſhe appeared to recover herſelf on ſeeing me, and made me ſit down by her. I know, my dear Madam, ſaid ſhe, your ſenſibility; therefore allow me, before I explain myſelf, to aſſure you, that it is impoſſible for any body to be more perfectly happy than I am at this time. . . . This beginning prepared me but too well for what ſhe was going to tell me. Ah! what, cried I!—What! has M. *Lambert* told you . . . I ſaw him this morning . . . Ah! what? . . . He has told me, I ought to bid you a laſt adieu—At theſe words ſome drops moiſtened her eye-lids; as for me, I was drowned

in

in tears . . . we were a moment without ſpeaking . . . at laſt ſhe ſaid, What, Madam! does my happineſs afflict you? . . . Ah, *Cecilia!* interrupted I, you deceived us when you aſſured us you would wiſh to live! . . . No, replied ſhe, I did not deceive you; if the Almighty had prolonged my pilgrimage, I ſhould have ſubmitted to his will, not only without repining, but without concern. Since my laſt illneſs he has changed my heart: this heart formerly ſo weak!—It was in the cottage of *Nicole* that I received the ſtroke which deprives me of life . . . What I ſuffered at that time can neither be conceived nor expreſſed: I abhorred my exiſtence, and yet I looked upon death with inexpreſſible fear and terror; and I experienced in thoſe dreadful moments, that, without innocence and purity of heart, there is no true courage. In ſhort, when I was thought to be out of danger, I was convinced I was only ſnatched from death for a ſhort time: I made uſe of the delay which was granted me; I reflected on my errors, and the guilty illuſion of all the paſſions to which we are ſubject; I ventured to addreſs myſelf with confidence to the Divine Being; he heard my prayers, and reſtored me to peace and tranquillity; he raiſed my ſoul towards him, and became the ſole object of all my affections and my deareſt hopes. Whilſt ſhe ſpake theſe words, I ſaw her paleneſs vaniſh; her eyes were animated, and her countenance was brightened by the moſt ſtriking and noble expreſſion. The firm tone of her voice, the ſweetneſs of her looks, the majeſtic ſerenity of her countenance, made me change inſenſibly from grief to admiration! I thought I ſaw, I thought I heard an Angel; I looked at her with eagerneſs; I liſtened to her with reſpect; and, when ſhe had ceaſed

ceaſed to ſpeak, I regarded her with rapture, and I was affected in a manner too extraordinary to ſuffer me to break ſilence. At length ſhe explained to me her reaſons for wiſhing to ſee me alone; ſhe intreated me gently to prepare her father and ſiſter for the *event*, which, ſhe ſaid, *ſhe felt muſt be extremely near* . . . You may gueſs with what reluctance I charged myſelf with this commiſſion, and with what grief I performed it. Monſ. *d'Aimeri* and Madame *de Valmont* ſaw nothing in *Cecilia*'s ſituation but that weakneſs, which is generally the conſequence of ſevere illneſs; they had flattered themſelves from her youth and her air of content, and they were abſolutely quite ignorant of the ſymptoms which rendered her ſituation ſo dangerous: however, as one lively ſentiment is often replaced by another, Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, from the firſt words I uttered, was ſenſible of all his misfortune: but as if he wiſhed ſtill to encourage a ray of hope, he all at once ceaſed to queſtion me, and, a moment after, went and ſhut himſelf up in his chamber. As to Madame *de Valmont*, ſhe had ſo much difficulty to underſtand me, that I was obliged to repeat to her almoſt all *Cecilia* had ſaid to me. I ſtaid with her till the evening. It is now three days ſince I ſaw her; ſhe writes to me that her ſiſter is in the ſame ſituation; that Monſ. *d'Aimeri* is overwhelmed with grief; and that the perfect reſignation and angelic piety of *Cecilia* procure him the only conſolations he is capable of receiving. Adieu, my dear friend! Theſe things have ſo troubled and diſtreſſed me, that I have been really ill. I ſhall go the day after to-morrow to Madame *de Valmont*, and I will write to you the ſame evening, before I go to bed.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

From the ſame to the ſame.

ALAS! . . . She is no more! . . . Oh, to what a dreadful ſight have I been witneſs! . . . It is the unfortunate Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, it is he alone, who is at this time to be pitied! . . . Ah! if for one fault, though in truth an irreparable one, yet expiated by ten years repentance, Heaven puniſhes him with ſuch ſeverity; what is there which unnatural parents have not to fear, who ſeek to blind themſelves on the heinous crime of their injuſtice? . . . My mind is ſo taken up with what I have this day ſeen; my heart is ſo much affected by it, that I can ſpeak of nothing elſe: hear then this melancholy recital, it ſhall be faithful and true; and it appears to me, that I am too much affected not to communicate to you a part of thoſe deep impreſſions which I have received myſelf. I came to Madame *de Valmont*'s to-day at dinner time; I found all the family in great conſternation, and they told me *Cecilia* had been ſo ill in the night, that they had ſent for the Phyſician; that ſhe had received the Sacrament, but that at preſent ſhe was better, and that ſhe had juſt got up. I went into her chamber; ſhe was ſeated on a ſopha between her father and ſiſter, and the Phyſician was offering her a medicine. As ſoon as I appeared, Madame *de Valmont* came to me, and ſaid, with an air of ſatisfaction which ſhocked me, ſhe has had a dreadful criſis, but is better; ſhe is ſurpriſingly better now. At theſe words, I caſt my eyes

eyes on the Phyſician, as if to know his opinion: and he gave me a look which made me tremble. My heart beat in ſuch a manner, I was obliged to ſit down—At this moment Monſ. *Valmont* began to ſpeak; certainly, ſaid he, as ſhe has had the ſtrength to go through the criſis of this night, we have all the reaſon to believe, that ſhe is now entirely out of danger. Indeed, added Madame *de Valmont*, looking at the Phyſician, to think otherwiſe would be very abſurd . . . Ah! my ſiſter, my dear ſiſter! interrupted *Cecilia*, you have little reaſon! . . . Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, who till then had kept a profound ſilence, caſt his eyes, which were filled with tears, on *Cecilia*; and, ſeizing one of her hands, ah, why, ſaid he, with a voice ſcarce intelligible, why would you deprive us of our hopes! . . . All the reply *Cecilia* made was to throw both her arms round her father's neck, and to keep them there for ſome minutes without ſpeaking; afterwards, addreſſing herſelf to Madame *de Valmont*, ſhe aſked her where *Charles* was, and appeared deſirous to ſee him. They ſent for him, and, when he came, ſhe made him ſit down at the foot of the ſopha, and, obſerving that his eyes looked red, *Charles*, ſaid ſhe to him, ſmiling, you have been weeping too! *Charles*, at theſe words, kiſſed her hand, and reſted his head on his aunt's lap, not daring to ſhew his face, as he ſtill continued weeping. *Cecilia* perceiving her hand wet with his tears, *Charles*, ſaid ſhe, if you were not quite ſo young, you would learn, that, after a life well ſpent, this moment, in which you now ſee me, is the moſt delightful, the happieſt of my days . . . My body is very weak and languid, but my mind is quiet and content . . . I feel ſuch delightful ſentiments . . . I

am ſure, *Charles*, that you will add to the happineſs of my father, and that you will love him as tenderly as I do . . . As ſhe finiſhed ſpeaking, *Charles* got up haſtily, and, bathed in tears, threw himſelf into the arms of his grand-father . . . I cannot expreſs to you the grace and ſenſibility with which he performed this action. Monſ. *d'Aimeri* preſſed him to his boſom with the moſt paſſionate tenderneſs, and, taking his hand, led him out of his daughter's chamber, in order, without doubt, to give himſelf up to all the grief with which he was penetrated. A moment after *Cecilia* intreated us all to go to dinner. You will ſuppoſe we were not long at table. Madame *de Valmont* perſevered in keeping up her hopes; for my part, I had none; for the Phyſician told me abſolutely, that *Cecilia* could not live twenty-four hours. When we had dined, we returned to her chamber, and found her quite compoſed; and the Prieſt, who had not left her, told us ſhe appeared better than ſhe had done the evening before. We ſeated ourſelves round the ſopha, and, a moment after, *Cecilia* ſaid, ſhe had a deſire to try if ſhe could walk. Her father and the Phyſician helped to lift her from her ſeat, and ſupported her by her arms: but ſhe had ſcarce taken five or ſix ſteps, when, ſtopping ſuddenly, ſhe cried, oh, my father! . . . At this plaintive and piercing cry, Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, almoſt diſtracted, took her in his arms; ſhe leaned gently on him, with her eyes half cloſed! . . . The Phyſician ſeized her hand, and after feeling her pulſe, made a ſign to the Prieſt, who at the ſame moment took a Crucifix, and, approaching her, ſaid with a loud voice theſe dreadful words: *Recommend your ſoul to God!* On hearing his, *Cecilia* opened her eyes, and, raiſing them towards

wards Heaven, preſſed the Crucifix to her boſom; and in this attitude her whole perſon and countenance had an expreſſion and majeſty which gave her beauty the appearance of ſomething celeſtial. After having ſaid her prayer, all at once ſhe threw herſelf on her knees, ſaying, "My father, give me your "bleſſing!" Monſ. *d'Aimeri* threw himſelf down by her, his arms trembling, once more unfolded themſelves to receive his beloved child . . . *Cecilia* fell on the boſom of her unhappy father; . . . it was over . . . She expired! . . .

After this melancholy ſtory, you will not expect any other particulars; it is ſufficient for me to tell you that Monſ. *d'Aimeri*'s grief is far above any thing that can be felt by thoſe who have no children. I obliged him to come with me to B— the ſame evening, with Madame *de Valmont* and *Charles*; and, when he is in a ſituation to receive our friendly advice, we mean to perſuade him to travel with his grandſon: for that will be the only method of ſupporting his ſpirits in his preſent ſituation. Adieu, my dear friend! Write to me; I am very melancholy; you know, that I am not lightly affected on theſe occaſions; you know how dear my friends are to me, when I ſee them afflicted and diſtreſſed: ſo you may judge, how much I am concerned, and how neceſſary your letters will be to me.

LETTER XLVII.

Count de Roſeville to the Baron.

I PROMISED, my dear Baron, to ſend you an account of a truly intereſting ſcene, which I was preparing for my pupil. I could not ſatisfy your curioſity

curioſity ſooner, as I was willing nothing ſhould be wanting to my Hiſtory; and it has coſt me ſix months ſearch to find what I deſired.

I have already told you, my young Prince promiſes to be poſſeſſed of very brilliant qualities; he has good ſenſe, a lively imagination, and a happy diſpoſition: but I obſerved in him a certain degree of inſenſibility which afflicted me, though I only attributed it to his want of experience. When one has never been unhappy, nor a witneſs to ſcenes of diſtreſs, it is not poſſible to be truly compaſſionate. It is not bare recitals that can impreſs our hearts with ſentiments, which will be oppoſed by all thoſe factitious, but dangerous paſſions, to which the corruption of the times give riſe. It is not words, but examples, which are neceſſary for this great work; and, above all, affecting ſcenes, which will leave an indelible impreſſion on a young and innocent heart. Perſuaded of the truth of this, I determined to ſearch the city and ſuburbs for ſome unfortunate family ready to ſink under the weight of their affliction; and, in order to ſucceed better in my ſearch, I applied myſelf to a Gentleman who beſtows on the poor more than three fourths of a conſiderable fortune gained by his own induſtry in trade. He is a ſtranger in this country, and is called Monſ. *d'Anglures*; his country and his birth are unknown; he ſpeaks ſeveral languages equally well; he has lived here about ten years, in a ſmall houſe, on the borders of the lake—The ſingularity of his way of living attracted our Sovereign's curioſity, who deſired to ſee him. One ſhould imagine that Monſ. *d'Anglures* had related to him ſome very affecting ſtory, for the Prince, from that moment, has ſhewn a particular regard for him,

and

and ſoon after employed him in different negociations, which, by their conſequences, have gained the Prince's confidence, and he has loaded him with kindneſs. For theſe two years paſt, Monſ. *d'Anglures* has retired from Court, and lives in peace and ſolitude at his own houſe, which he has made one of the moſt delightful places in this country. I went to him about three months ago, to tell him of my ſcheme. He gave me all the intelligence I could wiſh; but I was too difficult to determine haſtily; I conſidered that I ſhould loſe my object, if I only made a ſlender impreſſion; and when I had ſucceeded in the choice of my object, I found all the preparations, which I am going to relate to you, were neceſſary before-hand. Our young Prince, like all other children, is extremely curious; I therefore affected frequently to ſpeak low, and with an air of ſecreſy, to M. *Sulback*, his Sub-preceptor; the Prince did not fail to queſtion me about it; I told him, I was employed about an affair, which intereſted me beyond all expreſſion: and I added, *If you were a few years older, I ſhould truſt you with it, but at preſent you are too much a child.* At theſe words you may imagine how much I was intreated; but I was ſteady, and the Prince could only draw from me ſome vague anſwers, which augmented and inflamed his curioſity. At night he was ſtill more uneaſy, when he found Monſ. *Sulback*'s ſon was let into our ſecret; he made heavy complaints to me: I contented myſelf with only ſaying, young *Sulback* was no longer a child; he is thirteen years old, and is remarkably ſenſible for his age: and then I changed the converſation. The Prince was out of temper and ſullen; I told him, that was not the means by which he would

gain

gain my confidence. It is not a diſtruſt of you, ſaid I, which prevents me from acquainting you with the affair we have in agitation; it is, becauſe I think you are too much a child to take any part in it: yet it is very poſſible for children of your age to underſtand, and even feel things that are intereſting and diſtreſſing; I have known many examples of children of your age forward enough to be capable of this; and if you had not ſhewn ſo much curioſity and ill humour, and how little power you have over yourſelf, I ſhould certainly have told you what you wiſhed to know: but now it will be difficult for you to obtain this favour, and I give you notice, if you do not repair your fault by an extreme prudence, gentleneſs, and mildneſs of temper, and if you aſk one more queſtion on the ſubject, you never will poſſeſs my confidence. When you promiſe, as a recompence to a child, the very thing he wiſhes for, you may make your own terms. The Prince immediately ſmoothed his brow, and came to me with a mild and fond countenance, promiſing I ſhould ſee *that he had command over himſelf*; and he kept his word. The next day after dinner, we were together in his room, when M. *Sulback* and his ſon entered in a great hurry, and the former coming up to me, cried out, at laſt *we have found what we ſought.* I affected the greateſt joy, and ſaid, let us go then immediately! What, ſaid the Prince, with an air of ſurpriſe and anxiety, are you going out? Yes, anſwered I, for two or three hours. Shall my ſon go with us, ſaid Monſ. *Sulback?* Oh, I intreat that you will let me, interrupted the young man; I ſhall be wretched, if you deprive me of this happineſs! During this converſation, the Prince looked at

at us all by turns, and did great violence to himſelf to conceal his vexation and grief. I took my hat and ſword, and prepared to go out; I ſent for the people to attend on the Prince in our abſence; he came to me, and I embraced and took leave of him. He could not any longer contain himſelf, and not daring to ſpeak, burſt into tears. I appeared much concerned at it, and aſked him what was the matter? He acknowledged to me, that he was quite in deſpair; Monſ. *Sulback* begged me to tell him the *intereſting tale*. The Prince intreated . . . I heſitated . . . but at length I yielded. We all ſat down, and I took the Prince on my knee, and, addreſſing myſelf to him, being very certain of fixing his attention, Monſ. *Sulback* and I lay aſide every month, ſaid I, a part of our yearly income, for the ſupport of unfortunate people, who are oppreſſed with poverty; and we both make diligent ſearch, that our money may be well diſpoſed of, and given to perſons who are as honeſt as they are unfortunate; about ſix weeks ago, we bought ſome tickets in the lottery, and we won thirty thouſand livres; we immediately formed a ſcheme, in conſequence of this ſucceſs, to employ half the money in making one whole family happy; and we purchaſed, about three leagues from hence, a neat little farm, provided with all neceſſaries, and have furniſhed the houſe in a plain and neat manner. We have been ever ſince ſearching out for a proper object to give it to; and at length we have found a family, very poor, and very honeſt! They live in the ſuburbs of the city, and we want to go to ſeek and conduct them to their charming little farm. Monſ. *Sulback* here joined in the converſation, and ſaid to me, what pleaſure will it give you to ſee wretched *Alexis*

Stezin

Stezin enjoying peace and happineſs, with an aged father, and a wife, and four beautiful children, who this morning, when our meſſenger arrived there, were all ready to expire with hunger! At theſe words, the Prince ſeizing one of my hands, and throwing his other arm round my neck: Oh, my dear friend! let me go with you, that I may ſee all this. His eyes were filled with tears, when he ſaid this; I embraced him tenderly, and told him, ſince he had ſenſibility, I ſhould no longer regard him as a child; you ſhall go to *Alexis Stezin*'s; you are worthy of ſuch a ſight, ſaid I to him. The joy and tranſport the Prince expreſſed at this is not to be deſcribed: he loaded me with embraces and thanks, and was impatient to be gone; and while we were preparing for our departure, he walked about the room, holding young *Sulback* by the hand. He had an air of triumph, which ſeemed to ſay, "*What*, if I am "not thirteen years old, I am no longer treated as "a child."

We went down the back ſtair-caſe, got into a hackney-coach, and, attended only by two ſervants in plain cloaths, we ſet out, the Prince, Monſ. *Sulback*, his ſon, and myſelf. It was not five o'clock; but, being in the midſt of Winter, it was quite dark; and we ſuffered more from the extreme cold, as the coach windows did not ſhut cloſe, and we had no carpet at the bottom. The Prince took notice of it without complaining. Judge, Sir, ſaid Monſ. *Sulback*, by this little proof of the bad effects of cold, what this unhappy family, we are now going to relieve, muſt have ſuffered, having lived all this Winter in a garret, without cloaths or fire; as you, that are covered with a warm dreſs, a long fur cloak, and a large muff, find the weather inſupportable.

The Prince only anſwered with a deep ſigh, which expreſſed the greateſt humanity. I enjoyed, with delight, my own work, and I was ſo much affected I could not ſpeak. In about half an hour we entered into a very narrow ſtreet, and the coach ſtopped. The Prince cried out, "This is the "place, doubtleſs; we are arrived!"—And in his eagerneſs he tried to open the door and get out. I ſtopped him, and ſaid, I lay a wager your heart beats!—Yes, indeed, it does very much, ſaid he. They brought us a light, and we went into a houſe which was, in appearance, ready to fall; we aſcended near a hundred and twenty ſteps; and, after that, climbed up a little, dark, narrow, wooden ſtair-caſe which led us to the garret inhabited by this miſerable family.—In a room, lighted by one diſmal lamp, we found a man about thirty years of age lying on ſtraw; he was juſt recovering from a fainting fit; a young and beautiful woman ſupported him in her arms, while a venerable old man made him ſmell to ſome vinegar; three little boys were at his feet, and a lovely girl about nine or ten years old, who had no other covering than a ragged ſhift, was on her knees before him, praying to God for his recovery, and ſhedding at the ſame time a flood of tears!—This ſight, which was quite unexpected, ſurpriſed and affected me equally. When the ſick man had recovered his ſenſes, we found this accident had been occaſioned by the nouriſhment we had ſent him, and which was the firſt he had taken for three days, as he had perſiſted in eating nothing for that time, in order that his family might have a little more bread. I made him drink a glaſs of cordial water, which revived his ſpirits; and we then preſented him with

a purſe of fifty *Louis d'ors.* At this ſight he cried out, "Oh, my children! thank theſe ge-"nerous ſtrangers; and you my wife, my father, "fall at their feet!" The whole family ſurrounded us, beſtowing on us the moſt affecting marks of their gratitude, except the little girl, who, being aſhamed to appear before ſo many ſtrangers almoſt naked, crept into a corner, and did not venture to approach us. You may be certain nothing could divert my attention from my pupil: he obſerved every thing that paſſed with as much curioſity as emotion, and even wept at what he ſaw, without being ſenſible of it; he kept leaning on my arm, and ſcarce allowed himſelf the liberty of breathing, that he might not loſe a ſyllable of what was going forward: he firſt obſerved the modeſt diſtreſs of the unfortunate little girl, and, quitting my arm, advanced towards her, took off his fur cloak, and, throwing it over her ſhoulders, with a faultering voice, ſaid, "I give you this cloak, now you may "come forward." It is impoſſible for me to deſcribe the joy I felt at this action; I ran to the Prince, and taking him in my arms, "Oh, my "dear child, cried I, I am now well rewarded for "all my tenderneſs and care." I could ſay no more; tears ſtopped my ſpeech. At this moment, one of our ſervants arrived with a large bundle, containing ſome common fur cloaks which I had ordered for the family. The Prince having given his own to the little girl, there was one more than was wanted; I gave it to him, ſaying, "Keep "it for ever, though it is neither ſo fine nor ſo "warm as your own; for with what pleaſure will "you wear it, when it brings to your remem-"brance an action which does you ſo much ho-"nour."

"nour." He put it on immediately; and never did he feel ſuch joy and ſatisfaction on wearing the moſt elegant dreſs, as he felt in this coarſe and heavy cloak. During this time we were buſied in getting *Alexis Stezin* removed to a convenient apartment in the firſt floor of the houſe; his father, wife, and children followed him; and when we had fixed them in their new habitation, we left them, ſaying, As ſoon as the poor man was well enough, we would conduct them to the farm into which we intended to put them. We did not arrive at the palace till paſt eight o'clock, and ſat down to our fire-ſide again with a double pleaſure, reflecting on the happineſs we had procured for theſe miſerable people, and we ſat up much later than uſual. The Prince, not being at all inclined to ſleep, found great pleaſure in recollecting the moſt minute circumſtances of this affecting evening; and I am very certain the remembrance of this ſtriking picture of human miſery, will never be blotted from his memory. However, I would not have theſe kind of ſcenes too often repeated; for it would be very dangerous to accuſtom him to ſee ſuch inſtances of wretchedneſs and miſery: this weakens and deſtroys that ſenſibility which you ſhould awaken in ſuch a manner as to make a laſting impreſſion. Thus you ſee bad effects might ariſe from good cauſes. Where is the mind enough enlightened to ſtop at the exact point beyond which it ought not to go? At leaſt this is what we ſhould be aware of, in order to act with caution and prudence.

But to return to my pupil; before we went to bed, Monſ. *Sulback* and I intreated him not to mention this adventure to any body, "Becauſe we did

" not chuſe ſuch a common act of humanity ſhould " be known, as vanity had no ſhare in it." The Prince promiſed to tell no one but his father, who you may ſuppoſe had already been acquainted with the ſtory, and who had furniſhed us with the means of giving him ſo magnificent a leſſon on benevolence: for it has coſt more than twenty thouſand livres *; but it is a ſum well ſpent, and what a powerful Sovereign and a good father can never regret. The next day the Prince, who was all impatience to ſee *Alexis Stezin* ſettled in his farm, ſent to know how he did; and we heard with extreme ſatisfaction he was up, and perfectly recovered. It was immediately ſettled that we ſhould ſend them a carriage that very day to conduct them to the farm, and that we ſhould go there alſo. We ſet out after dinner, and got there a little before their arrival. The Prince, of his own accord, carried them ſeveral preſents, and waited their coming with the utmoſt impatience; as ſoon as he heard the carriage, he ran out haſtily to meet it, and he afterwards followed them about to enjoy their ſurprize and happineſs with a pleaſure in his countenance which almoſt aroſe to tranſport. Before we went away, the Prince came to me, and, throwing himſelf into my arms, cried out, " Oh my friend! how much I thank you " for ſhewing me ſuch a ſight as this! How hap- " py muſt you be in reflecting on the ſatisfaction " of theſe honeſt people!"—" Yes, ſaid I, I am " indeed happy beyond expreſſion, that I have " made you acquainted with this delight; and, " when you thoroughly enjoy it, it will afford " me greater felicity." One morning, about a

* Near 900 l.

week

week after this, Monſ *Sulback* and I being alone with the Prince, a perſon came to tell me that a very ingenious artiſt, whom we had heard of, deſired to ſpeak with me; I went to him, and returned immediately with a large drawing in crayons, very elegantly framed. "Ah! cried I, our "ſecret is betrayed; here we are all repreſented "at the houſe of *Alexis Stezin*'s; pray look!"—At theſe words, the Prince, amazed, looked at the picture, and ſaw, with emotion, that they had fixed on the moment when he was throwing his cloak over the little girl's ſhoulders.—He bluſhed, and told me, indeed it was not owing to his indiſcretion. I told him I believed it; nor had any of us mentioned it, yet I was not ſurpriſed at its being known . . . Why ſo? . . . Becauſe you were one of the party . . . Well! what then? . . . It is very true, the actions of Princes can never be concealed; too many people know them, and look out for them. I am not ſorry the ſecret is diſcovered, as you have done a good action; had it been a bad one, it would have been equally known. This remark appeared to affect him; yet I ſaw he was much flattered with the painter's chuſing the incident of the cloak for the principal ſubject of the picture. He looked at it with great ſatisfaction, and was much pleaſed with me for intending to ſend it to the Prince, his father, as he was then certain all the Court would ſee it. I the more readily forgave him this little piece of vanity, as it was the firſt he had ſhewn ſince this adventure. This, my dear Baron, is the Hiſtory I had to give you; I make no apology for the prodigious length of my letter, becauſe every thing you have done for your own children convinces me that whatever concerns Education muſt be intereſting to you.

I have with great concern heard of the marriage of my niece! What a mother-in-law have they given her!—You will judge whether I have not reaſon to grieve, knowing that Lady as I do, and recalling to my mind her dangerous and deſpicable qualities. But I flatter myſelf, my dear Baron, my ſiſter will at leaſt have the happineſs of marrying her youngeſt daughter to her own ſatisfaction, and that I ſhall return to my own country to the wedding of *Conſtantia* and *Theodore*. Ah! if I can but ſee this ſo much wiſhed for union; and if the Prince ſhould confirm the hopes I have entertained of him, what mortal on earth will be able to compare his happineſs with mine?

LETTER XLVIII.

The Baron to the Viſcount.

IT is very true, my dear Viſcount, you would not know *Theodore* again; he has no longer that fair and delicate complexion which children in general have who are brought up at Paris; he is a head taller, and grown ſtrong in proportion; and this alteration in him is not only owing to the pure air of this country, but to the active life he leads. He is equally accuſtomed to heat and cold, to ſunſhine and rain, without being incommoded by either, as we uſe him to theſe things by degrees, and in moderation; for I have not had the cruelty to make him hazard the loſs of his life, in order to ſtrengthen his limbs. *Rouſſeau* is for taking no precautions of this kind with children, but allows them

them to fall and hurt themſelves, and would expoſe them to the ſeverity of the coldeſt weather: in doing thus, he runs into the very evil which he ſo ſtrongly recommends you to avoid, that of making children unhappy. He ſays, afterwards, "What can be "thought of this cruel method of education, where "you ſacrifice the preſent to an uncertain future?" —In the ſame book he alſo ſays, "We ſhould "guard mankind from unforeſeen accidents: let "*Emilius* run about every morning in the coldeſt "weather without ſhoes or ſtockings, either in "his chamber, up and down ſtairs, or in the gar-"den, and, far from being angry about it, I would "imitate him," *&c. &c.*

This imitation is not ſo eaſy. For my part, I confeſs, I would not imitate *Theodore*, if in the month of January he choſe to walk in my park without ſhoes or ſtockings. *Rouſſeau*, always deſirous of "guarding his pupil againſt any ſudden "accidents," diſturbs his reſt, interrupts his ſleep, and wakes him abruptly, to make him get up in the middle of the night. In ſhort, *Emilius* appears to me to be the moſt tormented and the moſt unhappy child poſſible. Another of *Rouſſeau's* ſentiments to me appears ſtill more dangerous: "Never permit your ſcholar," ſays he, "to value "himſelf on his birth, his health, or his riches: "but humble and alarm his vanity by ſhewing "him the dangers by which mankind are ſur-"rounded; let him hear and attend to your de-"ſcription of the rocks againſt which he may be "driven, and he will rely upon you to preſerve "him from them."

All this is in order to make him mild and compaſſionate! But for that purpoſe let us take another

method; this will only make him a coward. In teaching him neither to value his health nor his riches, ſhew him the reſources, which in the moſt dreadful reverſe will remain to a man who has reſolution and virtue; deſcribe this man to be brave, patient, and ſuperior to his deſtiny; he will be ſo much more intereſting, and your pupil will feel more compaſſion for him; but this pity, far from being contemptible, will give him more dignity and greatneſs of ſoul: his pity will become ſublime, when it is united to admiration and eſteem. In ſhort, by this means your ſcholar will be deeply affected with the ſituation of the Hero, but he will not be terrified by it, and he will reſolve to ſupport a ſimilar fate with the ſame virtue, if he ſhould ever meet with it. Adieu, my dear friend! I aſſure you, notwithſtanding the happineſs I enjoy here, I think, with great pleaſure, that in another twelvemonth we ſhall go from hence, and that that period will again unite us.

Monſ. *d'Aimeri* went from hence yeſterday with his grandſon. He begins his journey to the North, where he has not been, and goes directly to ****. I have given him letters to the Count *de Roſeville*, who I am ſure will eſteem him; for theſe two Gentlemen have both too much merit not to entertain a friendſhip for each other.

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LETTER XLIX.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

ADELAIDE and THEODORE, for this fortnight paſt, have been put to hard trials; but at length they have conquered them to my ſatisfaction. They have both been taught for a long time, how important it was to have a command over themſelves, and how contemptible it was to fail in their promiſes.—*Adelaide* being now nine, and *Theodore* ten years old, we thought that, after having tried them with ſeveral little matters, in almoſt all of which they behaved very well, we might riſk one which was more ſerious, and now begin as Monſ. *d'Almane* expreſſes it, *a courſe of experimental virtue*. It will be neceſſary to tell you, that, for theſe two or three months, the appearance of enmity between Miſs *Bridget* and *Dainville* ſeemed to be greatly leſſened. *Dainville* made the firſt advances, and Miſs *Bridget* received them with proper dignity, but with complaiſance; and their former quarrels ſeemed entirely forgotten. In ſhort, *Dainville* declares publicly, *that Miſs Bridget is a perſon of real merit*, and Miſs *Bridget* acknowledges that *Dainville* is *a good young man in the main*. It is from theſe circumſtances that we have formed our plan. You have not forgot *Adelaide*'s putting the profile of Veſpaſian in a part of her chamber, in order to ridicule Miſs *Bridget*; and that this had in appearance greatly diminiſhed her affection for *Adelaide*, as well as her confidence in her: and you ought alſo to know, that *Theodore* on his part had given *Dain-*

ville much cauſe of complaint. Now I begin my ſtory:

Adelaide obſerved one morning, that Miſs *Bridget* was exceedingly grave and abſent; ſhe aſked her the reaſon of it; Miſs *Bridget* ſighed, bluſhed, turned pale, appeared confuſed, but remained ſilent: queſtions were repeated on one ſide; confuſion increaſed on the other: *Adelaide*'s curioſity was raiſed to the higheſt pitch: ſhe begged, intreated, conjured: Miſs *Bridget* heſitated, and ſaid to her, Ah! if I could depend on your friendſhip, your diſcretion!... What then, you fear me? I am very young, it is true; but I would ſooner die than betray a ſecret. My dear Miſs *Bridget*, do you think me then a monſter?... Well then, I will tell you every thing this evening, if we walk out alone... Why not now?... I cannot now: what I have to tell you will take up too much time... Oh, Heaven! muſt I wait till evening?— You muſt, indeed; and let me caution you, that from this moment, if you are guilty of the ſmalleſt imprudence, that is, if you betray any ſign of wiſhing to be alone with me, or any other mark of impatience, I will not tell you a ſingle word of the matter... Does mamma know it?... No perſon in the world knows it. I ſhall certainly acquaint your mamma with it; but not theſe two or three months yet: ſo you ſee you muſt not even mention it to her. You know ſhe has often told you you muſt never betray, even to her, the ſecrets of another perſon; it is true, ſhe has ſaid to you, that any thing intruſted to you, which ſhe is not to know, does not look well, and ſhould be ſuſpected by you... But you, Miſs *Bridget*, that ſhe eſteems ſo much!... It is certain this makes a

difference; beſides, I aſſure you ſhe ſhall know it one day or other . . . To every body elſe I will refuſe to liſten to a ſecret which mamma is not to know; but . . . You except this of mine, and is not that your meaning? . . . I think I may without ſcruple.—Well then, you give me your word to keep it faithfully? . . . I promiſe you . . . This is ſufficient.—At this inſtant the converſation was interrupted, to the great concern of the impatient *Adelaide*. A ſervant came to tell her I wanted her, and ſhe left Miſs *Bridget* with an emotion which was ſtill viſible on her countenance, when ſhe entered my chamber. During this time, *Dainville* had exactly the ſame converſation with my ſon, and received from him the ſame promiſe; you may therefore ſuppoſe, that *Adelaide* and *Theodore* waited impatiently for their hour of walking; but they were deceived in their hopes; we never left them a moment, and they went to bed without knowing the ſecret. *Adelaide*, while undreſſing, deſired her maid to fetch Miſs *Bridget* to her for one moment only; who returned for anſwer ſhe could not come; and poor *Adelaide* went to bed very melancholy. The next day Miſs *Bridget* made her many reproaches. "You have been guilty," ſaid ſhe, "of at leaſt ten indiſcretions; you ſent "for me laſt night, and you, who are always ſo "happy with your mamma, had ſuch an appear- "ance of trouble and impatience; you looked at "me ſo earneſtly! In ſhort, you ſeemed to think "of no one elſe! and every body obſerved that you "did not behave as uſual; I am therefore deter- "mined to try you ſtill more, before I truſt you "with my ſecret; ſo that you will not know it "till eight days hence; if, at the end of that time,

"I ſhall have no more cauſe to reproach you." You may imagine this determination appeared very cruel, but there was no remedy; and *Theodore* was obliged to ſubmit to the ſame law. At laſt theſe eight long days were paſſed; and *Adelaide* and *Theodore* have received the reward of their patience and diſcretion; the great ſecret is revealed; and they have been informed, that Miſs *Bridget* and *Dainville* have been privately married theſe two months! You may eaſily gueſs the aſtoniſhment they were under at this intelligence. The only ſenſation they felt at firſt was the joy of being thought worthy to be told ſuch an important ſecret; but they preſently found out, that ſome ſecrets are very difficult to be kept. The ſame evening, when I was alone with *Adelaide*, I want to tell you ſomething, ſaid I, which will intereſt you; I am very buſy in making a match for *Dainville*, which will be a good eſtabliſhment for him. On hearing the word Match, ſhe changed colour, which I did not appear to remark, but went on: I am going to marry him to a rich widow who lives at Carcaſſone; I have no doubt of his conſent, and therefore I ſhall reſerve the pleaſure of ſurpriſing him with the news of it, when I have ſettled every thing: ſo that I deſire you will mention it to no one, not even to Miſs *Bridget*... Why do you bluſh, *Adelaide?*... Who I, mamma?... Yes, you bluſhed when I mentioned Miſs *Bridget*'s name... It is that... You imagine, perhaps, that Miſs *Bridget* has ſtill the ſame averſion for *Dainville*... Oh no, mamma, on the contrary!... How, on the contrary! What would you ſay?... Nothing, mamma... Do you know any thing particular on that ſubject?... But...

As to me, I am convinced that Miſs *Bridget* ſtill retains ſome reſentment againſt *Dainville*; but, whatever be the caſe, I forbid you to ſay a ſingle word about this intended marriage. After theſe words, I changed the converſation; *Adelaide* fell into a deep reverie, and, under ſome pretence or other, I ſent her to Miſs *Bridget*. She did not tell her of our converſation, but ſhe intreated her with the greateſt earneſtneſs to inform me of it, and ſhe offered her ſervice to prepare me for the news; which Miſs *Bridget* abſolutely refuſed. The next day, I was walking alone with *Adelaide*; I expreſſed a concern for her health. My dear child, ſaid I, you are melancholy; what is the matter? ... Nothing, mamma ... Your thoughts ſeem much taken up; you are abſent, what are you thinking of? ... Mamma! ... How! does this queſtion embarraſs you? ... You have frequently aſſured me, and in this very garden, that you would never heſitate to tell me your moſt ſecret thoughts, let them be what they would, if I aſked you. Without an entire confidence, there can be no real affection .. So I would, mamma; I would tell you all my ſecrets ... Well then, what were you thinking of juſt now? Why don't you tell me? But what do I ſee? You weep! ... It is becauſe am not able to tell you ... and yet! ... But I muſt not tell you a lye ... What then! ... Mamma, ought I to tell you the ſecret of another perſon, when you aſk me? ... Another perſon's ſecret! what then you know a ſecret which I am ignorant of? ... Yes, mamma, and a very great ſecret ... I ſuppoſe it was by chance you diſcovered it ... No, mamma, it was intruſted to me, and I gave my word of honour not to tell you of it ...

And

And how could you engage to do ſo? Were you not ſenſible, that you either would be obliged to break your word, or to deceive me in not anſwering my queſtions with truth? You ſee therefore how dangerous curioſity may prove! ... Mamma, I flattered myſelf that you would not have queſtioned me about it ... You ſhould then have had more command over yourſelf, and not have been ſo abſent and thoughtful: but if you had the greateſt prudence imaginable in this reſpect, how could you eſcape the ſingle queſtion which I aſk you ſo often; *Adelaide, what are you thinking of?* You muſt then have deceived me by your anſwers; deceived your mother! your only true friend! or have broken your word and diſcovered your ſecret! ... I thought, mamma, I might have been excuſed, if I owned I had a ſecret; and that, when you knew I had promiſed to keep it, you would not inſiſt on my telling you ... But merely to confeſs you have a ſecret, is always betraying half of it, and very frequently the whole. For example, from whom can you have an important ſecret? From your father it cannot be, ſince he keeps nothing from me. As to your maid, I have forbidden you ever talking to her on any ſubject; and it is impoſſible that it can be any *man* who has truſted you with a ſecret: therefore it is very eaſy to diſcover that it can be nobody but Miſs *Bridget* who has placed this confidence in you: and, having found out ſo much as that, the reſt I may learn before the day is out. Thus you have not kept your promiſe, never to conceal any thing from me; you have unthinkingly given your word of honour; you have for ſeveral days been guilty of a hundred indiſcretions, and at laſt you diſcover a ſecret

which

which has been depoſited with you! How many faults are here united! And all for want of reflection, and becauſe you could not reſiſt the emotion of a fooliſh curioſity. This converſation ended by my poſitive order not to acquaint Miſs *Bridget* with what had paſſed. I left her for eight days in an uncertainty, which was painful enough to a temper ſo curious and impatient as her's. She knew not whether I had come to an explanation with Miſs *Bridget*, nor whether Miſs *Bridget* knew that I had got the ſecret out of her, nor whether I was acquainted with the ſecret marriage, not daring to aſk a queſtion, and not being able to find it out by our conduct, ſhe was in an uneaſy ſuſpence, which ſhe could not very readily tell how to bear; but, having felt the force of her firſt faults, ſhe had power enough over herſelf to be ſilent, and to appear with a calm and ſerene countenance. The time being arrived, when the ſecret was to be made known; Miſs *Bridget* took *Adelaide* by the hand, led her to me, and, embracing her, ſaid to her, the ſecret I confided to you is now no longer ſo, and I am going to acquaint you with the truth. As you had given me reaſon to doubt your friendſhip for me, I was deſirous to put you to the proof, before I reſtored you entirely to mine, and therefore I intruſted you with an imaginary ſecret; you have kept it very well in ſome reſpects; you have not told your brother of it, nor have you given *Dainville* any ſuſpicion of your knowing ſuch a thing; you avoided telling your mamma of it; at the ſame time you have carefully concealed from me, that which ſhe had forbidden you to tell me, and you have convinced me that you are really intereſted in my happineſs. All this is acting

ing very nobly at your age, as you are not yet ten years old; and I perceive you have a good heart, and that you will be very prudent, when your are leſs governed by your curioſity, and have learned to have more command over yourſelf. What! cried *Adelaide*, are you not married then to Monſ. *Dainville?*—How could you ſuppoſe, if it was ſo, replied Miſs *Bridget*, that I ſhould have confided the ſecret to you in preference to telling it to your mamma?—I have often told you, *Adelaide*, ſaid I, that you ſhould always be ſuſpicious of any information you received which I was not to know; and with a little more reflection you might have gueſſed Miſs *Bridget* only did it to try you, and that ſhe knew too well the duty you owed to me, to endeavour to make you fail in it: but theſe reflections, ſo natural, did not occur to you: and why? Becauſe you were ſo much taken up with the deſire of learning the ſecret; becauſe you ſuffered your curioſity to get the better of your underſtanding; and becauſe every paſſion, to which you give yourſelf up, takes away your judgment and makes you blind. I hope, my dear friend, you will forgive my troubling you with this long, and, in appearance, trifling account: but it will not be uſeleſs to you, if you really wiſh to adopt my method. This is the only certain way of ſucceeding in your leſſons, and I ſhall put my child to every proof of this kind, in order to form her character, and ſtrengthen her underſtanding. When ſhe comes into company, ſhe will know by her own experience, and without having learned it at the expence of her happineſs or reputation, all the inconveniencies of giddineſs, eagerneſs, indiſcretion, curioſity, weakneſs, *&c.*:

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in ſhort, ſhe will know how to conquer her paſſions. *Theodore* will receive the ſame inſtructions; he has gone through all the ſame trials which I have told you of *Adelaide*, and has behaved ſtill better than ſhe has, for he never gave the leaſt cauſe of ſuſpicion, that he had been truſted with a great ſecret: but he is a year older than his ſiſter, and, when children have a good education, a year makes a great difference.

LETTER L.

Madame d'Oſtalis to the Baroneſs.

I AM this day, my dear aunt, three-and-twenty years old; and I cannot celebrate my birth-day better than in converſing with you; but, when I think, that for theſe three long years I have been ſeparated from you, and that I ſhall ſtill be deprived of the happineſs of ſeeing you for another twelve-month, my heart is very melancholy.—The only thing which I receive conſolation from is the thought of having conducted myſelf at this diſtance from you in the ſame manner as if you had been always with me; in ſhort, the having exactly followed the rules you gave me, and the advice which you have conſtantly pointed out to me in your letters, thoſe dear letters in which I find ſo much to make me amends for the diſtance which is between us. You will never be told on your return to Paris, that your child is guilty of coquetry; this odious vice, for which you have given me ſo juſt and ſo ſerious an averſion. I have never turned the

the brain of any one, and I can even boaſt, that it has never been ſaid, that any perſon has fallen in love with me. It is true, I have followed your advice, and always preſerved a proper behaviour, with that mild tranquillity which you recommended to me; that I have made uſe of no arts, and have never gone into company by myſelf, that is, without my mother-in-law, till within theſe two years; and almoſt always with Monſ. *d'Oſtalis:* that I never received company at my own houſe till laſt year, and that thoſe I aſſociate with are very ſenſible, as well as reaſonable people; that I neither go to Balls at the Opera-houſe *, nor ride on horſeback: and therefore it is not aſtoniſhing, that I ſhould have preſerved my reputation without blemiſh. This is a cauſe of great happineſs to me, and I value it at too high a price not to endeavour to keep it.

I have ſtill no ſatisfactory intelligence to give you of Madame *de Valcy*. Madame *de Limours*, blinded towards her in every particular, is perſuaded that ſhe loves her huſband tenderly, but I do not believe a word of it. She is already the greateſt coquette you ever ſaw, and when her mother is not preſent ſhe boaſts of it: and is weak enough to think that this confeſſion is *infinitely graceful*, and that it ſhews her to be poſſeſſed of a moſt amiable frankneſs. I think, my dear aunt, you will not find this *frankneſs* much to your taſte; in my opinion, it appears both indelicate and abſurd. She has altered that ſtiff formal appearance ſhe put on at the time of her being married; ſhe is now friſking and fluttering about, ſeems to be all life, and her head appears to be the perpetual mo-

* They are maſked balls.

tion.

tion. I think, if I was inclined to coquetry, I ſhould attempt to pleaſe by my underſtanding and converſation as much as by my perſon: but Madame *de Valcy* takes a quite contrary method. To give you ſome idea of it, I will relate to you an account of a breakfaſt which we had yeſterday at Madame *de Limours'*. There were only four Ladies of us, Madame *de Limours*, Madame *de Valcy*, myſelf, and Madame *de Germueil*, a young woman about my age, married about four years, neither beautiful nor amiable; but ſhe has an elegant figure, and has ſome gracefulneſs in her manner, though very inconſiderate and giddy, and full of affectation; to whom Madame *de Valcy* has been intimately attached for theſe ſix months paſt. We were moderately gay at breakfaſt, when Madame *de Limours* received a letter which called her out of the room: ſhe deſired me, in her abſence, to be her daughter's Chaperon. The moment after ſhe was gone, the Marquis *de L*—— and the Chevalier *Creni* were announced—It is reported, that the latter is in love with Madame *de Valcy*, and that the Marquis is likewiſe attached to Madame *de Germeiul*. I was ſeated between theſe two Ladies, and immediately took notice of their behaviour, which was wonderfully changed. Madame *de Valcy* appeared all at once to have a violent affection for me! She embraced me, affected to whiſper in my ear continually, as if to tell me a ſecret, when ſhe only ſaid things of no kind of conſequence, and then burſt into violent fits of laughter; all this accompanied with ſuch motions of the head as is impoſſible to deſcribe, but from which I ſuffered great inconvenience, for every moment I found her feathers and her braid in my face.

face. At length, ſeeing that I was very cool, and did not return her great and ſudden friendſhip, ſhe roſe from her ſeat with Madame *de Germueil*, and they walked arm in arm up and down the room, for ſix or eight minutes, with great careleſſneſs; and then ſeated themſelves on a ſopha in a ſtudied attitude, in order that it might be ſaid, that they formed a moſt beautiful picture.

At length I returned home without being able to comprehend how people can be ſo ſtupid as to ſuppoſe they can make conqueſts by ſuch ridiculous means. I ſhould rather prefer the coquetry of an Engliſh Lady, whom Monſ. *d'Herbain* met with in his travels; ſhe was very beautiful, but through a ſtrange caprice ſhe diſdained a conqueſt which was only obtained by her perſon: and, when ſhe wiſhed any one to fall in love with her, ſhe renounced dreſs, and concealed her fine hair, and half her face, under a large hat; and, covering herſelf with a cloak, ſhe hid from their ſight the moſt elegant ſhape in the world: but ſhe took care to diſplay all the charms of her mind, and by the inſinuating graces of her converſation, and the delicacy of her wit, ſhe triumphs over the moſt beautiful or beſt dreſſed rivals in the world. By this means, added the Chevalier *d'Herbain*, this dangerous coquette was not content with ſlight attentions, but inſpired her admirers with ſerious and laſting paſſions. Adieu, my dear aunt! I am going this moment to Verſailles; I ſhall return the day after to-morrow, and will then write to you again, and ſend you the little box of Muſic, which you aſked me for . . . They ſend for me, they wait for me. Adieu! your child embraces you as tenderly as ſhe loves you.

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LETTER LI.

From the Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

I Am every day more pleaſed with my ſituation, my dear friend; at leaſt I am ſo with my daughter, for my happineſs depends on her conduct and her affection for me. I told you all the little cauſes of complaint I had againſt her, on her firſt being married: but thoſe little clouds are now vaniſhed, and I begin to believe, that, in doubting her ſenſibility, mine has often made me unjuſt. She loves her huſband paſſionately. In general, all the emotions of her heart are violent: and though theſe tempers may be more dangerous than others, you muſt agree that they are the only ones that are formed for attachments. I ought to applaud myſelf for having given her to the man of her choice: a perſon ſo impetuous, open, and with ſuch lively paſſions as ſhe has, could never have ſupported an engagement contrary to her inclinations; ſhe, who could never bear the ſlighteſt contradiction, even in the moſt trifling matters! She has many faults, I confeſs, but they are chiefly owing to her vivacity, and the little diſſimulation of which ſhe is capable. You have known me ſuſpect her of falſehood on ſome occaſions, and it gave me great affliction. Thank Heaven, I was deceived; and as ſhe herſelf tells me, what I was inclined to attribute to artifice was merely owing to her being inconſiderate and giddy; and, in fact, theſe are her principal faults; her heart, however, is very ſuſceptible of good impreſſions,

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and will yield to them. She has made choice of a friend, and loves her to excefs. This friend is a few years older than herfelf, has been married about four years, and is equally diftinguifhed by her birth, her behaviour, and agreeable connections. It is with great pleafure that I obferve my daughter giving herfelf up to all the enthufiafm of a firft friendfhip. But at prefent let us talk of an object which is ftill more intereffting to you, fince you mean one day or other to adopt her for your own: *Conftantia* will not have the ftriking charms of her fifter; her beauty is of the fofter kind; her gentle and ingenuous difpofition, together with a conftant fweetnefs of temper, makes every body delighted with her: her underftanding is infinitely above the age of feven years. She has great fenfibility, but is timid and bafhful, always the fame, always ferious, fearful, and fubmiffive; fo that, in fpite of her beauty, fhe feems more formed to be loved than admired. I think her temper and difpofition would fuit you exactly; and that you will find her an artlefs, fenfible, and amiable girl; which appears to me to be all we wifh. May fhe infure the happinefs of our beloved *Theodore*, and we fhall then be ftill more united than ever, applaud ourfelves, and enjoy together their mutual felicity! Ah, my dear friend! thefe happy days are ftill at a diftance! . . . And, waiting for their arrival, what facrifices have you made! I admire them, but I figh and complain of them more and more. I have neither your courage, your enthufiafm, nor your philofophy, to enable me to fupport myfelf properly. Adieu! forgive me this weaknefs, on account of the tender affection which occafions it.

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LETTER LII.

Anſwer from the Baroneſs.

I CONGRATULATE you, my dear friend, on the happineſs you enjoy at this time: certain of poſſeſſing your daughter's affections, I think with you, that you ought to bear with and excuſe her faults; her loving you will be ſufficient; as ſhe grows older, her temper will inſenſibly improve. You tell me ſhe has made choice of an intimate friend. Allow me to give you ſome remarks on that ſubject, which I formerly made, when I had opportunities of obſerving what paſſed in ſociety. This part of your letter brings it back to my mind, and perhaps it may be of uſe to you. It is by laviſhing the ſacred names of friendſhip and confidence, on all thoſe tranſient and trifling attachments we are continually forming, that we are come almoſt to doubt whether ſuch a ſentiment as friendſhip exiſts at all. This rapid ſucceſſion of lively and tumultuous emotions exhauſts and hardens the heart, without being able to affect it. Fickleneſs proceeds from want of ſome object of our affection; we wiſh to attach ourſelves; we change with the hope or proſpect of making a better choice, and our lives paſs away, in ſeeking, what at laſt we imagine is no-where to be met with, becauſe we have not found it. Theſe errors proceed from our own prejudices, and are every day increaſing. One real attachment is ſufficient for our hearts: but people perſuade us we ſhould have ſeveral at the ſame time. So, to make happineſs more

more uncommon, they eſtabliſh differences which do not exiſt, and give to the ſame ſentiment an infinity of names; they divide it alſo into many branches, and they aſſure us, that perfect felicity conſiſts in finding objects to fill this numerous liſt. I will make you a calculation according to theſe received notions. A young woman, taught to think in this manner, knows, if ſhe does not love her huſband, that ſhe ought to be in love, and therefore ſhe looks out for a lover; ſhe alſo knows, that ſhe ſhould feel a tender affection for her relations, which is a different ſentiment from that of friendſhip; ſhe viſits them, and pays them all proper attentions, which is the whole of what is expected from her. She has brothers and ſiſters; the affection ſhe feels for them is called by a particular name, but all theſe are not ſufficient; ſhe muſt, beſides, have a *friend*. Sympathy comes to her aſſiſtance, and, at the end of ſix months, ſhe perhaps meets with this perſon worthy to poſſeſs all her confidence. But, not contented with one, ſhe muſt have what are called *friends*, for they diſtinguiſh between your *particular friend* and *your friends*. The latter are only intitled to half your confidence, or the ſecrets of the moment; if they are ill, you muſt go and ſhut yourſelves up with them, to take care of them: there ought to be five or ſix of them, all equal both in rank and privileges, and inferior only to your *particular friend*. So you ſee there are two ſorts of friendſhip diſtinct from each other, without reckoning the ties of relationſhip, or the paſſion of love. Your affection for your intimate *friend* is to laſt for ever: you muſt wear her picture, and have bracelets with her hair: you are never without three or four ſecrets

crets to whiſper in her ear, whenever you meet, even if you have not left her a quarter of an hour: and you are never invited to a ſupper, unleſs ſhe is of the party. But, as to your *friends*, you only feel for them a kind of a tranquil and tender regard founded on eſteem and convenience, which has nothing violent in it. If one ſhould chance to be poſſeſſed of a little cunning, there is another ſentiment, which is called intereſt; this may fall on about a dozen people of our acquaintance, whom we ſelect on account of their ſuperior rank or fortune: and this will require us, during their abſence, to write a letter to them once a month, or, if they are ſick, one muſt ſend to know how they do, two or three times a day; and, in caſe of their death, one muſt abſent one's ſelf from public places, for at leaſt the remainder of the week. All theſe ceremonies are marked ſo exactly and followed ſo ſtrictly, that it is eaſy to ſee they have been learned from infancy, and that education and cuſtom have fixed them in the memory. Is it not as ſtrange as it is ridiculous, that a young perſon, who finds in her own family objects which ought ſo naturally to engage her affections, ſhould go among ſtrangers, to form thoſe idle and trifling connexions, which, without having power to make her amends, by degrees inſenſibly eſtrange her for ever from all thoſe perſons whom ſhe ought to love beſt?—Believe me, it is not a friend, that people ſeek for at eighteen: it is not a guide and adviſer they wiſh for, becauſe they may find thoſe in a mother or a huſband; but theſe they neglect. They only wiſh to form a connexion that may be taken notice of; and they chuſe a perſon the moſt admired and moſt in faſhion to fix their affection on. But, above all,

they want a kind, complying confidant, and this it is that makes people ſuſpect, when they ſee two young women ſo very intimate, that they are concerned together in ſome imprudent affair. They begin by communicating to each other all the little ſecrets of their paſſed life, till by degrees their imaginations are heated, and, to ſhew they have the ſtricteſt confidence in each other, they betray their inmoſt thoughts, particularly on the ſubject of love: and their communications are generally exaggerated, and give falſe ideas of the conqueſts they have made. In theſe little Hiſtories their vanity frequently alters the facts, and often conceals the truth; they acquire a taſte for intrigue and a habit of telling lyes; and they uſe themſelves to this practice, in order to give their friend, whom they care for no longer than ſhe will liſten to them, all theſe proofs of their lively and paſſionate attachment. From what I have obſerved, I ſhould think it right to point out to young people, by mild and gentle means, the folly and abſurdity of forming ſuch attachments which they are ſo fond of. Adieu, my dear friend! A letter from you is juſt brought me; I ſhall therefore finiſh this without regret, as I am not going to quit you altogether.

LETTER LIII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

WHAT attention ought one to pay to children, even in the moſt trifling things! . . . *Adelaide* almoſt always tells truth; education has confirmed this

this virtue in her, ſhe never attempts the ſmalleſt diſguiſe to try to hide any of her faults; and yet, notwithſtanding this, I have found her, for ſome days paſt, making ſtories from the gaiety of her heart, and, to amuſe herſelf. *Dainville* laſt week was relating to us a very comical dream which he had, and at which we laughed very much. The next day *Adelaide* dreamt alſo, and acquainted me with her dream, to which I paid little attention; and, two days after, ſhe had another; and, in ſhort, this morning, ſhe has related ſo pretty a tale, that I am convinced ſhe compoſed it at her leiſure, and ſhe has ſince acknowledged, that ſhe invented them all. I had no great difficulty to make her underſtand, if it is wicked to tell lyes for the ſake of intereſt, it is ſtill more inexcuſable to do it without any motive. I have often told you, ſaid I, what a mean and deteſtable vice lying is, and how much it is deſpiſed: I muſt tell you yet more, that thoſe who are guilty of it can never be eſteemed, nor thought amiable. There are numbers of people who amuſe themſelves by compoſing Hiſtories, which without any ſcruple they paſs off for truth, becauſe they do no harm to any body. Theſe people have no other intention in exaggerating and in telling lyes, but to entertain their acquaintance, and make themſelves agreeable in company; but they miſtake the matter, and diſhonour themſelves by it in the moſt ridiculous and fooliſh manner: and a man, who tells lyes in this way, for his own pleaſure, is never believed in any thing. Whatever he ſays, let it be ever ſo agreeable, can never intereſt you, becauſe he never can raiſe your attention or gain your confidence; and he is, indeed, ſcarcely liſtened to. While perſons of veracity, ſuppoſing even they have not

much underſtanding, if they have any thing extraordinary to relate, are always liſtened to with attention, and heard with pleaſure: beſides, the eſteem we have for ſuch characters, the certainty that one may believe all they ſay makes their converſation intereſting, and their company agreeable; and, were they only poſſeſſed of this ſingle virtue, they would be eſteemed and ſought after. After theſe obſervations, I requeſted *Adelaide* to compoſe no more dreams for the future.

I have juſt received a letter from Madame *d'Oſtalis*, in which ſhe ſpeaks of nothing but our charming little *Conſtantia*; ſhe tells me ſhe is amazingly improved, and that ſhe is beautiful as an Angel; I am almoſt ſorry for it. To be ſure extreme uglineſs is a real misfortune, but perfect beauty is a gift of Nature, always dangerous, and frequently pernicious and fatal! A perſon of perfect beauty, who draws all eyes upon her, is judged with the greateſt ſeverity, even when jealouſy is out of the queſtion. Curioſity, which is natural to us, ſeeks to find out, if this object who charms us ſo much poſſeſſes other qualities which we would wiſh to find in her. Even a good and gentle mind will experience this ſentiment; the beauty, who charms us ſo much at the ſight of her, will give us a deſire to know more of her: this diſintereſted idea keeps us from diſtruſt. We do not conſider, that love and hatred are equally blind, that indifference examines nothing, and that benevolence alone is juſt and clear-ſighted; and this is the general opinion: therefore it is, that an advantage, ſo valuable in appearance, is in fact very dangerous. It is much the ſame thing, in another line, with a man of moderate abilities raiſed to ſuperior rank. Every eye is fixed upon him with the intention

intention of diſcovering his moſt trifling faults; and, while flattery is paying homage to him, hatred and calumny endeavour to blacken and diſhonour him, and Truth itſelf unveils and accuſes him; all his faults are obſerved, repeated, and exaggerated: take from him this ſhining title which has decorated and expoſed him, and half of his faults will be unknown; nobody will give themſelves the trouble of diſcovering his vices; they will remain ſecret in his heart, and the actions he *wiſhes to* conceal will never be brought into day-light.

It is very ſeldom that a woman perfectly beautiful is in other reſpects amiable. She thinks Nature has done every thing for her; that it is ſufficient for her to be ſeen, in order to inchant and ſeduce; and that no other qualities are half ſo eſtimable. With theſe ſentiments ſhe goes into company, and all her ſucceſs depends on the impreſſion ſhe makes at firſt ſight; theſe uncertain effects, which cannot be laſting, only leave behind them indifference, inſipidity, and often diſguſt. With her the mind has no employment, the heart is cold, and it is a very true obſervation, "that the moſt tender attachments are "ſeldom inſpired by the moſt beautiful perſons."

A figure which has nothing diſguſting in it, a countenance which marks the character, and points out ſenſe or good humour, theſe are the moſt deſirable qualities; and add to theſe ſimple and modeſt graces, gentleneſs of manners and ſenſe without affectation, and you will ſee whether beauty alone will ever be able to diſpute the prize with it. Therefore, my dear friend, redouble your attentions to *Conſtantia*; be ſure to convince her, that beauty can never ſupply the place of other amiable qualities, when ſhe comes into the world; that it will only

expoſe her to the cruel envy of the women, and the impertinence of the men; and that, in attracting the general notice, it will only be the means of expoſing errors and foibles which would not otherwiſe have been ſeen: but at the ſame time it will make modeſty ſtill more intereſting, and give to virtue a ſtill more brilliant appearance. Do not endeavour to conceal from her that ſhe is beautiful; it is a thing impoſſible to hide; talk to her of it with coldneſs and indifference, without appearing to ſet any kind of value on it; at the ſame time tell her, if ſhe ſhould preſerve it, which is very uncertain, till ſhe is five-and-twenty, that ſhe will ſee a hundred, in that ſpace of time, who may not have ſuch regular beauty as ſhe, but who will be greatly preferred by being more in the faſhion and taſte of the world. Have we not ſeen that Madame *de Gerville* paſſed at one time for the prettieſt creature in the world, in ſpite of the ſong which criticized ſo dreadfully, but, at the ſame time ſo juſtly, her ſhape, her teeth, her complexion, her mouth, and her noſe?—As nobody is abſolutely perfect, when you do not conceal from her that ſhe is handſome, tell her alſo as freely, the faults which may be found with her, that ſhe may not look upon herſelf as a miracle of beauty: and let her be uſed to hear herſelf criticized, without ſhewing ſpite or vexation: and to effect this, make your remarks on her little imperfections, not with an air of concern, but as if it was a matter of indifference. *Adelaide* is really very pretty, and ſhe knows it, but never ſeems to think about it. Some days ago, I gave a dinner to almoſt all my neighbours. The company was very brilliant, *Adelaide* was well dreſſed, and looked remarkably handſome; all the gueſts cried out, how beau-

beautiful ſhe is! and ſaid that they had never ſeen any thing ſo lovely or ſo agreeable. In the evening, when we were alone, Miſs *Bridget* aſked me the name of the Nobleman who ſat on my right hand, and whoſe converſation appeared to intereſt me very much; I anſwered, he was called M. *de L'Orme*; that he had travelled a great deal, and was very ſenſible and agreeable: but a little ſevere, ſaid Miſs *Bridget*; and there happened to me a droll adventure, which I ſhall tell you of without heſitation, before Mademoiſelle *Adelaide*, who I am ſure will be the firſt to laugh at it. I lay a wager, added Monſ. *d'Almane*, you heard him ſay he did not think *Adelaide* pretty. Oh! that, ſaid Miſs *Bridget*, would not be worth relating, for every one to their taſte; and if Mademoiſelle were as beautiful as an Angel, ſhe would not pleaſe every body; but that Monſ. *de L'Orme* ſhould have ſelected me for his confidant on this ſubject is very remarkable. He took me for one of the neighbouring Ladies, and half an hour before dinner, while the company were all in the ſaloon, I was walking on the terraſs, where he joined me, and entered into converſation. I aſked him what he thought of Mademoiſelle *Adelaide*'s explanation of the Hiſtorical Pictures in the Saloon, and other rooms? I think it wonderful, ſaid he, and what I have admired above all is, that ſhe explains them without any affectation of learning, and only ſpeaks when ſhe is queſtioned: ſhe will do well to preſerve this modeſt ſimplicity; for, without theſe qualities, let her have ever ſo much knowledge, ſhe will only appear troubleſome and tireſome, and at the ſame time ridiculous. This, continued he, is what I would have wiſhed they had found in this young

perſon to applaud, inſtead of admiring her perſon, as they did; which, in my opinion, is nothing extraordinary. Indeed, ſaid I, in this they give her very trifling praiſe: it is true, that ſhe is very pretty; but . . . Pretty,—interrrupted he, I do not think ſo at all. Her little figure is, without any regularity, with a pleaſing look, which is, however, very common; and I do aſſure you, the greateſt part of the company, who have declared her ſo lovely, do not think ſo in reality. I am above this ridiculous flattery, I aſſure you; and I much wiſh this child, whom I really admire, on account of her education, ſhould know how little truth there is in ſuch compliments as they have paid her, and how injurious they are to the perſon to whom they are addreſſed; for they muſt ſuppoſe her very vain, and very ſilly to believe it, and be delighted with it. This diſcourſe appeared to me to be very ſenſible, and I ſhould have liked to have prolonged it; but Mademoiſelle *Adelaide* came to tell me dinner was on the table. By the manner in which ſhe ſpoke, Monſ. *de L'Orme* found I belonged to the family; and Mademoiſelle *Adelaide* might perceive that he appeared much confuſed, and that I ſpoke ſoftly to him, becauſe he begged me not to betray him, which I promiſed I would not. So then he thought, ſaid *Adelaide*, bluſhing a little, if I knew he did not think me handſome, I ſhould be grieved. I wiſh he was to know the truth of this matter! . . . *Adelaide* is much in the right, ſaid I. But how can it be done? He will not come here again, and he leaves the country in two days . . . Miſs *Bridget*, ſaid Monſ. *d'Almane*, muſt write him a letter, and, as he is a man of great merit, and is beſides fifty years old, *Adelaide* may, if her mother will

will permit her, add a few lines from herſelf in the letter. I approved of this ſcheme, but *Adelaide* had ſome difficulty to conſent to it, as ſhe was afraid of not ſpelling quite properly: however, at laſt, Miſs *Bridget* prevailed on her, and when ſhe had wrote her own letter, in which ſhe acquainted Monſ. *de L'Orme* that ſhe had found his remarks ſo very juſt, that ſhe could not help telling them to her young friend. *Adelaide* ſhut herſelf up in her cloſet to add her few lines: ſhe ſtaid there a long time, and, when ſhe came out, ſhe bluſhed exceedingly, and brought us the letter in her hand, which was extremely well written, and was as follows:

"It is very true, Sir, I am neither ſurpriſed, nor "angry, that you thought me plain; this might "very well happen; and when I am flattered, and "told I am pretty, I often think it is done to make "a joke of me. I had much rather be praiſed for "the little knowledge I have gained, and for the "qualities of my mind, becauſe, that is praiſing "my mamma, as well as me. I intreat you, Sir, "not to think me a young girl of an abſurd and "frivolous turn; with ſuch a mother as I have, I "can never be either one or the other."

I approved this billet very much, and we ſent it immediately by a poſtilion, with orders to carry it to Monſ. *de L'Orme*, who was to ſpend a day or two at a friend's houſe about two leagues from hence. *Adelaide* was impatient for his return, which was about nine o'clock with Monſ. *de L'Orme*'s anſwer, which I ſend you;

"Madam, I cannot believe that Miſs *Bridget* "has told you I thought you plain; I think I "could never have made uſe of ſuch an expreſſion.

" I do not like to exaggerate, and eſpecially when " it would be unpolite and diſobliging. I even " think your perſon may be called very pleaſing; " for taſte and opinions have not ſettled ideas rela- " tive to beauty or uglineſs; perſons judge variouſly, " and frequently the moſt indifferent face is pre- " ferred to the moſt beautiful; and this proves, that " thoſe who wiſh for general admiration, merely " on account of their beauty, are equally abſurd " and ridiculous. But you, Madam, will never be " one of theſe: it is by the ſweetneſs of your tem- " per, by your mildneſs, your ſteadineſs, your ſenſe, " and your talents, that you wiſh to pleaſe; and if " you go on improving with the education you will " have, you will make one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed, " as well as one of the moſt pleaſing perſons in ſo- " ciety: and perhaps, in eight or ten years, chance " may procure me the happineſs of meeting you, " when I ſhall with great pleaſure ſee my predic- " tions verified."

Adelaide was pretty well ſatisfied with this letter, which ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould keep and read over from time to time. She added, " Monſ. *de L'Orme* is " not the politeſt of men, but he has a great deal of " prudence and good ſenſe." You cannot think, my dear friend, how very amuſing theſe kind of leſſons are. Inſtead of preaching long ſermons, which tire both the ſpeaker and the hearer, we invent theſe pretty plans, which we bring into action, and make the principal actors perform their parts without the trouble of getting them by heart; and, I aſſure you, theſe little Comedies, which ſometimes engage us for ten or twelve days, both intereſt and entertain us more than you have any idea of.

LETTER LIV.

The Count de Roſeville to the Baron.

I AM going to inform you of ſuch an extraordinary event, my dear Baron, that I would not delay a moment writing to you, particularly as Monſ. *d'Aimeri* is the principal perſon concerned in this ſingular Hiſtory. The friendſhip you have for him would have been ſufficient to have made me regard him: but his great merit, and the dreadful misfortunes he has met with, have given him a right to my moſt tender friendſhip, which he will ever poſſeſs. I gueſs what your curioſity muſt be, and I will ſatisfy it. Monſ. *d'Aimeri* arrived here about ten days ago; after what you wrote to me about him, I took a lodging for him at a friend's houſe, and, the evening he came here, I went to make him a viſit. A ſlight indiſpoſition obliged him to keep his chamber a few days, at the end of which he went over the city, and ſaw every thing that was curious in it; and people mentioned to him the houſe of Monſ. *d'Anglures*, as being well worth his ſeeing. He wiſhed much to go there to viſit this extraordinary and benevolent man, whom I have already mentioned to you; as I am very intimate with him, I promiſed Monſ. *d'Aimeri* to carry him thither. We went the next day, as ſoon as we had dined, Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, *Charles*, and myſelf, in the ſame carriage. When we had got there, we were told Monſ *d'Anglures* was gone to take a walk in the fields, but that he would certainly be at home preſently, and we were deſired to

walk into his apartments. About half an hour after, finding Monſ. *d'Aimeri* was much engaged by a Cabinet of Natural Hiſtory, I offered to conduct his grandſon into the gardens, which were well worth viewing, and of which I will give you an account in my next letter. We had ſcarce left the houſe, when a ſervant came to tell us that Monſ. *d'Anglures* was returned from his walk, and was looking for us; and at that inſtant we ſaw him coming to join us. He had no ſooner caſt his eyes on *Charles*, than I perceived a great alteration in his countenance; he looked at him with an air of aſtoniſhment and tenderneſs, and after a moment's ſilence, he cried out, My God, what a likeneſs! . . . And turning his head, he wiped his eyes, which were filled with tears. He then came up to *Charles*, and, taking him by the hand, Pardon, ſaid he, my curioſity, but . . . How old are you?—Fifteen years and a half, replied *Charles*.—Oh, Heaven, ſaid Monſ. *d'Anglures*, the very ſound of her voice! . . . Ah, Sir, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to me, who is this young man? what is his name?—The Chevalier *de Valmont*.—I had no ſooner mentioned his name, than Monſ. *d'Anglures* took *Charles* in his arms, and preſſed him to his boſom with ſuch tranſport as would have made me eaſily gueſs the cauſe, had I known more of Monſ. *d'Aimeri*'s ſtory; but, not being acquainted with any of the particulars of it, I regarded this ſcene with inexpreſſible ſurpriſe: when Monſ. *d'Anglures* turned to me, and ſaid, you ſhall know this very day, the cauſe of the ſituation in which you ſee me; you ſhall learn it, and you will pity me: I am ſure you will! . . . But who does this dear child travel with! Is it with a Governor? No, ſaid I, with his grandfather.—

His

His grandfather! ſaid Monſ. *d'Anglures*, with a frantic air.—Yes, Monſ. *d'Aimeri* . . . What do you ſay, interrupted he, is Monſ. *d'Aimeri* here? Is he now in my houſe! . . . He pronounced theſe words in ſo loud a voice, and at the ſame time ſo faultering, and with anger ſo ſtrongly painted in his eyes, which were ſtill filled with tears, that I plainly ſaw, if he had met with an intereſting and beloved object in *Charles*, he had alſo found a deteſted enemy in Monſ. *d'Aimeri*. I hope, ſaid I to him, you will remember the rights of hoſpitality, and that you will do nothing contrary to the high opinion I have of your ſenſe and virtue. Ah! if you knew, cried he . . . He ſtopped, appeared to reflect a moment, and turning his eyes on *Charles*, his rage, inſtead of leſſening, ſeemed to collect new ſtrength; and *Charles*, who till then had remained motionleſs, at laſt broke ſilence: Sir, ſaid he, do you know my grandfather, and have you any complaint againſt him? If ſo, I am ready to offer you any ſatisfaction for him, which you can deſire.—Generous boy, interrupted Monſ. *d'Anglures*, embracing him! . . . But let me aſk you once more, ſaid *Charles*, do you know my grandfather?—Monſ. *d'Anglures* took a moment to reply; then, aſſuming a milder air, he does not know me, ſaid he, but you muſt know that, by a ſtrange fatality, his name brings to my mind the moſt dreadful events; and I wiſh to ſee him for a moment: wait for us in the garden. No, no, interrupted *Charles*, with great quickneſs, you ſhall not ſee him but in my company.—Young man, replied Monſ. *d'Anglures*, with a little ſeverity, I forgive the unkind fears you entertain of me, on account of the reſpectable cauſe which inſpires it: but remember, I conſent that the

the Count *de Roſeville* ſhall be witneſs to this interview; remember, that I am in my own houſe, and ſuppoſing it to be true that Monſ. *d'Aimeri* is my enemy, he would always find here a ſacred aſylum. Monſ. *d'Anglures* is right, ſaid I, and I think Monſ. *d'Aimeri* himſelf would blame you for the words you have juſt made uſe of: ſtay here, therefore, and in a quarter of an hour we will return to you again. At theſe words we quitted *Charles*, who was not yet intirely freed from his fears. For my part, I was ſurpriſed and confuſed at every thing I had ſeen and heard, and waited with ſome concern, and extreme curioſity, to ſee how this affair would end. I did not venture to aſk Monſ. *d'Anglures* any queſtions; but, on entering the houſe, he ſaid, go, my dear Count, and ſee for Monſ. *d'Aimeri*; I only requeſt you will not ſay a word to him of what has paſſed; I will not, ſaid I. Then, ſaid he, wait till I ſend for you. He then left me without giving me time to anſwer him. I found Monſ. *d'Aimeri* where I had left him in the room, and he was ſo buſily employed with the ſtudy of Natural Hiſtory, that he did not even perceive that I was returned without his grandſon. In about ten minutes a ſervant came to inform us that Monſ. *d'Anglures* waited for us in another room. This invitation gave me ſome pain; but Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, ſtill abſent, did not take notice of it. I took him by the arm, and we followed the ſervant, who led us through ſeveral apartments, and came at laſt to the door of another, where he ſtopped, gave us the key, and then left us. I immediately unlocked this myſterious door, and went in firſt. I thought I had been acquainted with all the houſe, which I had been over fifty times; but I ſaw with aſtoniſh-

ment,

ment, that this apartment, as remarkable as it was magnificent, was intirely unknown to me; the walls and the floor were marble of the moſt dazzling whiteneſs, and at the end oppoſite the door, were four grand pillars of porphyry, ſupporting a canopy of ſilver ſtuff, ornamented with ſilver fringe, before which were faſtened curtains of gauze, which, being then drawn cloſe, concealed the whole of the pavillion; but the moment Monſ. *d'Aimeri* appeared in the room, the curtains were drawn up, and we diſcovered Monſ. *d'Anglures*, who, addreſſing himſelf to Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, ſaid to him in a dreadful voice, Lift up your eyes, barbarian, and contemplate the work of your hands!—Monſ. *d'Aimeri* trembled, and caſt his eyes on the affecting object, which was to tear open all the wounds of his heart . . . He ſaw, ſtanding on a pedeſtal of white marble, a ſtatue repreſenting *Fidelity* * bathed in tears. She held in one hand ſome long and beautiful ringlets of flaxen hair, and in the other a letter half folded, of which no words could be ſeen but the name, written in large letters of gold, of *Cecilia*. At the ſight of this, your unhappy friend, petrified with aſtoniſhment, and overwhelmed with grief, remained a moment quite motionleſs; then caſting his eyes towards Monſ *d'Anglures*, he trembled, he ſhook, and ſupporting himſelf againſt one of the pillars: What, ſaid he, the Chevalier *de Murville!*—Yes! he himſelf, interrupted the Chevalier; I am that unfortunate man, thy moſt implacable enemy . . . Oh, my daughter! cried Monſ *d'Aimeri!* He could not ſay more, his ſobs deprived him of ſpeech. *Inhuman!* replied Monſ. *d'Anglures, of what happineſs has thy execrable ambi-*

* Perhaps *Conſtancy* is a better word.

tion

tion deprived me! It is juſt, that this ambition ſhould at length ſerve to double thy confuſion and remorſe. Think of the fortune I poſſeſs, of theſe riches which I deſpiſe, and which I could never know the value of, but in ſharing them with the object I adored; that innocent victim of thy cruelty, had an heart, alas! as tender as it is unhappy; for if thou art ſtill ignorant, learn now, that ſhe loved me!—Yes, barbarian, *Cecilia* loved me, and in ſpite of thy unheard of cruelty, it is ſhe who ordered me *to reſpect thy life!* It is me alone who could have kept back this deſperate arm. I abandoned my country; I came to the farthermoſt part of the North, to ſeek in vain the repoſe which thou haſt taken from me for ever!—One only friend, that I have left at Paris, every year gives me an account of *Cecilia*; I know that ſhe ſtill lives; return thanks to Heaven; for, as long as ſhe exiſts, thou haſt nothing to fear from my reſentment; but... Ah! then, interrupted Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, ſatisfy your revenge. Your friend deceives you—*Cecilia* is no more!—She is no more! cried the Chevalier *de Murville*; *Cecilia* dead; and doſt thou ſtill breathe!—At theſe words, aſtoniſhed, and almoſt frantic, he advanced fiercely towards M. *d'Aimeri*. I threw myſelf between them; at this moment, *Charles*, led by his anxiety, entered ſuddenly, and ſeeing me holding the Chevalier's arm, cried, why have you deceived me? What is the meaning of this furious paſſion! If my grandfather be the object of it, it is I that demand ſatisfaction. — Theſe words brought the Chevalier *de Murville* again to himſelf; the countenance of *Charles*, and the ſound of his voice, was to him an irreſiſtible charm: tenderneſs took place of his rage; his eyes were filled with

with tears, and turning toward Monſ. *d'Aimeri*; ah! cried he, give me this child, and I will forgive you the evils with which you have imbittered my life!—Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, far from being able to anſwer, did not even hear him: plunged into the deepeſt reverie, his eyes fixed on the hair of his unhappy daughter, he was wholly taken up with that melancholy object. I approached him, and ſeizing hold of his arm: Come, ſaid I, let us leave Monſ. *de Murville* to his own reflections; doubtleſs he will ſoon reproach himſelf with having aggravated a grief, a thouſand times more painful than his own. Yes, Sir, continued I, going up to the Chevalier, I was ignorant both of your name, and your paſſion for the unfortunate *Cecilia*; but, I know, that it was in the arms of her father that ſhe gave her laſt ſigh: and that this unhappy father, inconſolable for her loſs, weighed down with ſorrow and regret, could not have ſupported life, but for the ſake of this young man... The nephew of *Cecilia*, and the only ſon which Heaven has left him... What then, replied the Chevalier, his ſon is dead! and he laments *Cecilia!* Ah! if he is unhappy, I am now the only perſon guilty!... Ceaſe to reproach yourſelf, cried Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, for an anger which appears to me to be the effect of the wrath of Heaven which purſues me. If it be true, that ſtrong reſentments laſt for ever in generous ſouls; you ought never to pardon me, and I ſhall excuſe every thing you have done. At theſe words, Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, leaning on *Charles*'s arm, and ſupported by me on the other ſide, left the houſe. You will eaſily conceive the deep and melancholy impreſſions this ſcene produced on Monſ. *d'Aimeri*; I brought him back to * * * * * in a ſituation truly worthy

of

of pity; I ſpent the evening with him, and he related to me, before the Chevalier *de Valmont*, all his Hiſtory; and ended by this advice, which he addreſſed to his grandſon: "You may one day be "a father, ſaid he; take care never to prefer one "child to another, as an object of greater tender- "neſs; reſtrain yourſelf from a ſentiment of pre- "ference, which ſoon will plunge you into a fatal "blindneſs, for the errors and vices of this favou- "rite child, and will make you cruel and unjuſt to "all the others."

The next day, I returned alone to the Chevalier *de Murville*, whom I found in the greateſt grief, and reproaching himſelf with his behaviour the night before. I made him ſtill more wretched by relating to him the account Monſ. *d'Aimeri* had given me of all that had happened: he was drowned in tears at the recital of what paſſed at the cottage where *Cecilia* received the fatal impreſſion which coſt her her life; and you may eaſily ſuppoſe what he muſt feel, on hearing the account of her ſickneſs and death. After anſwering all his queſtions, I aſked him ſome in my turn: he told me he had changed his name, and quitted his country, in order that *Cecilia* ſhould never hear of him; and alſo that he might never meet with Monſ. *d'Aimeri*: that he kept up a correſpondence in France with only one perſon; but that he had intreated him never to mention the name of Monſ. *d'Aimeri*; that time and reflection, though they had calmed the tumults of his deſpair, had not abated his paſſion; and that *Cecilia* would live for ever in his heart. That, in ſhort, the deſire he had to appear worthy the good- neſs and confidence of a great Prince, had given birth to ſome ſeeds of ambition in his heart; but

that

that he had only received true conſolation in ſolitude, ſtudy, and in the pleaſures of benevolence. Before we parted, he wrote a letter to Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, filled with the moſt affecting excuſes for his conduct, and deſired me to deliver it; and Monſ. *d'Aimeri* received it with kindneſs. That very evening, we heard Monſ. *de Murville* was very ill, and had ſent for a Phyſician. He is much better to-day; and when he is quite recovered, and in a ſituation to receive us, I intend to carry my young Prince thither, to ſee his houſe and gardens; and Monſ. *d'Aimeri* has deſired I will at the ſame time take the Chevalier *de Valmont*; ſo that I flatter myſelf there will be no longer any animoſity between them either on one ſide or the other. Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, knowing I have been ſending you the particulars of this affair, bids me tell you he will write next poſt, and will ſend you his journal, as he promiſed you, once a month. I cannot conclude this letter without mentioning the Chevalier *de Valmont:* I never ſaw a young man of his age ſo polite, ſo well improved, and, at the ſame time, ſo artleſs and ſo amiable; he is continually talking to me of you and your agreeable family; and he aſſures me there is not a girl in the world equal to the lovely little *Adelaide*. The young Prince has conceived a great friendſhip for him; and I ſhall take advantage of this attachment, which I greatly approve, in order to eſtabliſh a correſpondence between them, which will more aſſuredly contribute to the improvement of my pupil.

LETTER LV.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

I AM vexed and out of humour, my dear friend. For ſome days paſt, little quarrels and domeſtic concerns have ſeriouſly troubled me, and I am going to eaſe my mind by telling you of them. Monſ. *de Valcy* had hitherto conducted himſelf intirely to my ſatisfaction; he appeared very fond of his wife, but, at the ſame, left her quite at liberty, and nobody ever appeared to be more free from jealouſy, or a greater enemy to reſtraint, than he was. Laſt Monday my daughter was engaged to a dreſſed ball; her mother-in-law came to call for her; *Flora* was in her bed; pretended to have the head-ach; and the party to the ball was put off. As ſoon as I heard of this ſudden reſolution, I went into her apartment, but, before I had entered it, I heard ſuch loud and repeated burſts of laughter as fully ſatisfied me that I had nothing to fear on account of her illneſs. I found her alone, with the friend I mentioned to you, Madame *de Germeuil*. As ſoon as they ſaw me, they both aſſumed an air of gravity, and there was a profound ſilence, for a minute or two, occaſioned by their confuſion; I began to inquire after her health, and my daughter told me ſhe was perfectly well, but very much diſappointed at not going to the ball; that it was a whim of Monſ. *de Valcy*'s, who had obliged her to put off her engagement. I aſked her what was his reaſon? Ah, my God! ſaid ſhe ſmiling, do not you know his ſtrange humour and his violent jealouſy? . . .

louſy? .... I have tried to conceal it, ſaid ſhe, as long as I was able, aſſuming a more ſerious countenance; but the proofs he gives of it are now ſo ridiculous and ſo frequent, that it is impoſſible to hide it any longer. During this diſcourſe I ſtood motionleſs with ſurpriſe! What, ſaid I, is Monſ. *de Valcy* jealous, and you make ſo light of it! Is it in this manner you ſpeak of the greateſt misfortune which can happen to a virtuous and affectionate woman? Why ſhould I vex myſelf, ſaid *Flora*, for his madneſs? I forgive him, I pity him, I ſubmit to his humour; but I do not ſee that I am to make myſelf miſerable about it. This anſwer, which appeared to put an air of ridicule upon what I had ſaid, quite confounded me; I then talked to her more ſeriouſly: but ſhe made uſe of ſo much ſweetneſs and ſo many graces, in order to ſoften my anger, that I could not reſiſt her. She told me her huſband was engaged to the ball before ſhe was invited, and that afterwards he was much out of humour, and ſaid he would not go; and that all this day, he had treated her in a very cruel manner; which Madame *de Germeuil* confirmed, and ſhe had been witneſs to it; and added many circumſtances too tedious to mention. I made my remarks, and gave the advice I thought neceſſary, and then went to bed. The next morning I ſent for Monſ. *de Valcy*, and talked to him of his jealouſy; he fell a laughing. It is Madame *de Valcy*'s folly, ſaid he; ſhe will inſiſt on it that I am jealous, and every day reproaches me with it; ſhe not only makes her friends believe ſo, but ſhe appears convinced of it herſelf: however, I proteſt to you there is not a word of truth in it: I do every thing in my power to remove this notion; ſhe is entirely at liberty to receive

ceive whatever company ſhe pleaſes; I never watch her ſteps, nor follow her, and I am never out of temper, but when ſhe accuſes me of an error I never was guilty of in my life. Yet, ſaid I, ſhe did not go to the ball laſt night, becauſe ſhe would not diſpleaſe you; and this was a great ſacrifice for her to make. Yes, anſwered he, and if I was jealous, as ſhe pretends, I ſhould not have been the leſs ſo on that account, as ſhe ſpent the night at the Maſquerade, where I alſo was, and where by chance I ſaw and knew her. But, added Monſ. *de Valcy*, ſeeing aſtoniſhment painted on my face, I do not at all diſapprove of theſe things: ſhe is very young, and ſhe thought it more agreeable to go to a maſqued ball with her friend, than to a dreſſed ball with her mother-in-law; this appears to me the plain caſe, and you ſhould not be more ſevere than I am. Put yourſelf, my dear friend, one moment in my ſituation; and imagine, if poſſible, the grief this explanation gave me, which proved the ſincerity and indulgence of Monſ. *de Valcy*, and diſcovered in his wife a ſeries of falſehood, artifice, and intrigue. Grieved to the heart, and in a violent paſſion, I went to her, and we came to very high words; ſhe wept very much, and proteſted to me, that when ſhe ſaw me over night, ſhe had no thoughts of going to the maſqued ball; that it came from Madame *de Germueil*, who had preſſed her ſo much, that at length ſhe yielded to her intreaties. She ſtill inſiſts on it, that her huſband is jealous, but that his pride will not ſuffer him to own it, for fear he ſhould appear ridiculous.

I have laid down a plan for her conduct, which ſhe has promiſed me ſhe will follow exactly. She gave me ſuch aſſurances of her affection and confidence,

fidence, and confeſſed her faults with ſo much candour and concern, that, whether from being convinced of the truth of it, or whether from my own weakneſs, ſhe has quite ſatisfied me: but I could not help obſerving with ſome concern, that ſhe was ſcarce able to conceal her ill humour towards her huſband: however, for theſe two days paſt, ſhe ſeems in perfect good temper, and they are to all appearance very good friends. What vexes me is, that this ſtory is got abroad, and is told much to the diſadvantage of Monſ. *de Valcy*, who they pretend is very unjuſt and tyrannical. They think my daughter is very unhappy; they pity and lament her fate; and I cannot help thinking theſe falſe notions are circulated about by herſelf and her friends. This, my dear friend, gives me the greateſt concern; and I ſtill hope my daughter deceives herſelf, and that ſhe has not yet learned her huſband's diſpoſition; but this appears incredible with the ſenſe of which ſhe is poſſeſſed; and yet it ſeems as if ſhe was not ſincere, as if ſhe was acting a part to make herſelf intereſting, and as if ſhe wanted to find a lawful pretence for no longer loving the huſband ſhe preferred to every other man . . . This thought afflicts me; it is dreadful, and fills my heart with grief: it is ſuppoſing her capable of more art and cunning than one could imagine poſſible in a young woman of nineteen. Adieu! my dear friend. I ſtand much in want of your remarks, of your advice, and your friendſhip. Adviſe me, teach me how to act; on your counſel I depend. Adieu! Let me have an anſwer as ſoon as poſſible.

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LETTER LVI.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

I FLATTER myſelf, my dear child, you will receive this letter with pleaſure, ſince it is written to acquaint you, that your mother will have the happineſs to embrace you in a few days. I ſhall ſet out next Friday, and, though I know all your tenderneſs for me, yet I muſt tell you it is impoſſible for you to form a juſt idea of the pleaſure I ſhall have in ſeeing you again. No, my dear child, there is no ſentiment to be held in competition with the affection of a tender mother! If Nature has not made you my daughter, are you not the child of my adoption? And do you think I can ever love thoſe more whom chance has given me? In ſhort, I am going to receive the reward due to my fortitude and reſolution, which have ſo long reſiſted your preſſing intreaties, ſo often repeated, to let you come to Languedoc. It was of too much conſequence to your huſband's affairs, and the happineſs of your own life, that you ſhould remain at Paris, and that I ſhould give up the ardent deſire I had to ſee you to ſuch prudential reaſons. It is thus, my dear child, we ought to ſhew our affection. And now I may tell you, that for this twelvemonth paſt I have earneſtly wiſhed to return to Paris; and that it has coſt me more pain to conſent with a good grace to ſtay here ſix months longer, than the four years we agreed upon; but M. *d'Almane* thought, with great reaſon, that we ſhould not leave the country till the month of Auguſt, for the ſeaſon of the

the vintage being a great amuſement to the children, would give them more cauſe to regret the pleaſant country life they had led, and the ſituation where they had received their improvements. Adieu! my dear child. This is the firſt adieu that I have bid you without pain, ſince our ſeparation. You will find me, no doubt, as the Viſcounteſs ſays, very old, and very much tanned, with our fine Sun of Languedoc, for which ſhe has taken ſuch an averſion. As for you, my dear, I am ſure that four years and an half will have only improved the charms of your elegant and agreeable perſon, which I ſo much admire. Adieu! once more. My heart palpitates, when I think that another fortnight will bring me to you.

LETTER LVII.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

Paris.

I ARRIVED here, Madam, yeſterday noon, and, about twenty-five leagues from Paris, I met Madame *d'Oſtalis* and Madame *de Limours*; ſo that you will eaſily gueſs, notwithſtanding my averſion to travelling, that the laſt part of my journey appeared very ſhort. When I arrived at my own houſe, Madame *d'Oſtalis* conducted me to a little room ſhe knew I was very fond of; I ſaw with aſtoniſhment ſhe had new furniſhed it in a very different manner from its former ſtate. I wiſh to convince you, ſaid ſhe, that I have not been idle in your abſence; all this is my work; I have em-

broidered this furniture, have drawn theſe landſcapes, and painted theſe flowers, fruits, birds, and miniatures. This pleaſing attention in Madame *d'Oſtalis* was ſtill more valuable, as ſhe had many other avocations, ſuch as taking infinite pains with her children, and fulfilling the duties of her employment, which ſhe does with the utmoſt exactneſs: but one has no idea of what may be done, when one is not inclined to idleneſs, and when one does not loſe a moment from ſome uſeful or agreeable work. With regard to her perſon, ſhe is beautiful as an Angel; her mind is all purity and innocence; ſhe keeps good hours; ſhe never intrigues; ſhe drinks no tea nor coffee with cream, and therefore ſhe will for a long time preſerve her charming ſtate of health, her beauty, and her complexion.

Adelaide and *Theodore* already regret Languedoc. They have been to-day to walk in the *Palais royal*, and complain much of the croud and the duſt. They think it a ſad thing for me to have only a little garden, which they can go round in ten minutes. Miſs *Bridget* agrees perfectly with them in their opinions, as the eating her meals alone in her chamber makes the reſiding at Paris extremely diſagreeable to her.

Monſ. *d'Almane* has juſt received a letter from Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, who tells him he means to remain in * * * till November, when he intends going to Ruſſia, and will return to Paris next June. He will ſtay here three months, and then conduct Charles to his Garriſon. Adieu, Madam! Let me hear from you. You may judge, by my eagerneſs to write to you, the value I ſhall ſet on your punctuality.

Billet

Billet from the Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

AH my dear friend! if you have a moment to ſpare, come to me . . . pray come . . . I am miſerable . . . quite miſerable . . . The adventure of the Garden is but too true . . . She will be loſt . . . Come, for Heaven's ſake; I muſt abſolutely ſpeak to you.

Billet from Madame de Valcy to Madame de Germeuil.

OUR midnight walk is no longer a ſecret . . . You may imagine the conſequences! What ſcolding, what ſermons, I have been obliged to liſten to! . . . I cannot come out: but do you go immediately to Madame *de Gerville*, and acquaint her with our diſaſter; tell her they put the worſt conſtruction on that which was in reality nothing but giddineſs . . . She will manage the affair for us . . . Adieu, for I am afraid of being ſurprized.

LETTER LVIII.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

I KNOW not, my dear child, if the adventure of Madame *de Valcy* is talked of at Fontainbleau, but the fact is this. Laſt Monday, the 20th of October, Madame *de Valcy* told her mother ſhe would ſup at the *Palais* royal, and about half paſt nine, ſhe and the Counteſs *de Germeuil* ſat out, and did not return

till half paſt three in the morning. The next day ſhe told her mother ſhe had ſupped there, and that, at twelve o'clock they heard, from the room they were in, ſome delightful muſic; that Madame *de Germeuil* would not let her reſt, till ſhe conſented to go down to the garden, where they ſtaid about a quarter of an hour, and then they both returned home to Madame *de Germueil*'s houſe, where they drank tea together, and undreſſed themſelves; and in ſhort forgot the time till it was three o'clock. The next evening the Chevalier *d'Herbain* told Madame *de Limours*, that it was reported her daughter had been ſeen, with Madame *de Germeuil*, walking with M. *de Creny* and M. *de L*—— from one o'clock till three. Madame *de Limours* would not believe it, but the next day one of the ſervants, who attended Madame *de Valcy*, being much preſſed by Madame *de Limours*, confeſſed that his Lady returned from the *Palais* royal at eleven o'clock; that they went and undreſſed at Madame *de Germeuil*'s, and then returned to the *Palais* royal, where they ſtaid three hours in the garden. This affair has been made public by Monſ. *B*——, who has been in love with Madame *de Valcy* theſe ſix months; he alſo ſupped at the *Palais* royal, and pretends to have heard Madame *de Valcy* make the appointment with Monſ. *de Creny*. Monſ. de *B*— went into the garden with two of his friends, and there ſaw the two Gentlemen, after waiting half an hour, joined by Madame *de Valcy* and Madame *de Germeuil*, and walk with them till the hour I mentioned.

Monſ. *de B*——, to revenge himſelf for the coquetry of Madame *de Valcy*, and for the falſe hopes ſhe had given him, has been ſo uncivil as to divulge this

this adventure, and unfortunately with ſuch circumſtances as leave no room to doubt the truth of it. Madame *de Valcy* has ſuffered the reproaches of her mother, and ſees her grief with ſo much coolneſs and indifference, that I have no hopes of her ever being cured of her imprudence. What appears to me moſt extraordinary is, that her father does not take notice of it properly, but treats it as a childiſh folly; he has even quarrelled with Madame *de Limours* on the ſubject. Unfortunate mother! . . . How much I pity her . . . She is now undeceived; ſhe knows her daughter but too well. She ſees no proſpect of amendment; ſhe is truly in deſpair . . . If you ſhould hear of this affair, deny the truth of it; ſay you are certain Madame *de Valcy* has not ſet her foot in the *Palais* royal; that ſhe returned the ſame evening before twelve o'clock. * There is no other means of defending a bad cauſe: for, if you admit the truth of one circumſtance, you muſt own the whole. Adieu, my dear child! return to me as ſoon as you can.

I open my letter to tell you, that Monſ. *Creny* and Monſ. *B*—— have fought this morning; the laſt is very well, and the firſt has only a ſmall ſcratch on the hand. If the duel did not end tragically, at leaſt they give the fineſt deſcription of it; and the Seconds declare they never ſaw ſuch generoſity, preſence of mind, delicacy, *&c.* in ſhort, every thing but wounds and bloodſhed; and the two rivals, charmed with each other's bravery, embraced, and are now perfectly reconciled. But whatever

* How does this agree with the ſtrict adherence to the truth, which ſhe recommends ſo much in her daughter?

Note of the TRANSLATORS.

truth there may be in this deſcription, Madame *de Valcy* is more talked of than ever.

Billet from Madame de Valcy to Monſ. de Creny.

THINK no more of coming to me; that is impoſſible; but, ſince Madame *de Gerville* has ſent to know how you do, you may avail yourſelf of that, and viſit her. Make friends of her, and of my mother-in law, let it coſt you what it will: it is the only means by which we can ſee each other as uſual. Praiſe and flatter Madame *de Gerville* upon her beauty, her youthful appearance, and talk to her about being at Court; play at *Quinze* with my mother-in-law, and all will do well. I ſay nothing of my attachment to you, you know it but too well; let me at leaſt have yours in return, to make me amends for the ſacrifices I have made you, in order to convince you of my affection.

LETTER LIX.

Madame de Valcy to Madame de Germeuil.

REALLY, my dear friend, you have not common ſenſe; *you are in deſpair*; *you can never conſole yourſelf for a conduct which nothing can excuſe: the illuſion is vaniſhed*, &c. &c.—Theſe are fine expreſſions . . . What words, what a romantic ſtyle! and all this to ſay you have a lover, and that you do not feel for him that extreme tenderneſs which only exiſts in imagination! You prefer him; you love

love him better than any other. This is love; not the kind of love we admired ſo much in *Cleveland* or *Zaïde*; but ſuch as it really is. Ah! do you reckon as nothing the charms of being beloved, obeyed, and the pleaſure of commanding? You ſhall always, you ſay, be unhappy, becauſe you have an extreme delicacy and a ſteady mind. What can there be worſe? you are never ſatisfied, and you cannot deceive yourſelf. As for me, I have the happy talent of pleaſing myſelf, at leaſt for ſome time; and, when one fancy is at an end, I repair the loſs by forming another; and therefore you ſee me, by turns, indifferent in love, a coquette; and always what I appear to be; becauſe, when I undertake a part, I am in earneſt about it; my inclinations yield to it, and it appears as if it were my real ſentiments. This is all the artifice I make uſe of; I leave you to judge whether it is excuſable, ſince, before I deceive others, I begin by deceiving myſelf.

I agree with you, if one could dive into futurity, one never would encourage a lover. If one was but ſenſible, that the pains and the emotions we experience before the fatal confeſſion were the principal pleaſures of love, and that the moment we deviate from the path of rectitude, we find the ſweet enchantment to be broken for ever, we ſhould never wiſh to be under ſuch deluſions. For my part, I was a thouſand times happier ſix months ago than I am at this time. Prejudice and repentance out of the queſtion. One moment's converſation, a word ſaid to me unperceived, even a look, an accidental meeting in the ſtreet, or at the Opera, were inchanting! The habit and certainty of being beloved have made me infinitely leſs ſenſible to theſe

little incidents; I have nothing now to look forward to; every thing is ſettled; my heart is at reſt, and I honeſtly confeſs to you vanity engages me much more than love!—Vanity!—Yes! it is that alone which determines the deſtiny of a woman. If it had not been for a little rivalſhip on the moſt trifling matter imaginable, I ſhould never have had a lover, or at leaſt I ſhould have made another choice; an Aſſembly determined my fate. Madame de * * * danced better than I, but my beauty was more admired than her's; this celebrated evening made us enemies: you know the triumph I have ſince gained over her. She laments the lover I have robbed her of, and I regret the tranquillity I have loſt. See what an effect a dance has had over *three* perſons! But if vanity leads us aſtray, let it at leaſt afford us conſolation. Let us not look forward to futurity; the proſpect is too uncertain to be alarming! To be admired, to be in the faſhion, to be ſucceſsful in our purſuits, and to amuſe ourſelves, will keep us from remorſe and from melancholy ideas. You aſk my advice, my dear friend, and I recommend it to you to renounce the folly of keeping a ſecret which already is known in the Polite World; to own it publicly would be indecent; but to acknowledge it to ſome particular friends, on whom you could depend, would be one of the beſt means to attach them to you, and to intereſt them in your fortune. You appear to me to regret moſt dreadfully what you call your *former character*; they could never, you ſay, accuſe you of having a lover: this is true; and, ſuppoſing you to be thirty years old, I ſhould think your concern well grounded. But in ſhort it was not, that your character was perfectly eſtabliſhed; only, that you had not *yet* got a lover: however, they may

ſtill

ſtill quote you as an example of having but one; and though this glory is not ſo great as the other, yet it is almoſt as ſingular, and indeed I am not much ſurprized at it; for a firſt lover is almoſt a huſband; and ſuch are frequently engaged ſo young, that it is leſs owing to the choice of one's heart, than to vanity and giddineſs: and how is that likely to laſt? . . . Adieu! return from the country; I muſt ſee you and talk with you. Your letter, your complaints, your difficulties, all give me pain, in ſpite of myſelf, and put me out of humour. It juſt now occurs to me, that I am to ſup this evening with a Lady, who loves her huſband, who has never had a lover, who is yet beautiful, though ſhe is more than thirty years old; you know whom I mean: in truth, in the humour I am, her preſence will diſguſt me more than ever. Apropos of women of unblemiſhed character; I have much to ſay in praiſe of Madame *d'Oſtalis*. She has defended me with great warmth in the world, as you have heard. Since that, ſhe has taken great pains to reconcile me and my mother. and even now ſhe is doing very kind things for me; the particulars of which I will tell you when I ſee you. Indeed I reproach myſelf greatly for the diſlike I had taken to her. Adieu! return quickly; you are more neceſſary to me than ever. I ſhall expect you on Monday to ſupper.

LETTER LX.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

YOU deſired to know, Madam, what effect an evening ball would have upon *Adelaide*, and I can now ſatisfy your curioſity. I carried her and her brother to a ball laſt night, for the firſt time. You know they have had a dancing-maſter for theſe ſix months paſt; and that they are as able to acquit themſelves properly as any other young perſons of their own age, and the more eaſily, as they have been accuſtomed early to run and jump with the greateſt dexterity: *Adelaide*, prepoſſeſſed by the little Comedy of the *Dove*, * had no great deſire to go to a ball; and her cap, and high-dreſſed head, and gown ornamented with flowers, *&c. &c.* appeared to her as an attire ill calculated for dancing. When ſhe was dreſſed, I led her into the Saloon, where we found Madame *d'Oſtalis*, and ſome other friends, who had dined with us. Every body praiſed her dreſs, but did not ſay a word of her perſon; and Madame *d'Oſtalis* ſaid, *Adelaide* is very well dreſſed; but do you not think ſhe looks a thouſand times better in the white frock ſhe wears every day, than in this fine coat? Every one was of her opinion, and agreed that an elegant neatneſs was always the moſt pleaſing! This converſation made *Adelaide* ſtill more diſpleaſed with her dreſs. She complained that the wires, which faſtened on the feſtoons of flowers, ſcratched her arms; that ſhe could not

* A Comedy in the *Theatre of Education*, by the Author of theſe Letters.

move

move in her hoop; and that the weight of her head-dreſs gave her an intolerable pain in the head. In the midſt of theſe complaints, the clock ſtruck five, and we ſet out. As we were croſſing the anti-chamber, *Brunel* ſtopped us a moment, becauſe he wanted to ſee *Adelaide* in her new dreſs; but he had ſcarcely caſt his eyes on her, than he burſt into a loud laugh. *Adelaide*, a little diſconcerted, aſked him the reaſon of this incivility? Excuſe me, Madam, ſaid he; but the rouge and the dreſs altogether make Mademoiſelle look ſo droll . . . At theſe words he laughed again; and we continued our way, vexed enough at the impertinent gaiety of *Brunel*, and got into the coach in a very indifferent humour to go to a ball. We were ſcarce arrived at the place, and *Adelaide* ſeated in her place, but ſhe begged me to take a fly off, which had ſettled on her cheek: you muſt bear with it, ſaid I, or you will rub off the rouge, and make your face all in ſtreaks. *Adelaide* complained much of the rouge, and, not being able to bear the tickling of the fly, ſhe put her hand croſs her cheek two or three times, and by that means painted her noſe and eyes. I made her obſerve herſelf in a looking-glaſs, and ſhe was not very well ſatisfied with her appearance: however, ſhe behaved very well. I do not think, ſaid ſhe, that any dancer will like ſuch a figure for his partner. Well, ſaid I, if you do not dance, we may talk. For inſtance, what do you think of that little girl who dances with *Theodore?* Oh, I have been looking at her this long time.—Well, what do you think of her? I think, Mamma, ſhe appears as if ſhe was mad; pray look at her; when they ſtand ſtill, how ſhe is agitated; with what a familiar air ſhe talks to all the young men! What faces ſhe

makes, her head turns round like a weather-cock. Ah, now ſhe dances! My God, how ſhe jumps and turns about! This is very droll, but it is very ugly, is it not, Mamma?—Yes, ſhe pretends to be extremely light and nimble, but ſhe appears quite ignorant that, above all, ſhe ought to be genteel and modeſt: beſides, one may ſurely dance very lightly, and much more gracefully, without twiſting one's ſelf about, or jumping ſo ridiculouſly . . . But, Mamma, I ſee this manner of dancing is quite the faſhion: do you ſee thoſe two young Ladies, one in the roſe-coloured ſilk, the other in white. They do the ſame thing . . . Yes, I ſee it is the reigning faſhion, and it is natural it ſhould be ſo; what is beſt is generally uncommon. The number of ſenſible people, and thoſe who have a good taſte is ſmall, and this makes a perſon of this claſs ſo much admired; for, if wit, virtue, and knowledge, united with the graces, were more frequent than they are, he would find infinitely more pleaſure in ſociety: but being loſt in the croud, he has but little opportunity of acquiring eſteem or of meeting with admiration.—Yes, I underſtand you, Mamma; *good things are always ſcarce*; and this is the reaſon why there are ſo many coquettes, lazy, idle, ignorant people, and little girls who are ſo giddy-brained, and who make ſuch a whirling and capering about in order to appear nimble. One muſt be very abſurd, however, to place one's ſelf in ſuch a croud as this, inſtead of chuſing the pleaſing few which are ſo agreeable; where one ſhall be diſtinguiſhed, admired! . . . *Adelaide* was in the midſt of this converſation, when a young man came to aſk her to dance. She quitted a diſcourſe which amuſed her; ſhe was ſenſible that her dreſs did not make her ap-

pear

pear to advantage; beſides, not being uſed to ſuch a habit, ſhe was much diſtreſſed, and did not dance well; ſo that ſhe ſaw that people criticized her, and that nobody took notice of her beauty; and ſhe ſoon returned to her ſeat, fully reſolved not to dance any more. From time to time, there paſſed before us large baſkets full of refreſhments, and tartlets, which tempted *Adelaide* very much. Accuſtomed only to eat fruit or bread at her ſupper, ſhe did not attempt to take any thing: but I perceived the baſkets drew ſighs from her, and that ſhe looked very earneſtly at them. *Adelaide*, ſaid I, you are not now ſuch a child; you are now eleven years old, you may eat if you are hungry, and of what you like beſt, provided it is not too much; and I leave that to your own diſcretion *. *Adelaide* took advantage of this permiſſion with great joy; and every time I ſaw the baſkets paſs by, I turned my head another way, and talked to my friends. *Adelaide*, thinking I did not obſerve her in the leaſt, eat all the tartlets they brought her. I was going to leave the ball, when *Theodore* came up to me in great concern, to tell me "he had had "the misfortune to break a looking-glaſs, as he "was playing by himſelf in an adjoining room; "and intreated me to go and tell the miſtreſs of "the houſe, that no one ſhould be accuſed wrong-"fully."

* *Et je vous aſſure que je n'y regarderai pas—and I will not even look at you.*—The Author here again forgets her own principles, and gives her daughter a leſſon of untruth.—We have therefore omitted this ſentence: and indeed it ſeems unneceſſary; for as the child is left to her own diſcretion, ſhe may infer that ſhe ſhall not be watched.

Note of the TRANSLATORS.

You will gueſs the pleaſure this delicacy and candour gave me. I embraced *Theodore*, and acquainting the miſtreſs of the accident, I then took him and his ſiſter, and we came away. *Adelaide* was ſilent and melancholy; I aſked her the reaſon of it; ſhe told me ſhe had a pain in her head. It is, ſays I, becauſe you have ſurfeited yourſelf.—Me, mamma?—Yes; you have eat ten tartlets, ſix biſcuits, and taken two glaſſes of ice cream, therefore it is not at all ſurpriſing that you ſhould be ſick.—I did not think I had eat ſo much—nor that you had been ſo narrowly obſerved! This will teach you two things: firſt, that temperance is a virtue as uſeful as it is eſtimable; and ſecondly, that nothing can prevent my attention to you; and that, when I ſeem not to regard you, I ſee every thing you do. Beſides, *Adelaide*, when one is generous, you ſhould never abuſe the confidence repoſed in you . . . Oh! mamma, I ſee my fault, and will take care to mend it.—I hope ſo; but, my dear child, is it neceſſary you ſhould learn by ſo ſad an experience, what you might be as perfectly convinced of, if you pay a proper regard to what I ſay to you? . . . Oh, mamma, I believe every thing you ſay to me . . . Why then did you not prove it on this occaſion? For inſtance, (putting the tartlets out of the queſtion) your dreſs at the ball? I adviſed you to one much plainer. My little Comedy of the *Dove* I thought had given you an averſion for a dreſs ſo ornamented: and yet, when you ſaw at Mademoiſelle *Hubert*'s, a robe trimmed with flowers, you deſired to have ſuch a one. You ſee the ſucceſs it procured you, and alſo the enormous quantity of rouge which you put on . . . Oh, it is enough! I will never again have a robe trimmed with flowers, nor ever will put on any more rouge . . . Do not go to extremes

tremes in any thing; it is right to follow the fashion; but always with moderation. I wish you to have a proper taste; to prefer in general a modest simplicity, with elegance and convenience, to a shining dress, overloaded with ornaments. As I finished these words, the coach stopped. Poor *Adelaide*, scarce able to support herself, got out with great difficulty, and, as soon as she got to her chamber, she was ill, and vomited very much; and had not even the consolation of finding any of those who surrounded her pitied her; on the contrary, she heard every body saying they were surprised at her intemperance, and testified a great dislike for the kind of illness she suffered. And, in short, the word *surfeited* was pronounced with great contempt by every body but me, who was silent, and who carefully nursed her with pity and concern. She was very grateful to me for this kindness, and shewed a true repentance for her fault, declaring she would never have a surfeit again of her own causing.

All these things have made me sensible of one thing, which proves the advantage of our method of education: it is this, that the best child in the world will not be able to support herself under a trial quite new. For example, you have seen *Adelaide* in a room filled with sweetmeats and sugarplums, and, thinking herself alone, and yet she has not attempted to touch them; because she had given her promise not to eat any. You know also how necessary it was to punish her and put her to trials, in order to bring her to this degree of probity at which she is arrived: but, as hitherto she was only temperate through obedience and a principle of honour, so, as soon as she was left to herself, she forgot all the praises she had heard of this quality,

quality, and ſhe eat to exceſs. If one ſhould forget converſations on theſe ſubjects, one always remembers facts, eſpecially when they are accompanied by ſuch diſagreeable circumſtances. It is therefore indiſpenſably neceſſary to inſtruct children on all theſe points, not only by leſſons, but by experience. I do not mean to exclude reaſoning, but I repeat it, they will learn more by experiments. To return to *Adelaide*, ſhe had ſtill a pain in her head this morning, and found herſelf much fatigued. Madame *d'Oſtalis* has preached a good deal to her, at laſt ſhe added: You ſee I have a freſh colour, and have very good teeth; Madame *de Germeuil* does not appear handſome to you, becauſe ſhe has not theſe advantages; and yet ſhe is younger than I am by two years.—But ſhe never had your complexion or your teeth! . . . Pardon me; when ſhe married, ſhe had a beautiful complexion; but ſhe was a glutton; ſhe eat numbers of *tartlets*, and often had *indigeſtions*, and now you ſee what a pimpled face ſhe has. *Adelaide* appeared much ſtruck with this diſcourſe, and two days rigid abſtinence will enable her to make ſtill better reflections than ſhe has yet done on the ſubject. Adieu, Madam? You ſee how punctually I obey you; it is neceſſary I ſhould depend on your friendſhip, as well as your partiality to *Adelaide*, when I venture to talk to you ſo much about her.

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LETTER LXI.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

I CAN eaſily conceive, my dear child, that you are vexed at being obliged to ſtay two days longer at Verſailles, only on diſagreeable affairs: but your huſband is abſent, and you muſt take care of his intereſt. Beſides, do you remember the excellent advice of Madame *de Lambert?* *

"Whilſt you are young, form your character; "eſtabliſh your reputation; ſettle your affairs: when "you are older, you will find more difficulty in do-"ing it. In youth, every thing aſſiſts you, every "thing offers itſelf to you; young people rule "without knowing it. At a more advanced age, "you meet with no help; you are no longer poſ-"ſeſſed of that ſeducing charm which diffuſes itſelf "over every thing. You have nothing left you "but reaſon and truth, which do not often govern "mankind."

I ſpent a delightful evening laſt night with Madame *de Limours*. The Ambaſſador from —— whom I did not know, was there, and as ſoon as he came in, aſked if you were returned from Verſailles. You became the ſubject of general converſation; every one praiſed your conduct, your talents, your perſon, your mildneſs, and that natural and lively chearfulneſs, which ſo well becomes you, and makes you ſo amiable. Oh! how pleaſing to the heart, and how flattering to one's vanity, is it to hear it ſaid it is to *you* ſhe owes theſe principles, thoſe vir-

* Advice of a Mother to her Daughter.

tues,

tues, and this character. One is not obliged to conceal this kind of pride; on the contrary, one may avow it, and even boaſt openly, that one is ſuſceptible of it. Of all the compliments paid you, none have flattered me ſo much as thoſe of the Ambaſſador . . . becauſe he did not know me, and was inſenſible of the intereſt I took in the converſation.

Yes, my dear child! I with great pleaſure ſee the time arriving, when we ſhall return to Languedoc. What can I regret at Paris, ſince this time I take you with me? I think, that we ſhall not go directly to B——, our intention is to paſs a month in Bretagne. I will tell you the reaſon; it is a long Hiſtory, and will ſurely intereſt you. Adieu! my dear child. I expect you on Saturday.

LETTER LXII.

Madame de Valcy to Monſ. de Creny.

YOU deſire me to explain myſelf. *You ſee plainly I am diſcontented. In vain you ſeek to find out the reaſon.* Since you are neither delicate nor penetrating enough to divine it, I will tell it you. You love me, I have no doubt of it: but it is in a manner I do not approve. Incapable of feigning, deteſting art and conſtraint, I have neither been able to diſguiſe nor conceal the ſentiments I had for you; nobody is ignorant of it. You ought at leaſt to juſtify by your conduct the preference you have obtained from me, but you take a directly contrary method.

method. When we are alone, you ſpeak to me of your paſſion, of the exceſs of your love, which forms a converſation with little variety, and which at the end of a twelvemonth might weary the moſt fond woman: ſure of poſſeſſing your heart, all theſe proteſtations are uſeleſs; the repetition tires one; the very idea makes one melancholy. When you talk of your happineſs, it is with ſo ſerious a tone, that really by your appearance and manner of ſpeaking, one would think you were in deſpair. For Heaven's ſake, let me have a little variety, for I cannot bear this any longer. On the other hand, when we are in company together, you give yourſelf airs of an eaſy indifference, which are ſtill more inſupportable to me; and you ſcarcely look at me; then every thing employs you, every thing pleaſes you, except me. In general converſations, love, according to your opinion, is only imagination and folly: you ſpeak of it with a degree of raillery, which would make one ſuppoſe, you did not believe there was ſuch a ſentiment; and you call this ridiculous affectation, prudence, and diſcretion: for my part, I cannot bear it. It is known that I love you; and people are perſuaded, from your diſcourſes, that I have only yielded to an imaginary paſſion; ſo you deprive me of the only excuſe I could make, that of a mutual and ardent attachment. I declare to you, I cannot ſupport this opinion; my heart, and my pride, are both equally wounded; I would have every body ſee, that you love me and prefer me to all others: at the ſame time, I forbid you ever ſhewing the ſmalleſt degree of freedom with me, or any of thoſe little attentions, which belong only to gallantry, and which I diſdain being the object of. To be attentive, with

reſerve

reſerve and reſpect is to be your part in public; when we are alone, you may be trifling, inconſiderate, and if you pleaſe, a little more chearful; it will not alarm me, and I ſhall like it much better. Adieu. I have told you my ſentiments, and diſpoſition: after this, you ſee, you muſt follow my advice exactly, if you mean to preſerve me yours.

LETTER LXIII.

Madame d'Almane, to Madame de Valmont.

IT is true, Madam, that we are determined to go into Bretagne before we return to Languedoc: and what has determined us, is the deſire of ſeeing two perſons as extraordinary as they are intereſting; they are Monſ. and Madame *de Lagaraye**. This is their hiſtory: Monſ. le Marquis *de Lagaraye* was thought to be the happieſt man in Bretagne: beloved by an amiable wife; conſidered in the province where he lived as a man of the greateſt perſonal merit, birth, and fortune, he collected together at his houſe all the reſpectable families in the neighbourhood: there they acted plays, gave balls; and every day brought with it a new entertainment. Madame *de Lagaraye* joined in the ſame taſte, and partook of the ſame amuſements with her huſband; and both of them thought their happineſs unalter-

* This ſtory is a certain fact. The Author has the particulars from a perſon who had the good fortune to know, perſonally, Monſ. and Madame *de Lagaraye*, who died about the year 1752.

able;

able; when in the midſt of gaiety, at one of their entertainments, the ſudden and extraordinary death of their only daughter * produced in their minds a change as ſudden, as it was unexpected. A diſlike to company, a detachment from the trifling amuſements they had been uſed to, made him turn his thoughts to the ſublime principles of religion, and at the ſame time gave riſe to a deſign, which was never before thought of. Monſ. *de Lagaraye* communicated his intentions to his wife, and nothing prevented their putting them into execution. They went to Montpellier, and ſtaid there two years, employing themſelves in every thing relating to Phyſic and Surgery. They went through ſeveral courſes of Chymiſtry †, Anatomy, &c. learning to bleed, and dreſs wounds; and, uniting to this ſtudy all the application neceſſary to effect the purpoſe, which their charitable motives and enthuſiaſm led them to; they both made an aſtoniſhing progreſs in the profeſſion. During this time, they had given orders for their Caſtle at Lagaraye to be transformed into an Hoſpital, containing two wings, one for men and the other for women. And that beautiful abode which once was the habitation of joy, pleaſures, and magnificence, is now become a Temple ſacred to Religion and Humanity. As ſoon as Monſ. and Madame *de Lagaraye* left Montpelier, and arrived at their own Caſtle, Monſ. *de Laga-*

* All theſe circumſtances are true, except that the perſon, who thus died ſuddenly, was the relation only, not the daughter of Monſ. *de Lagaraye*, who never had any children.

† Monſ. *de Lagaraye* has even publiſhed ſome valuable Works on Chimiſtry, and made many uſeful diſcoveries. It was he who diſcovered the properties, and gave his name to the *Salts of Lagaraye*; improperly indeed called Salts; for it is only a dry extract of the *Peruvian Bark*.

raye,

raye, being then forty-five years of age, put himſelf at the head of the hoſpital for men, and devoted his life and fortune to the ſervice of thoſe poor, to whom his houſe is dedicated. Madame *de Lagaraye*, ten years younger than her huſband, impoſes on herſelf the ſame duties in the part of the houſe belonging to women. Still young and beautiful, ſhe leaves with delight the gay apparel of vanity, and takes the humble and modeſt veſture of a nun, whoſe buſineſs it is to take care of the ſick. This eſtabliſhment, this example of every virtue, beyond what has ever been ſeen worthy of admiration, is ſtill ſubſiſting, and has ſubſiſted for theſe ten years; this, Madame, is what we are going to ſee. *Adelaide* and *Theodore* will take their firſt Communion in ſix months; and I cannot better prepare them for it, than in letting them take a journey to Lagaraye. It is ſo charming to behold Virtue in its true light! the reſpect paid to it is the firſt ſtep toward acquiring it. Madame *d'Oſtalis* goes with us to Bretagne, and returns with us to Languedoc, for three months, therefore I ſhall only leave Madame *de Limours* behind me to regret.

You aſk me for ſome account of the amiable child, who is one day to be my daughter-in-law, if her heart does not make any objection to it. She is indeed charming both in perſon and mind. *Theodore* finds her very gentle and very beautiful, and *Adelaide* loves her paſſionately; *Conſtantia* has not the genius of *Adelaide*, but ſhe is ſenſible, prudent, mild, and obliging. Madame *de Limours* has brought her up very well, and has given her excellent principles. This child, notwithſtanding, has an extreme ſenſibility, and a diſpoſition to melancholy, which in the ſequel, if not guarded againſt, may make her

very unhappy. Adieu, Madam. We go to-morrow to Languedoc, where we ſhall ſtay three weeks; we ſhall then return for ſome days to Paris; therefore in about ſix weeks I hope for the happineſs of ſeeing you again; and I flatter myſelf you have no doubt of the impatience, with which I wait for the moment, which is again to unite us.

End of the Firſt Volume.

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